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JANUARY



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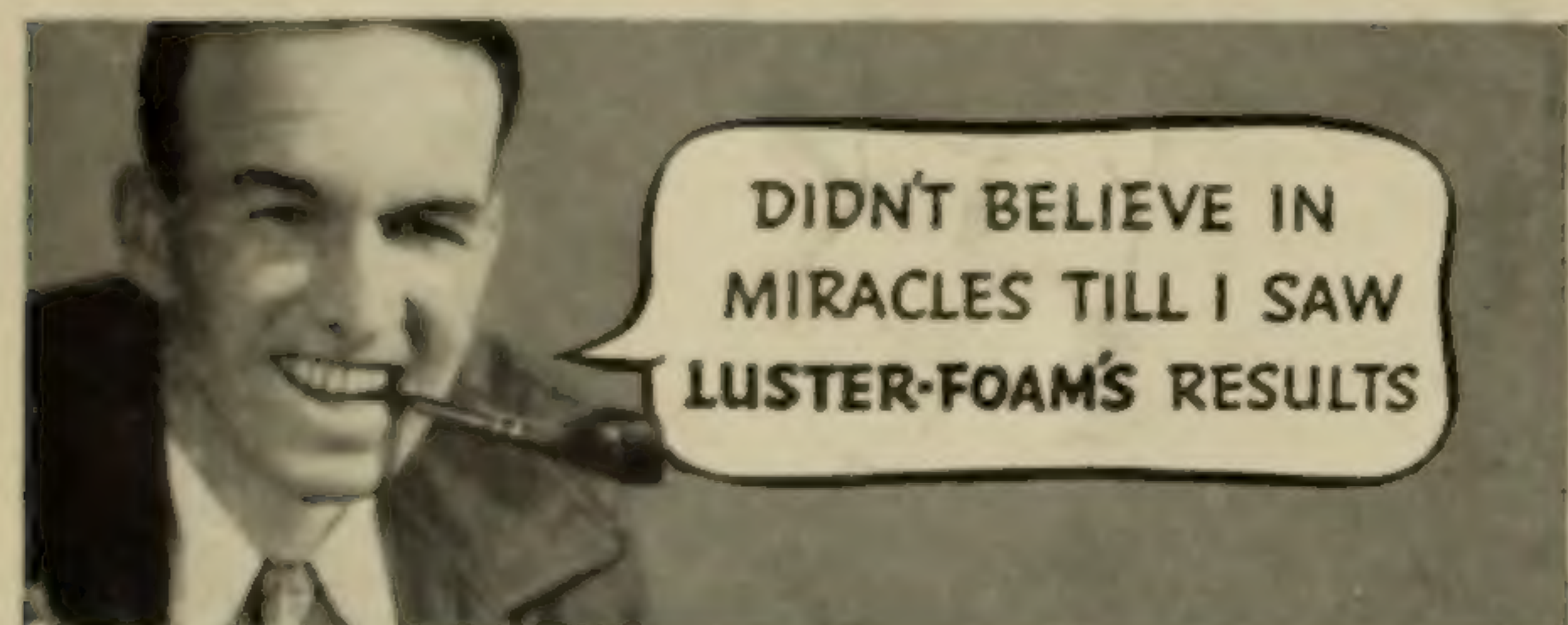


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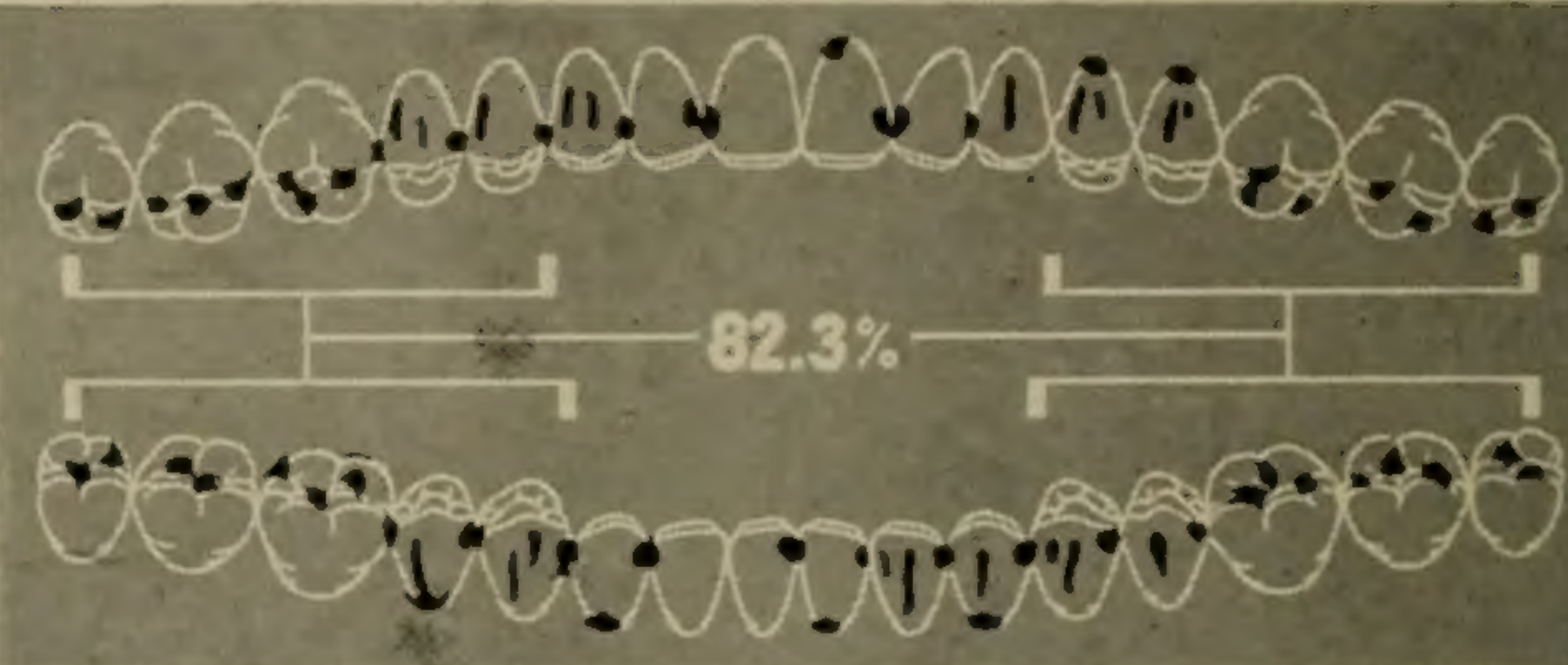
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A tooth paste especially created to thoroughly cleanse the countless tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the teeth . . . the "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line so frequently neglected in the past. These are the areas to which dull film clings, where germs breed, fermenting acids form, and where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of all decay starts.

Into some of these areas, ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter. But Luster-Foam enters them . . . especially created to do that very job.

TYPICAL DANGER SPOTS WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE UP TO 98% OF DECAY STARTS



Tiny pits, cracks and fissures are the breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that **82.3%** of all decay starts in the molars and bicuspids. The remaining **17.7%** in all the other teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste containing Luster-Foam was created to reach these decay breeding areas.

That lively, aromatic Luster-Foam "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) starts performing a miracle the moment brush and saliva set it off.

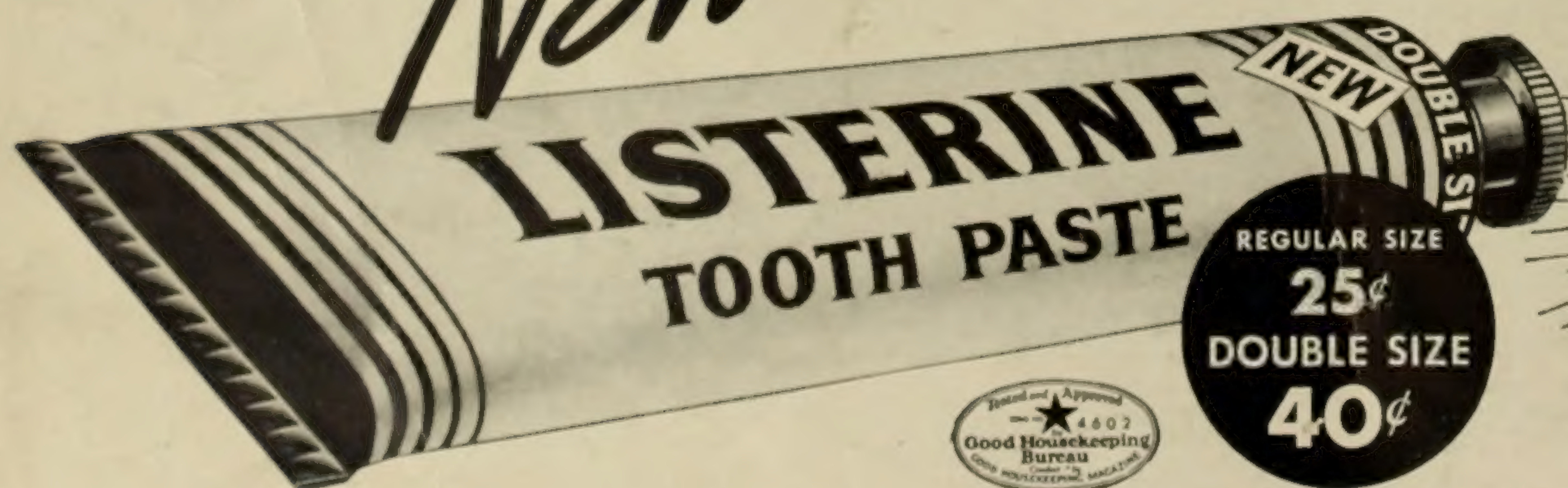
Dull film is whisked away. Food accumulations come off like magic. Dangerous decay acids are combated. Millions of decay germs are removed.

You scarcely feel this going on—all you know is that your mouth feels wonderfully alive and fresh, and remains that way for hours afterward.

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THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



supercharged with
LUSTER-FOAM
(C₁₄H₂₇O₅SNa)
for Super-cleansing



For afternoon wear, Betty Grable selects as her Essential Wardrobe a luxurious Seal Dyed Coney coat with softly rippled collar, a black crepe dress with gold embroidery and sash, black felt pill-box, black suede shoes, black suede pouch bag and black suede gloves. Betty Grable is appearing in Paramount Pictures.

advertisement

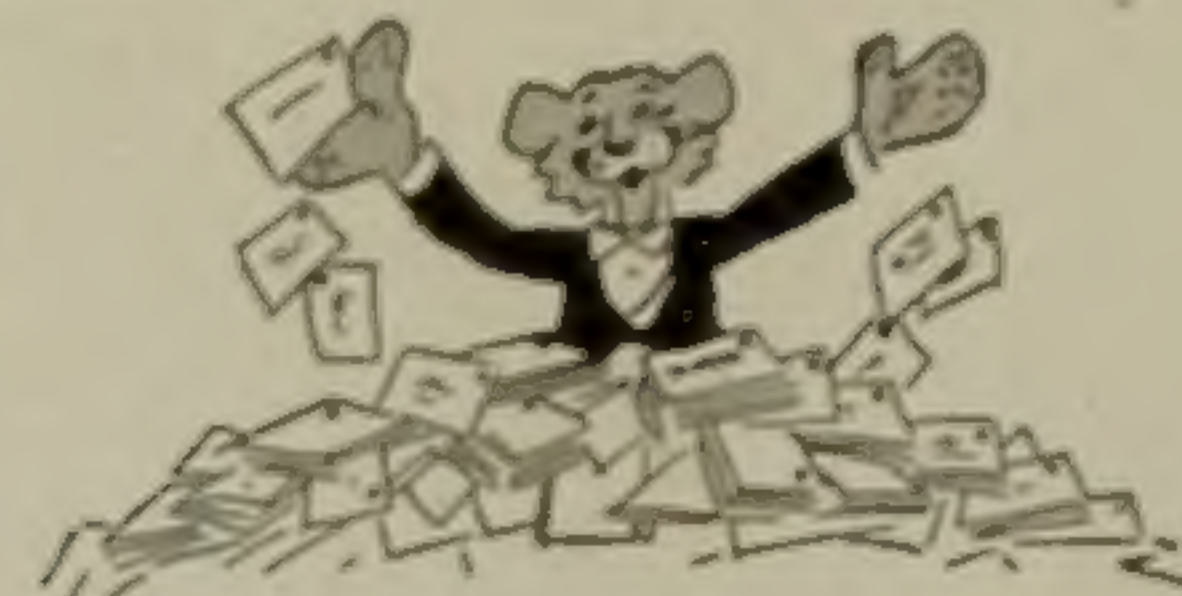
JANUARY, 1939

The LION'S ROAR



WATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old single heart.



's a studio-full of letters from you and you and you (thanks to each of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, here's real news!

Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...



You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season, and its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed in these times will strike you as another fine job by the producers of Boys Town."



A pre-Christmas gift, dancing. Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned a lot of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Livingston, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. See a picture, too!

★ ★ ★ ★

Certainly started the festive season. The All-American rage now is "OUT WITH THE HARDYS", latest installment from your favorite screen guy. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone. All the folks are fine, thank you!

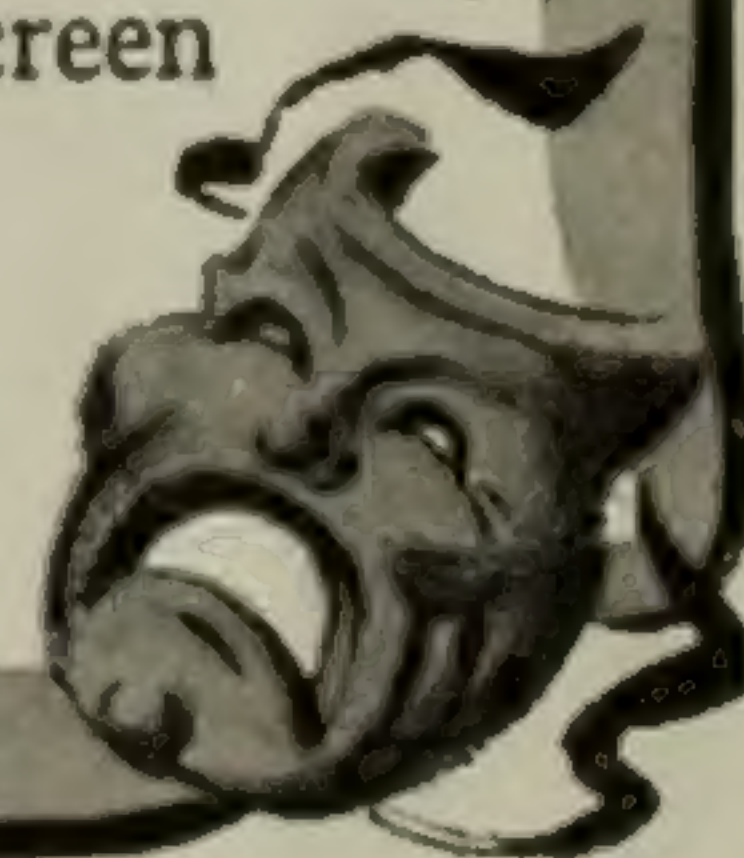
★ ★ ★ ★

"I'll remember December" is a good one for M-G-M...and the New Year off to a happy start as those gay couples of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first Technicolor musical, "SWEETHEARTS" in Technicolor, too!

★ ★ ★ ★

Said Christmas comes but once a year? Well, you'll get a holiday package on the screen this week of 1939 from Santa Claus—

Leo



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Hedy Lamarr, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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NEWS VIEWS AND REVIEWS

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie (lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) playing press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (Oct.)

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich overnight and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (Nov.)

★ **ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount**

With this simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns' resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians; Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (Dec.)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (Oct.)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (Nov.)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War has ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on. (Pat Ellis is wasted.) (Nov.)

★ **BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners**

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (Oct.)

★ **BOYS TOWN—M-G-M**

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and

human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of *Father Flanagan* and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitey*. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (Nov.)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice-skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (Nov.)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (Dec.)

★ **CAREFREE—RKO-Radio**

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (Nov.)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (Oct.)

★ **CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M**

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (Oct.)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (Oct.)

★ **DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox**

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the *Jones Family* continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's diversions on *Aunt Ida's* farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (Dec.)

★ **DRUMS—Korda-United Artists**

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the North-west Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (Oct.)

★ **FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners**

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (Oct.)

Roland Young and Connie Bennett, mad zanies of "Topper" fame, find that etherealism and jail don't jibe in Roach's sequel, "Topper Takes a Trip"

★ **FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners**

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (Oct.)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshe leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (Nov.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (Oct.)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash someplace. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island, though! (Oct.)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (Nov.)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (Dec.)

★ **GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount**

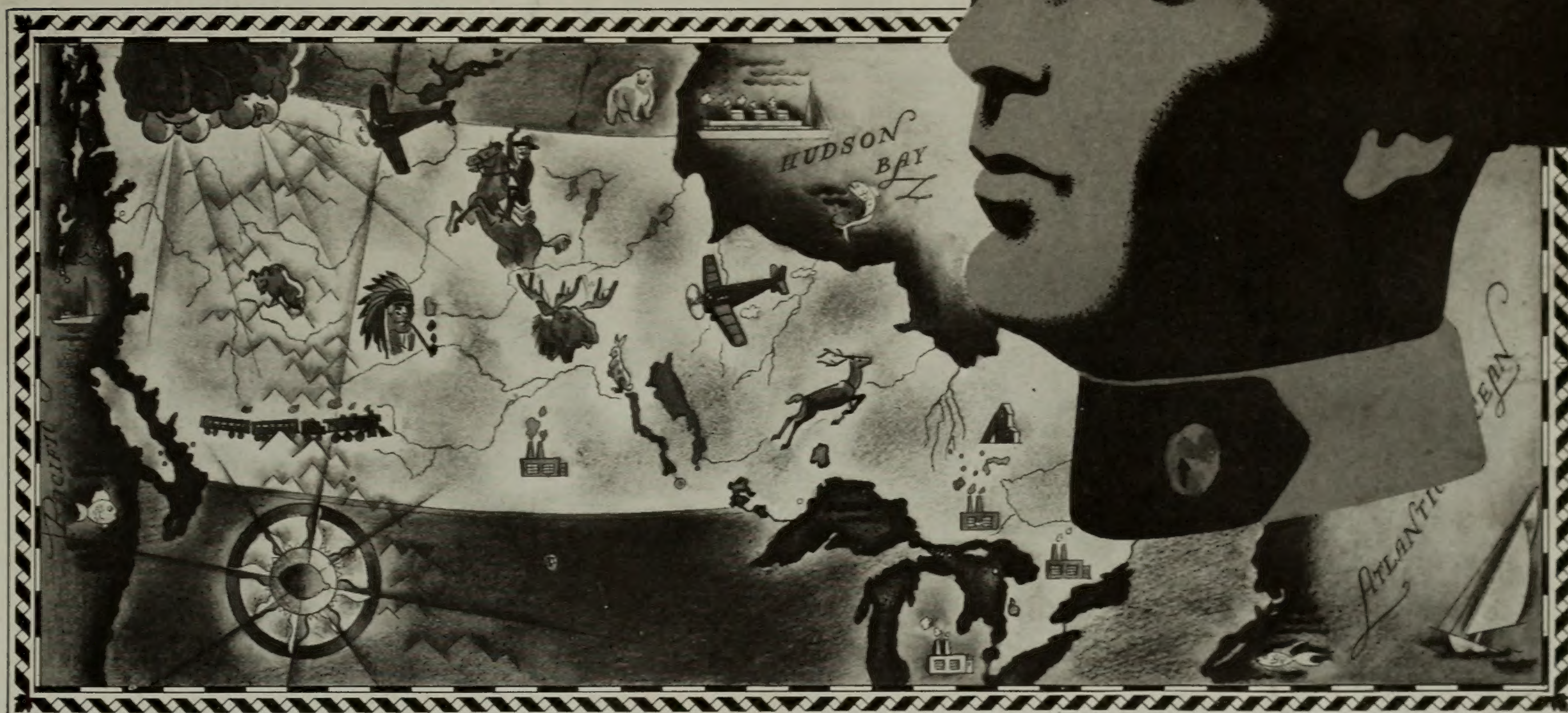
Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 88)



**"LET THERE BE A GREAT LAND, BRAVE
WOMEN—AND BOLD MEN TO GUARD THEM!"**

From the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the western slopes of the Yukon —sweeps a wild-hearted empire of rushing rivers, plains and towering peaks. Guarding this vast dominion—a handful of red-coated heroes maintain their tradition, "Get your man!"... Now, for the first time, the epic story of the Royal Canadian Mounted is told in living colors... told in the beat of love-torn hearts and glory of brave rash deeds!



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Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Lee Katz and
Vincent Sherman • Based on
a Novel by William Byron
Mowery • A First Nat'l Picture

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*a beguiling mode,
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PHOTOPLAY



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S LAST LETTER TO SANTA

DEAR SANTA:

Every year I write you a letter and on every Christmas you've always remembered what I ask for. I know it's not nice to ask for things but I've decided that telling you what I want might save you a lot of trouble. So this is a sort of shopping list and if you have time to get around to me after taking care of all the other little girls I'll be very glad if you take this list along.

But there is something I have to explain first. It is about last year. I didn't mean to play a trick on you. I just wanted to see you, Santa. Just once. That's why I put the bell on the toe of my stocking and hung it by my bed (instead of the usual place on the mantel) so I'd be sure to hear it. But I didn't. You filled it without ever making a sound—with those candy nuts I love so, and little glass figures for my collectchun and the small silver tea set. Remember?

And maybe I'd better explain about that stocking too. Mine isn't very big. Sonny and

MRS. TEMPLE says that Shirley is "on the edge" in her belief in Santa.

This is probably the last Christmas she will ever write to him and we are proud to present her letter. We sincerely hope he'll bring her everything she asks for. . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

Jack (they are my brothers) only wear socks but they hold more. So I told a friend of mother's and she made me that glazed chintz stocking two feet long. I hope you don't mind because I'd like to use it again this year.

WHAT I want more than anything, Santa (even more than a double-folding sleeping bag and one of those jiffy tents) is another Jimmy. O I know it will be hard to find and you will have to look all over because Jimmy was the dearest

Dear Santa,
Every year I write you a letter and on every Christmas you've always remembered what I ask for I know it's not nice to ask for things but I've decided that telling you what I want might save you a lot of +

baby doll in the world. He went to Honolulu with me and he was so good. But on the trip we took last summer I left my Jimmy sitting in the car right in the sun when we went to the Grand Canyon. I never should have done that because my dad locked the car and it got pretty hot. When we came back Jimmy's cheeks were cracked. The paint had run onto his little white rompers and when I picked him up his lashes fell out. I just could not help crying. My dad sent him back to the doll hospital in Hollywood but they couldn't fix him. When I got home I buried my Jimmy in our backyard and Mary Lou Isleib (she is my best friend and stand-in)
(Continued on page 86)



film folk

I HAVE KNOWN
BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

*America's most distinguished lady
brings you an intimate glimpse
of the picture people she has met*

SOMEWHERE in a paper not long ago I saw the following question: "Are actors and actresses the same in real life as they are on the stage?" It set me thinking, for, in the course of my life, I have known a good many artists of one kind or another—actors, actresses, musicians, dancers, painters, writers—all akin in the love they have for their art.

They spend their lives trying to give the world pleasure through this art. As far as actors and actresses are concerned, whether on the stage or in the movies, I doubt if any of them would like us to think that they were the same on the stage as off. Success, in their profession, requires that

they create for us the illusion that they really are the characters which they portray and that those characters are alive and playing a part in real life for the time that we follow them on the stage.

Those whom I have known off the stage, however, frequently carry into their real lives something that is reminiscent of their stage technique. Others are so entirely different that you can hardly see any resemblance to the person you saw in such and such a part last winter, or in some picture last night.

The first great actress I ever met was Eleonora Duse. While the others talked, I stood shyly and devoured her with my eyes. She was the most beautiful and fascinating-looking creature . . . but I must stop talking about the past and tell you a little about some of my acquaintances in the movies who can be called contemporaries.

JEAN DIXON, of course, is a friend of some years standing, a charming, cultured woman who speaks French like a native, is a great reader and who has had the great advantage as a youngster of working for a while with Sarah Bernhardt. These memories she cherishes, as I cherish having seen the same great actress playing in "L'Aiglon" when I was in Paris as a schoolgirl.

Three years ago, I began to meet some of the very young Hollywood stars who were kind enough to come to Washington to appear at the

various Birthday Balls given on the night of my husband's birthday.

The first year, Ginger Rogers stands out as a charming personality; the next year there were more and I saw them at lunch. They were Mr. Robert Taylor, Miss Marsha Hunt, Miss Maria Gambarelli, Miss Mitzi Green, Mr. Frederick Jagel and Miss Jean Harlow.

First these guests were taken to greet my husband in his study; then we ate in the state dining room. I confess I asked them, with some trepidation, if they would like to see more of the White House, wondering how much they would care for historic interests. Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor seemed to be considered first place by the others, but they all expressed a keen desire to see all there was to be seen.

We went through the White House from garret to cellar and over to the executive offices as well. The colored staff was agog with excitement and, on the third floor, Robert Taylor was held up and begged for his autograph, which he very generously gave. This only happened to him, however, because he lagged behind and I was not there to protect him.

I THINK I must also tell you that Marie Dressler, when she spent a night with us, was told by her maid how great was the interest of the staff below stairs in her visit.

Before she started out with the President and me in the morning to help unveil a monument,



Two former White House visitors who honored Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson at an M-G-M luncheon are gone—Will Rogers and Marie Dressler

she spent an hour in the kitchen, greeting everybody and signing autographs for them with that friendly manner no one else ever quite has been able to imitate.

Marie Dressler is gone and so is little Jean Harlow, but I will never forget the letters both of them wrote me, so filled were they with appreciation of what the White House means to American citizens. Perhaps an actress has to be a little more sensitive to atmosphere than the average person, but true it is that these two expressed it as few of our guests have done.

Looking at little Mitzi Green across the table, it was hard to realize that she was only sixteen and on her way to musical-comedy success in New York. One little incident I shall always remember. As we came into my husband's office, one of the girls said: "I wish we had told the President how glad we are to be here. Let's sit in his chair and leave him a message."

They wrote the message and one by one all of them, girls and boys alike, sat in his chair and signed it.

THIS past January, another group was with us and this time most of my children were at home, so they had plenty of young people to entertain them. At lunch with me were Miss Patricia Bowman, Mr. Joe E. Brown, Miss Louise Fazenda, Miss Maria Gambarelli, Miss Janet Gaynor, Miss Ann Gillis (the ten-year-old star), Mr. Glen Gray, Mr. Richmond B. Keech, Mr. Tommy Kelly (aged twelve), Mr. Anthony Labriola, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. Ken Murray and Miss Eleanor Powell.

Pretty Eleanor Powell made two of my daughters-in-law extremely jealous, or so they pretended, and I noticed that my boys were extremely anxious to act as guides through the White House. They usually hang back when any such suggestion is made.

They all returned, after their tour through the House, to my sitting room, Franklin, Junior, remarking, "We think perhaps you
(Continued on page 83)

Among those stars who lunched at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt before the President's Birthday Ball last year were (back row) Joe E. Brown, Eleanor Powell, Fredric March, Ray Bolger; (front row) Ann Gillis, Tommy Kelly, Maria Gambarelli and Janet Gaynor



Shirley Temple won the heart of Mrs. Roosevelt, but the test came when she met Sistie and Buzzie

The First Lady, with Robert Taylor



Photoplay turns back the Hollywood calendar to bring you the marital mergers and tangles, the Blessed and not-so-Blessed Events in a bulletin that's town talk

BY GRETTA PALMER

September, 1937: Saw the birth of a new Photoplay. The following months have brought record-breaking events. So the editors mark the close of its first fiscal year with these hilariously vital statistics. Romance opened strong, with marriage quotations giving the market a bullish trend. Announcement of the marriage of Miriam Hopkins to Director Anatole Litvak, early in the month, marked the beginning of the broad upswing. Cupid Common soared when Alice Faye and Tony Martin were wed. Other issues responded: Luise Rainer, in a statement, assailed bears who sold short her marriage to Clifford Odets, the playwright. The Tyrone Power-Loretta Young interests were reported firm, although a nervous tone prevailed over the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie collaboration. Stork rallied with the new Gary Cooper-Veronica Balfe issue.

October: Marriage held firm, in spite of bearish interest in the Clark Gable ménage, with rumored participation by Carole Lombard. Hearts advanced when Francis Lederer wed Margo, showing strong foreign interests in the Domestic Hearts' market.

Rumors of a rise in Garbo-Stokowski, formerly unlisted, were denied by the company involved.

The Virginia Bruce-David Niven romance sagged. Conflicting rumors on the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck amalgamation confused observers.

November: Romances soared, with a firm undertone of wedding bells. The market for the month closed strong. Jackie Coogan's marriage to Betty Grable, Betty Furness' to orchestra leader Johnny Green and Alan Curtis' to Priscilla Lawson were pivotal points in the latter half of the session.

Public participation was marked. Traders and usually authoritative sources rumored new listings and the gossip tape lagged behind events. The new Tyrone Power consolidation mentioned Janet Gaynor. The Ginger Rogers-Playwright Robert Riskin deal attracted attention. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable were bracketed for a sharp rally. Robert Taylor's European interests included Barbara Stanwyck, according to London and domestic tipsters.

December: Matrimonial shares reached year's high when Virginia Bruce and Director J. Walter Ruben brought out a new and eagerly received gilt-edged debenture. The Hearts' Exchange reflected sentiment.

Continued upswing raised Romance averages to new highs on the year's movement. Early in the month several matrimonial issues were retired: Leopold Stokowski changed his listing and tape symbol from Husband to Divorcé.

THIS YEAR'S



ILLUSTRATION BY JOANNE ADAMS

Gloria Holden released her holdings in Harold Winston. There was profit-taking in Stork Preferred by the firm of Henry Fonda and Wife.

Garbo denied plans for a Stokowski merger. Well-informed observers reflected coldness towards Lupe Velez-Weissmuller shares. Nervousness was expressed by the tape on the Clark Gable-Lombard company shares.

A broadly bullish tone prevailed, with Cary Grant-Phyllis Brooks and Loretta Young-Joe Mankiewicz moving briskly.

January, 1938: The New Year's Marriage Market opened sluggish, with little support. The Stan Laurel wedding on the opening day was bullish, but general nervousness prevailed. Volatile issues, such as Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck, remained unchanged. The Lili Damita-Errol Flynn romance encountered resistance.

The Stork Market showed an improved technical position. Stork Preferred announced four new listings when sons were born to Allan Jones, Bela Lugosi, Arline Judge and Bing Crosby. A daughter born to Claude Rains made this the outstanding month for stockholders in the Baby Commodity Market.

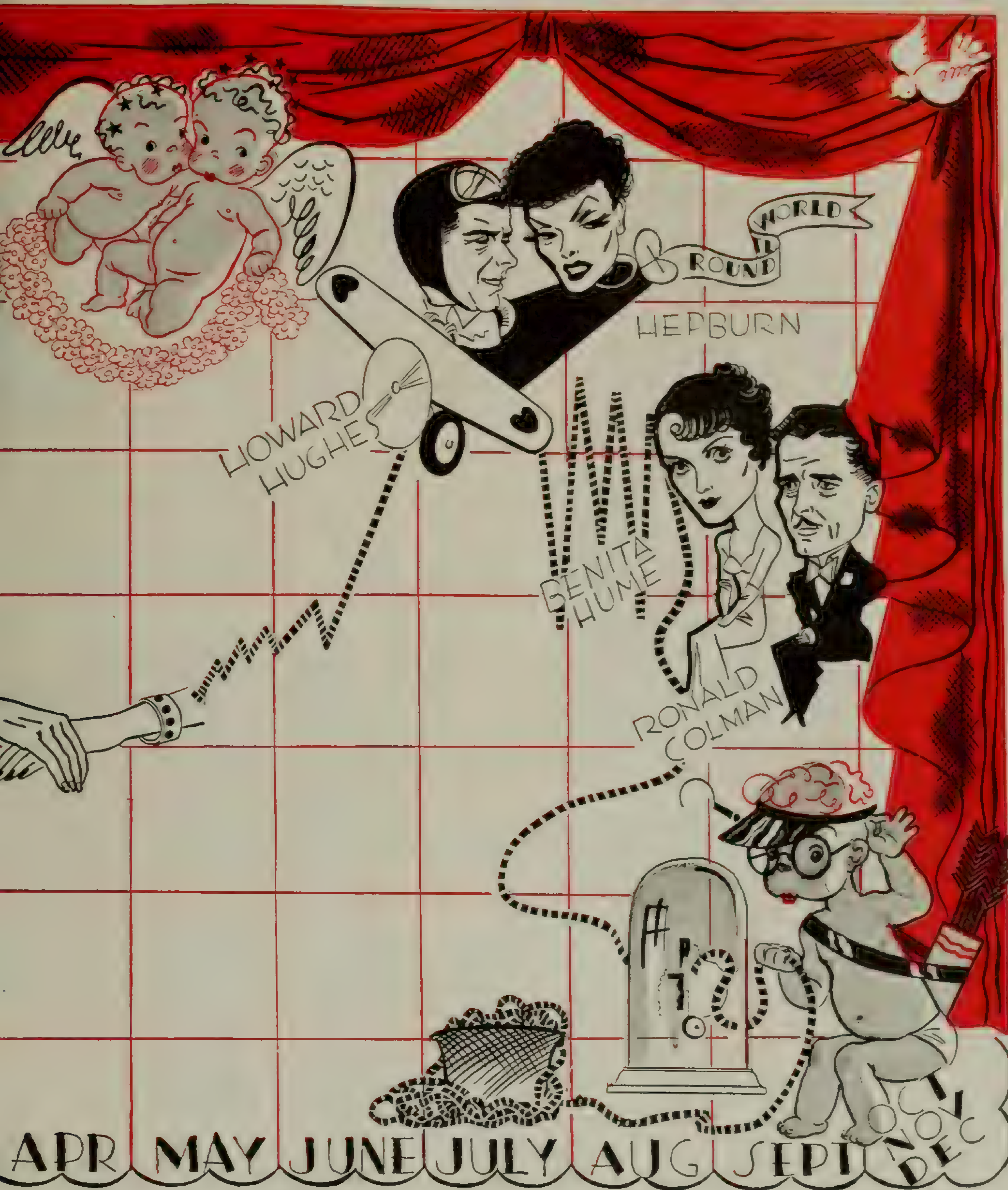
February: The Hearts' Exchange opened with little volume and scant outside participation. Traders were inclined to be bearish and Romance moved sluggishly. Certain observers profited on the downside with the announcement of Fay Wray's separation from the writer, John Monk Saunders, and Walter Wanger's divorce from Justine Johnstone.

Valentine Common sagged sharply, in the duller session of the year. News of Stokowski's sailing to join Garbo brought only a faint response.

March: The month opened with a bulge in Love, but Matrimony attracted few bidders. The Kay Francis engagement to Baron Eric Barnekow brought some public participation. Babies were bullish, with Bob Burns' new son attracting interest.

The Stokowski-Garbo issue moved sideways, with conflicting rumors arousing uneasiness among gossip-brokers. The Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor bond remained firm. Hands-Holding received some support from the increased activities of the A. C. Blumenthal and June Lang interests.

LOVE MARKET... Its Highs and Lows



April: Romance continued to lag, with many shares striking the low for the year on the Hearts' Exchange. Gossip-brokers were reluctant to take a position and the specialists' book showed few offerings. The tape reported bearish developments in Marriage Preferred when Herbert Marshall, handsome star, was sued by Eddy Brandt for alienating the affections of Mrs. Brandt (Lee Russell).

Eternal Triangle responded with a brief flurry of interest, but the Love market remained disappointingly stagnant for the session as a whole.

Infant Commodities attracted interest with the birth of a daughter to Doris Warner and M-G-M producer Mervyn LeRoy.

May: The Hearts' Exchange continued its recent listless tone, with few offerings. Shorts were vindicated when Luise Rainer and playwright Clifford Odets announced their separation early in the session.

Hearts advanced on a narrow front with the rumor of a rise in Melting Glances, Inc., sponsored by the strong Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel interests.

Slight gains were reported at the Fox lot, with

Sonja Henie and Richard Greene said to be participating in Beating Hearts Preferred. Usually reliable sources did not authenticate the rumor that large interests were watching this issue.

June: Hearts advanced with a sharp rise and shorts scurrying to cover their positions. Love encountered little resistance in the almost perpendicular return.

All matrimonial issues shared in the most rapid upturn in months.

Leaders in the Matrimonial advance were Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz Nuptials, Frances Langford-Jon Hall Elopement, Inc., Gloria Dickson-Perc Westmore Knot, Cecilia Parker-Dick Baldwin Wedding-Bells, Virginia Walker-William Hawks Bridal Shares and Russell Gleason-Cynthia Hobart Honeymooner.

The strength of the movement was reflected among the Rumors, where Richard Greene was claimed on behalf of three important shareholders: Arleen Whelan, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie.

Bidding for the favors of the young British star sent his stock soaring to remarkable new highs for the year.

July: The Hearts' Exchange held its gains this month, in spite of a rapid turnover as reflected in the Franchot Tone and Richard Arlen separation reports. The latter was unexpected and caused gloom among Heart Throb dealers.

A general optimistic tone, however, prevailed. Trading in Matrimonial shares was brisk, with the Claire Trevor-Clark Andrews marriage leading the movement. The rise was reflected in the Lee Tracy wedding. Lita Grey Chaplin's recovery was marked, with announcement of her participation in Matrimony, Preferred. The Mary Lou Lender-Delmer Daves nuptials attracted the attention of traders and insiders considered the marriage of Carole Lombard's secretary, "Fieldsie," to Director Walter Lang significant.

Foreign holdings were depressed by reiterated attention to the affairs of Sigrid Gurie, hailed as deriving from Norway but actually originating in Brooklyn. Her divorce from Thomas W. Stewart and the Zita Johann-John McCormick split caused Foreign Hearts to lag, but they recovered during the session.

Romances shared in the month's recovery, along with Matrimonial shares, on a broad front. Hepburn stock broke through the old high, with rumored association with Howard Hughes. The Michael Whalen-Ilona Massey participation caused a flurry and much out-of-town interest was reflected by the rise in Romances, based on the Simone Simon-Gene Markey rumor. The Loretta Young status continued to interest Exchange heads: her adoption of the George Brent directorate was said, though not authenticated, to be distressing to the Tyrone Power interests.

August: The market held its gains, in spite of considerable speculation on the downside. Bears' raids were reflected in the precipitate decline of the Jack Oakies' Matrimonial listing. The suspension of Velez-Weissmuller Maritals had been predicted by all the insiders and caught few gossip-traders short. Foreign shares were easier, with Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick) splitting, two for one, with his former Countess. Other declines were shown in the Ann Sheridan-Edward Norris marital status: the Vera Steadman-Martin Padway listing dropped the symbol Mrs. on the tape.

The Blue Chips, however, firmed after their recent sharp rise and, in some cases, continued their advance. Marriages rebounded when Humphrey Bogart, twice divorced, and Mayo Methot, once divorced, were merged in a new corporation. The Sylvia Sidney-Luther Adler amalgamation sent Marriage shares to a month's high and caught many oldtimers unprepared. Marital Tangles reflected the rumor that Dorothy Lamour, wife of Herbie Kay, seemed somewhat interested in a new merger with Randy Scott. At least, the two were seen here and there at the different dine and dance spots.

Pivotal stars showed revived interest. The Ronald Colman-Benita Hume stock soared on the rumor that consolidation of their interests had already been quietly arranged. The Janet Gaynor-Adrian situation was regarded as very bullish by experts downtown. Incorporation papers were said to have been drawn up between Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, whose stock had been one of the most actively traded on the board in recent months. Hints that he had been managed by a pool were discounted by authoritative sources on the Exchange.

The rise in Hearts and Marriages was reflected
(Continued on page 75)



Mama

IS IN THE MOVIES NOW

A famous columnist, who never believed in Cinderella stories, met Ellen Drew, whom stardom's magic wand has just touched. Now he knows there's one real Cinderella

Ellen justified the faith of discerning fans by her performance in "If I Were King"

BY LOUIS SOBOL

MISS TERRY RAY sat in the frantically cluttered cubicle I call my office and blurted out, "Oh, yes. I'm married. Why, heavens, I've got a little boy—Skipper. He's three-and-a-half."

The mild-mannered young gentleman who had accompanied Miss Ray to the office blanched. He thrust out a hand as if in shuddery disapproval. "T-t-tell him," he spluttered, "how you are really a Twentieth-Century Cinderella and . . ."

"Oh," murmured the girl. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that about Skipper—should I? May I have a cigarette, please?"

But she didn't sound too sorry—except, perhaps, for the nice young publicity man who looked woefully forlorn and let down at the awfulness of the revelation.

It was no hardship talking to and looking at the slim, pulchritudinous young matron who no longer is Terry Ray but listed on the Paramount pay roll as Ellen Drew. Since her nice press notices, earned after the critics surveyed her in

"If I Were King," Ellen has become a Personality and the studio emirs are currently polishing up that precious wand, one wave of which transforms talented little girls into stars, with all the billing and salary concomitants, option pickups and exploitation flurries that keep a cinema notable in allegedly high spirits—and amply filled purse.

Personally, I think this Cinderella business is overdone. Every little girl who once went to high school and whose father was not a banker or senator is a Cinderella girl as soon as she lures a stage or screen contract and I, for one, am pretty bored with the description—and don't believe it anyway.

I wouldn't call Ellen Drew a Cinderella-girl. In fact, I won't. She is a trim-bodied, clear-eyed, self-reliant young woman with a keen mentality who is beginning to cash in on her assets. Neither her father nor her mother was ever connected with the stage nor was either abnormally interested in what went on behind the footlights. Nor, for that matter, was Ellen until someone in the Parker High School in Chicago thought the little girl with the green-blue eyes and the chestnut brown hair and the rather mellow voice was just the sort of girl

who ought to show her school spirit by appearing in the school plays.

Ellen Drew, who was Terry Ray, was born in Kansas City, November 23, 1915, which proves to the mathematically inclined that she is twenty-three years old. The family moved to Chicago when Ellen was of high-school age. Two years later, her education was brought to an abrupt curtain when her father and mother parted and the girl decided she ought to go to work.

She told the employment man at Marshall Field's department store that she was eighteen, which she wasn't because she was only sixteen; but he believed her and every week thereafter she received a pay envelope with fourteen dollars in it.

Six months later she moved over to Grant's 5-and-10 where she sold jewelry and baby clothes and earned as high as eighteen dollars a week. Occasionally, she went to a movie, but she did not swoon over the current leading men or develop a hunger to dress and look like the prevailing feminine stars. As a matter of fact, she admits if you asked her quickly who was her favorite, she would have to answer almost as quickly, "I can't remember."

Friends were heading toward Hollywood by automobile and Ellen was invited to go along. She had lost her job at Grant's during an efficiency curtailment and work was scarce in Chicago. There was a tentative promise of a job in Hollywood. So she went—and the promise was fulfilled. Ellen Drew, pretty and ambitious, became a salesgirl in Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard, not a pebble's throw from Grauman's Theater. Salary, twenty dollars weekly.

The girl became a bit more movie star and
(Continued on page 70)



John Garfield expected the worst, got the best. "Four Daughters" (in which he appeared with Priscilla Lane) made him a Hollywood booster.

IT PAYS TO BE TOUGH

BY IDA ZEITLIN

AT five o'clock on the day "Four Daughters" was previewed in Hollywood, a young man slipped into the theater. He was short and black-browed, blunt features lighted by a pair of fine dark eyes. He found himself an obscure seat in the gallery, sat through two features once and one newsreel twice.

At seven or thereabouts he produced a sandwich from his pocket and munched it, the faint crackle of waxed paper drawing scowls from his neighbors. You might have gathered that a certain surreptitious air about him arose from the knowledge that all along he'd planned to eat a sandwich where none should be eaten. You'd have been wrong. He was simply intent on hiding out in the crowd.

At five, few would have recognized him. At ten forty-five—he sat slouched in the darkness for half an hour after the preview was over—it was a different story. A star had been born. Or, since Mr. Garfield frowns on the word star, a luminary. For a change, movieland was cheering a young man who could never have posed for a collar ad—cheering not a face, but a performance. Autograph-hunters, wise in the ways of their prey, nabbed him as he tried to sneak through the side door. Still unaccustomed to his movie-given name, he signed "Jules Garfield."

"Waddaya mean, Ju-leez?" snorted one indignant youth. "Ain't you the guy wuz ina pitcha, name o' John Garfield?"

"That's my grandfather," explained the harassed Garfield, and fled.

He'd gone to the preview to take notes on what he did wrong. By arrangement, Roberta, his wife, had sat downstairs. He preferred to be alone with his agony. "I'll twist my own fingers instead of yours," he'd promised.

Introducing John Garfield—bright new luminary in the movie constellation

He'd been warned against Hollywood previews. But then he'd been warned against other aspects of Hollywood and found his fears to be groundless. "I expected the worst and got the best—a swell part, a director who directed and still left me free to make what I could of Mickey Borden, plenty of good parts lined up so I don't have to moulder. No, I'm a Hollywood booster—so long as they don't star me. Anyway," he grinned, "I've got my sixty-day stage clause. So what can I lose?"

It was the stage clause that postponed his arrival in Hollywood. Movie scouts had been after him for a couple of years.

"No contract," said Garfield, "without a clause that says I can go back to the stage on sixty days' notice."

"You're crazy," they told him, "giving up all that dough. The theater's dying."

Garfield's answer, undistinguished by logic, was nevertheless effective. "You're dying," he

(Continued on page 76)

MOTHER GOOSE

goes
HOLLYWOOD

With a twinkling eye on Hollywood's pet stars,
Walt Disney turns the pages of Mother Goose's
familiar nursery rhymes to create a brilliant new
film—with results pictured exclusively in Photoplay

"Any resemblance of characters herein portrayed to persons living or dead is purely coincidental," Mr. Disney assures us; but, unless our eyes deceive us, that's satchel-mouth Joe E. Brown who's just done a hot truckin' number with Martha Raye. Joe won by a kiss—see the outline on his face?



Old King Cole (Hugh Herbert) was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he; he called for his fiddlers and he called for his bowl, but when the bowl was opened, the soup began to quack. Woo, woo, woo, it's not Mother Goose—but it is Donald Duck



The King's Jester (frozen-faced Ned Sparks), with cigar in mouth and stick (topped by Ed "The Perfect Fool" Wynn) in hand, sees nothing funny in the King's entertainers, so—"Woo, woo, woo, off with their heads . . ."



"My fiddlers, goody-goody-goody . . ." gleefully cries Old King Cole as Groucho, Harpo and Chico put in their appearance as Fiddlers Three. They tune their fiddles, get ready to play, then, in typical Marxian manner, break them over their knees

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall—much to the merriment of that smug little Charlie McCarthy who has aroused the ire of W. C. Humpty-Dumpty Fields by heckling, "Hah-hah-hah—lovely day—lovely day—what a beautiful sunrise—or is that your nose?"



I-vant-so-much-to-be-alone Garbo has her wish gratified when she plays "See-saw Marjorie Daw" with Robinson. "O.K., Babe, you asked for it," says Eddie, as he teeters from his end of the totter

(Continued on the following page)



Simple Simon (Stan Laurel to you) takes his fishing the easiest way and breaks all angling tradition. The fish he hooks from the tomato can has a fat juicy worm in its jaw. Into the fishing basket goes the worm, back to the water goes the fish for more worms. Wonder what Mrs. Simple Simon thinks of the haul



Along comes Oliver Hardy, the Pieman whom Simple Simon meets at the Fair. Simon pulls a pie from the middle of the pieman's wares without disturbing the order of the stack. But when Mr. Wiseman Pieman tries it, what happens to the pies never occurred in any volume of Mother Goose

CONTINUING

MOTHER GOOSE

The Little Boy Blue, sleeping under the haystack while "The sheep's in the meadow and the cow's in the corn," turns out to be "Bad Man" Wallace Beery, who proves he can blow his horn just as well as he can tote a shotgun



Nimble-footed Fred Astaire is a star member of the large and famous brood who "lived in a Shoe." When they put on a show to help out their poor dear mother, kiddies Edna May Oliver, Mae West and ZaSu Pitts are trumpeteers who, with Cab Calloway and Fats Waller, offer a mad and merry finale



Rub-a-dub-dub. Three men and a maid in a tub. Bold Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton) is "at sea without even a compass." Mariners two and three are Manuel (Spencer Tracy) and his too, too refined "leetle feesh," Freddie Bartholomew. Little Bo Peep (La Hepburn) moans for her lost sheep



Out from behind a large pie pops Little Jack Horner. He neglects to "stick in his thumb and pull out a plum" in his haste to sing, in the inimitable Eddie Cantor manner, the tuneful "Sing a Song of Six Pence, a Pocketful of Rye, Four and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie"

GOES HOLLYWOOD

Fraught with drama is the tragic situation of poor Little Bo Peep Hepburn, who, scanning the horizon, recites dolefully and with perfect diction, "I've lost my sheep—really I have. I can't find them anywhere—really, I can't. They were such lovely sheep — really they were"



Two of the musical children belonging to the Old Lady Who Lived in the Shoe are piccolo-player Clark Gable, who keeps time with his ears, and dignified George Arliss who toots away on the saxophone



HOLLYWOOD'S UNMARRIED



"Just friends" to the world at large—yet nowhere has domesticity taken on so unique a character as in this unconventional fold



The romance of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is an interesting manifestation of how famous untied twosomes take to one another's hobbies. But calling the case of Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin (top) is something else again. Did they take the vows on Charlie's yacht? Even Hollywood wonders

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EVERY afternoon, for the past three years, a little meat market on Larchmont Avenue, near Paramount studios in Hollywood, has received a telephone call from a woman ordering a choice New York cut steak.

Sometimes she orders it sent to the Brown Derby, sometimes to an apartment penthouse on Rossmore Street, sometimes to the studio.

Wherever George Raft happens to be dining.

The woman who sees that George Raft has his favorite evening meal, no matter where he may be, is Virginia Pine. She is not George's wife, although there's little doubt that she would be if George's long-estranged wife would give him a divorce.

Carole Lombard is not Clark Gable's wife, either. Still she has remodeled her whole Hollywood life for him. She calls him "Pappy," goes hunting with him, copies his hobbies, makes his interests dominate hers.

Barbara Stanwyck is not Mrs. Robert Taylor. But she and Bob have built ranch homes next to each other. Regularly, once a week, they visit Bob's mother, Mrs. Brugh, for dinner. Regularly, once a week, too, Barbara freezes homemade ice cream for Bob from a recipe his mother gave her.

Nowhere has domesticity, outside the marital state, reached such a full flower as in Hollywood. Nowhere are there so many famous unmarried husbands and wives.

To the outside world Clark Gable and Carole Lombard might as well be married. So might Bob Taylor and Barbara. Or George Raft and Virginia Pine, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Unwed couples they might be termed. But they go everywhere together; do everything in pairs. No hostess would think of inviting them separately, or pairing them with another. They solve one another's problems, handle each other's business affairs.

They build houses near each other, buy land in bunches, take up each other's hobbies, father or mother each other's children—even correct each other's clothes—each other's personalities! Yet, to the world, their official status is "just friends." No more.

Yet George Raft, a one-woman man if there ever was one, is as true to Virginia Pine as a model husband would be. He has been, for three years. He has just bought her an expensive home in Beverly Hills. Recently, when they had a slight tiff, George took out some other girls, but was plainly so torch-burdened he could hardly stand it. He has never seriously looked at anyone else. Nor has Virginia.

Consider the results—strictly out of wedlock.

Before they met and fell in love, George was the easiest "touch" in Hollywood. He made big and easy money and just so easily did it slip through his fingers and into the outstretched

palms of his myriad down-and-out friends. George, who came up the hard way, still has a heart as big as a casaba melon and as soft inside. But he is more careful with his money now. He invests it—and well.

Before he met Virginia, George's civic interests ventured little further than Hollywood and Vine, the fights, and a few of the hotter night spots. Now George Raft has his finger in a dozen Los Angeles business ventures and community interests. He is a solid citizen.

Before George and Virginia teamed up as a tight little twosome, George gloried in flashy, extremely-cut clothes. His suits, always immaculately knife-edge creased, had trousers with the highest waistlines in town. His coats were tight across the shoulders, narrowed extremely at the waist. His shoes were narrow, pointed and Cuban-heeled. He was Mister Broadway.

Virginia talked him into seeing Watson, one of Hollywood's most exclusive tailors. What's more, she talked him out of the theatrical clothes and into a more conservative taste.

All this is called "settling down." It usually happens to people after they've been married. Only George and Virginia still aren't married. He lives at the El Royale Apartments and Virginia lives in another building up the street. They just go together. But she orders his meals. And he spoils her little girl to death.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES



Gilbert Roland (top) has been Connie Bennett's devoted slave for years, while Connie's titled husband remains in Europe. Just "going together" are Virginia Pine and George Raft—but she orders his meals and he fathers her little daughter, Joan



Another "almost perfect" domestic picture—Barbara Stanwyck (top, with her son Dion) and Robert Taylor. Interests—deep, expensive, permanent—merged when Bob bought the knoll adjoining Barbara's Northridge ranch. Marriage couldn't have worked more of a change

No real father could be more infatuated than George with Virginia's five-year-old daughter, Joan. Nor would you call George the perfect picture of a family man, either. He has already paid up an insurance policy that will guarantee Joan a nice little stake when she is ready for college. He seems to lie awake nights planning something new and delightful to surprise her with whenever he sees Virginia, and that's usually all the time.

One of the stories the salesgirls still tell down at Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles' swankiest store, is about the day Virginia Pine and little Joan came into the shop. Joan spied something she wanted right then. But Virginia, wishing to impress upon her daughter that a person isn't

always able to have what he or she likes in this world, said, "But, Joan, you can't have that. You haven't the money to pay for it."

"Oh, that's all right," stated Joan in a loud, clear voice. "Just charge it to George Raft!"

When Bob Taylor docked in New York from England and "A Yank At Oxford," he waited around a couple of hours for a load of stuff he had bought over there to clear customs. Most of it was for—not Bob—but Barbara Stanwyck and her little son, Dion.

They've been practically a family since Bob bought his ranch estate in Northridge and built a house there.

Northridge, itself, is an interesting manifestation of how Hollywood's untied twosomes

buy and build together. It lies in a far corner of the San Fernando Valley, fairly remote from Hollywood, all of fifteen miles from Bob's studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No coincidence can possibly explain his choosing that site, pleasant and open though it is, right beside Barbara Stanwyck's place.

Barbara was there first. With the Zeppe Marxes, she established Marwyck Ranch to breed thoroughbred horses. She built a handsome ranch house and moved out. Bob Taylor had never been especially interested in either ranch life or horses until he started going with Barbara. But witness how quickly their interests—deep and expensive, permanent interests

(Continued on page 74)



CIVILIZING SABU OF INDIA

*The story of a jungle
child in a modern world*

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

THOSE who saw a very small, half-naked brown boy making an oversized elephant do exactly as he wanted him to in the picture called "Elephant Boy," released just a year and a half ago, might have been somewhat surprised to meet a young fellow named Sabu Dastagir on his recent visit to these United States. Even seeing his new picture, "Drums," was no preparation for the Sabu that came into a drawing room at the Ritz-Carlton, shortly after a giant Sikh guard who wore his beard rolled up in a hair net had waved us toward a chair and said, "Pliz—down-sit?"

We down-sat with our back to the door and our attention was riveted momentarily on another large uniformed Sikh, minus hair net, who stalked across the room and, it being one of those chilly autumn days, pointed an electric fan straight at us and turned it on full blast.

Then, almost as though he had sprung out of the carpet, there appeared a slim, brown-skinned young fellow in a gray English-cut suit and a white turban. Mercifully, a sudden wide smile turned this poised young person into the well-remembered little boy, Sabu.

We hadn't heard him come in. He seems to enter a room as noiselessly as he ever moved about a jungle. Thoughtfully, he ordered the fan turned off. He spoke to the Sikh in his own language, but, turning back to us, lowered his voice and, indicating both guards, said, "I think they know more English than they say.

Sabu, the little Hindu lad of "Elephant Boy" and "Drums" fame, has grown into a poised cosmopolite, sharing interests in common with such stars as Ann Sothern and Fredric March (above, left)

You know, they have been in England longer than I have." Then he added, "But who learns a language faster, a grown man or a boy?" A boy, of course. "Yes," said Sabu, "because a grown man—he always wants to go in the evenings and have a good time at night clubs. A boy can work." His own English is very good and has surprisingly little accent.

"Do you need much guarding?" we asked, looking back at the colorful Sikhs. Sabu grinned and we suggested, "Of course, they are very good decorations for a visiting picture star."

"I ought not to say that," observed Sabu sagely.

It is pretty evident that the great change in Sabu is due not merely to the fact that he has grown ten inches in height since he made "Elephant Boy"—as youngsters of his age are bound to do—or that, instead of the scant cloth

tied about his middle like a relic of infant days, he is now wearing coveted long trousers. That rollicking Hindu child with his occasional strange small dignity has grown into a poised young cosmopolite, albeit with a boyish eagerness and a mischievous sense of humor breaking through. He is a likeable kid—very direct.

Whenever you talk with Master Sabu Dastagir these days, the conversation invariably gets around to airplanes. It usually includes fast cars, too. After all, he grew up with elephants and they are said to be the fastest travelers in the animal kingdom.

So, in the two years that he has been in England, the progress to an interest in motors and planes is probably a natural development. He sketches pretty well and it is significant that nowadays every time he picks up a pencil he draws either elephants or airplanes. It used to be only elephants. Maybe he is transportation-

(Continued on page 80)

The CAMERA Speaks



Epitome of aesthetic Hollywood: English Madeleine Carroll, wife of London's Philip Astley; co-worker, in "Cafe Society," of Paramount's Fred MacMurray; and chief cardiac disturber of males the world over

Walling

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



“WHO’S BEHIN

The “eyes” have it here—or they will, after you’ve worked this special Photoplay optical guessing game and spotted the wearers of the dark glasses.

P.S: they take their glasses off on page 84





IE GLASSES?"





Youngest of the "lucky MacDonalds" of Philadelphia — Jeanette, the redhead, whose voice has awed gaping grammar-school audiences, Broadway musical critics, commercial connoisseurs of Hollywood. A-I member of the West Coast "teamsters' union" by right of her persistent partnership with Nelson Eddy of M-G-M's "Sweethearts," she defied conventions over a year ago by being married—in pink—to another man and, as Mrs. Gene Raymond, has been seeing a rose-colored world ever since

Bull



The "half and half" Merle Oberon, international by birth and profession, who, by a special film pact, emotes eight months for American Goldwyn, eight months for English Korda. The Lady now of Goldwyn's "The Cowboy and the Lady," the erstwhile "Queenie" O'Brien Thompson of Australia confirms her heritage by talking like an Englishwoman, wearing clothes with a French flair, stating with American frankness that someday she'd like to marry and have six children, "three for each side of the table"

Coburn

GAY BLADES



Style interest centered in Janet Gaynor, wearing "new personality" clothes designed by her rumored fiance, Adrian



Product of icy Montana, Gary Cooper, came with skates slung over shoulder, but just "spectated" with Mrs. Cooper

Joan Crawford gets a professional change by trouper Shipstad and escort Romero



Dolores Del Rio, Best Pupil of the evening, with J. Walter Ruben and wife Virginia Bruce

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The merry young skates of Hollywood flash their stuff after the opening of the Ice Follies—which solves the Great Movie Mystery as to why, on a certain "morning after," half of filmtown took their meals standing up



show, celebrities donned skates at the Pan
wards were: a laurel to Betty Grable and
posite page) for endurance; to Charlie
ero (top), for honest endeavor; to Joan
o of the troupe), for "catch on quickly"
e palm to veteran Mickey Rooney (above
for his ice tricks, which made professionals
elming nonchalance of his sartorial effects

Favorite Stories of



Dolores Ethel Barrymore, the eight-year-old daughter of Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, is as lovely as a bit of rare lace or a portrait you have put away in lavender and lemon verbena. On the day she was asked her favorite story, she wore a short-waisted, puffed-sleeved, ankle-length frock of shadow-pink organdie with a sash of dusty blue baby ribbon velvet. She is called Deda, and her favorite story is the story of Honey Bear because of the old bear's sunny disposition, consideration of which would materially lessen her fears if ever she found herself lost in the woods!



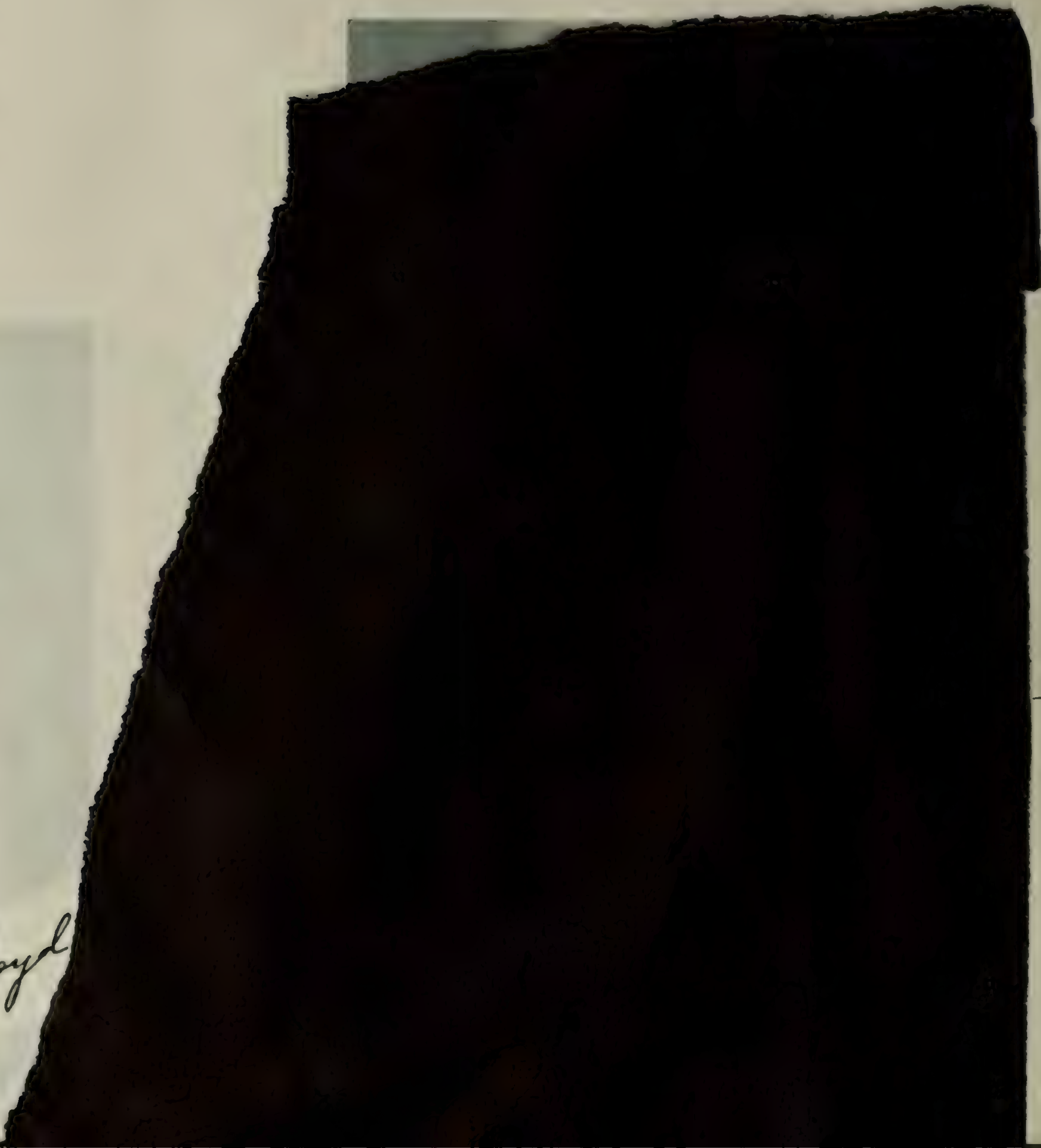
DURING the past twelve months, Dixie Willson has personally called upon forty of America's most illustrious children to ask each of them two questions: first, his favorite story; second, his reason for the choice.

Forty portraits, with autographs, and twenty of the chosen stories retold, are to be found in one of the most interesting and unusual books of the fall season, which made its bow on November, the first, called "Favorite Stories of Famous Children," published by Henry Holt.

Herewith we present a bouquet from the book's pages; a bouquet of those children who reflect Hollywood and in whom our readers will have an especial interest.

A child's favorite story is more than just . . . a favorite story. Because one day it will be the memory of a certain armchair by a certain window, gray rain over a certain November garden, the eyes or the voice you love to remember best of all. So to have found that favorite story when you are yet as young as Johnny-jump-up in April is to have found one of the rarest treasures you will ever possess. As expressed with enchanting seriousness by Helen Hayes' seven-year-old daughter, Mary . . . "Your favorite story is one of the very most importantest things you ought to decide because it's going to be one of the things you want to save for your children."

CAPTIONS BY DIXIE WILLSON



FAMOUS CHILDREN

Sandra Burns, who has just turned four, is the sweetest punctuation in a day for her mother, Gracie Allen, and her daddy, George Burns. She can't quite toss off an autograph, but she's perfectly certain about her favorite story, which is "Peter Rabbit," because he is always doing exactly the things she likes to pretend she is doing herself



Gloria Lloyd

Gloria Lloyd, wearing a gay blue play suit, a bright daisy chain around her long light hair giving her quite the air of a Queen of the May, assured us her favorite story is "Understood Betsy," because she is certain that no matter how old she is, she will love it just as much as she does now



Paul Whiteman Jr.

They don't come any finer, at fourteen, than young Paul Whiteman. And since he's always liked the sea, his favorite story is Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"; and with a reason typical of a straightforward American boy. "I always put a lot of faith in Santa Claus," says Paul, "and then I found out about it. Ever since then, the things I like are the things I know are real"



John Barrymore Jr.

The favorite story of six-year-old John Barrymore is Andersen's "Snow Queen," and for the following sound reason: It is such a good story that they made a play out of it, and it was such a good play that he was taken to see it, and, since a play happens at nighttime, this enabled him, in addition to the thrills of the play itself, to find out for the first time in his life what the real moon and stars and night look like

Leslie Howard, Jr. possesses that quaint charm which is the inheritance of all English children. Quite English, too, is her love of horses. She has owned them and has ridden them ever since she can remember. And so her favorite story is the tale of a horse; the story of Hildebrand . . . "Such a jolly ridiculous beast," says Leslie, "that I'm sure it will always be my favorite story because I never can quite finish laughing at it."

Leslie Ruth Howard



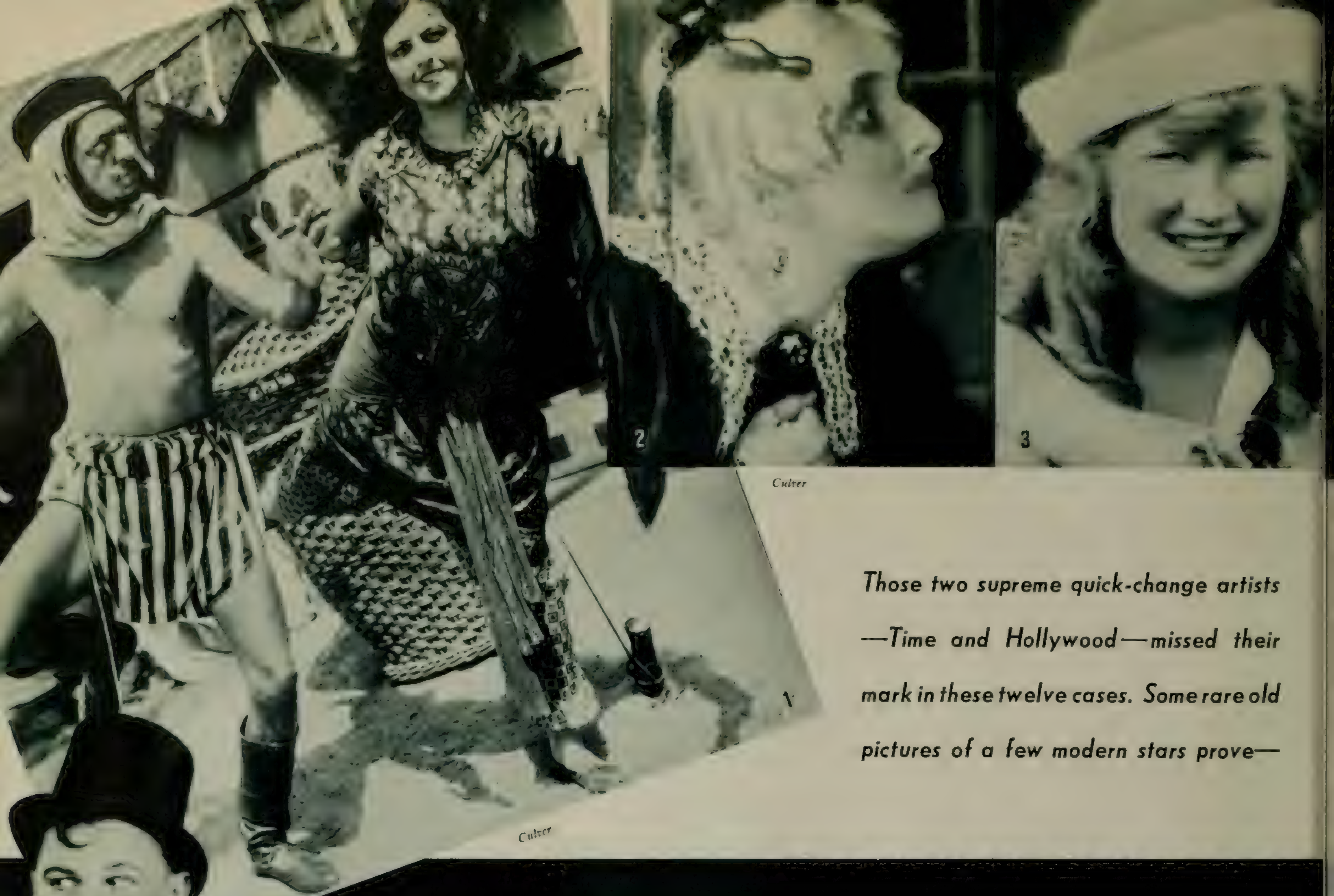


Father of two—Don Ameche, leading young benedict of the film colony. Personable possessor of a Coast-to-Coast name, he wins celluloid sanction in Fox's "The Three Musketeers" by his smile, radio royalties by his "Sunday night" voice, Hollywood's homage by reason of his "take a chance" technique



Mother of two—Joan Blondell, good wife at heart, actress at will, tom-boy by nature; the shining light of Warners' "Love Bites Men" and of the fourfold Powell ménage

Hurrell



Those two supreme quick-change artists
 —Time and Hollywood—missed their
 mark in these twelve cases. Some rare old
 pictures of a few modern stars prove—

THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT



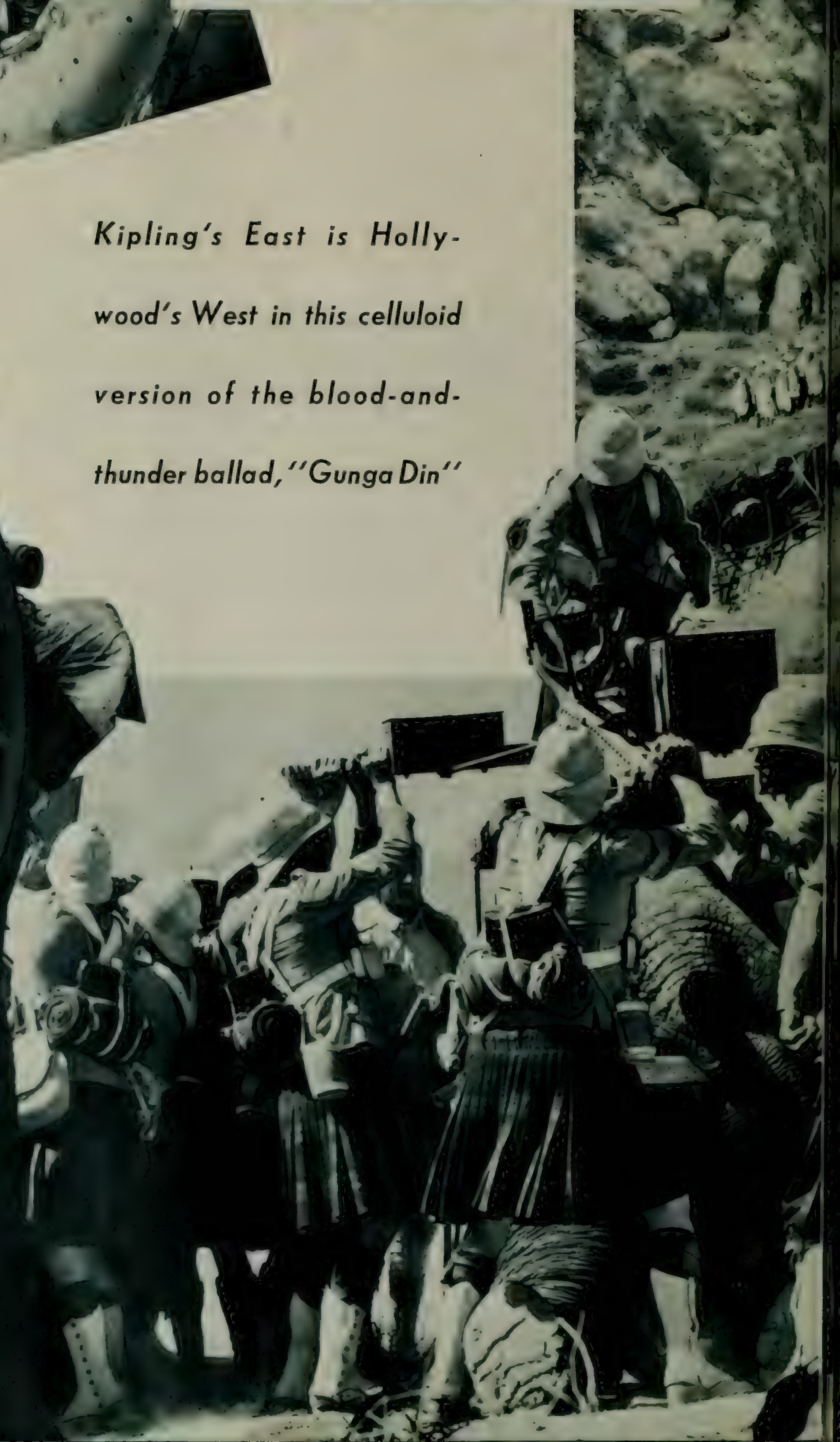


1. **WILLIAM POWELL:** What every smart sheik should know, or Turkey-Trotting your way to a lady's heart—as done by Bill Powell ten years ago. The Fred Astaire of '28 in a desert comedy presents a certain likeness to his wackier rôles today—eh, Watson?
2. **MAY ROBSON:** Many times a grandmother and more recently a great-grandmother, she looks younger every year. Left, as she was in 1907 in "The Regimentation of Aunt Mary." This screen mother doesn't believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the star!
3. **MIRIAM HOPKINS:** Seen here in a middy blouse, she was almost as cute as she is today in mink! At this time (fifteen years ago), she thought she'd be a dancer, signed later for a ballet tour. Luckily, she was saved for films by a last-minute broken ankle
4. **LIONEL BARRYMORE:** Now called the greatest living actor, he's been in the spotlight for fifty-nine years. Eighteen years ago in "The Copperhead" (above), his piercing eyes were as familiar as they are now. Time changes everything but the Barrymore profile!
5. **FREDRIC MARCH:** Time and March—but Freddie has the march on time, for he hasn't changed in ten years! In 1928 (above), when he did his Barrymore stage take-off in "The Royal Family," John was there and roared! Footlight fever is still in Freddie's blood!
6. **ADOLPHE MENJOU:** The same mustached Menjou seventeen years ago—when he bluffed his way to stardom with Valentino in "The Sheik." A \$35 flivver and a \$1,000 wardrobe did the trick. The flivver was paid for—the wardrobe, a walking ad for a tailor!
7. **ALAN HALE:** Some villains have all the luck! Twenty-five years of scoundrelhood have won Alan fame and fortune. Where there's a movie there's a menace: the Hale pictured here began in 1914 with the tin-type. Flickers came and went; Alan always prospered!
8. **FRED MacMURRAY:** Vocal boy before he made good; but even in 1924, Fred (right) had plenty of sax appeal. After tooting his way into a band, he went West—but the movie moguls were tone-deaf! Later, scouts "discovered" him touring on Broadway
9. **GARY COOPER:** Twenty-one years haven't changed that lopsided grin. The anti-glamour boy himself, bursting with pride over his first hard-won motorcycle, when he was long, lean and seventeen in Helena, Montana. Today he rides a Goldwyn saddle
10. **CHARLES RUGGLES:** Fifteen years ago, he was rolling 'em in the aisles as the "Battling Butler" of '23—the same solemn stuttering Charlie (left); and his gags packed the same hearty laughs. Usually on a spree in his film rôles, he's really a quiet, soft-spoken fellow
11. **GENE RAYMOND:** Ruffle him up today and this is the way he'd look—as he did in 1923 in "The Potters" when his stage name was Raymond Guion. His new leading lady (and missus), Jeanette MacDonald, now fixes his neckties—and we'll bet they stay tied!
12. **WALLACE BEERY:** A slippery fellow in 1914, his villainous career began over twenty-five years ago. Hissed and booed then for this mustache and wicked curl, bad-man Beery is today one of the screen's most lovable rascals—but he looks the same as before!





Kipling's East is Hollywood's West in this celluloid version of the blood-and-thunder ballad, "Gunga Din"



KHYBER PASS, CALIFORNIA



On California's Himalaya-like Mt. Whitney, RKO's George Stevens is directing a major production battle, the majestic scope of which may be judged somewhat from these stirring scenes. It is the film saga of Gunga Din, native hero of the Kipling poem on the British conquest of India. By means of a loud-speaker and telephone system, Director Stevens jogs up musketeers Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; keeps Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe, top) in action; lines up Highlanders, white-skinned, and Hindu Thugs, brown-skinned—by wholesale spray-gun action. Relaxation from the battle fray consists in more personal and pleasant direction of the Fairbanks-Joan Fontaine romance



SHINING MOMENTS



—Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan . . . in that spectacular M-G-M presentation, "The Shining Hour," a film to merit the public's cheers . . . in the arms of their respective screen husbands, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young. Featuring two glowing girl breadwinners, top stars of a top-budget picture

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



What, what? We thought our eyes deceived us—but, when we looked again, it was still Sonja Henie with Ty Power at a recent preview

Come wind or rain, earthquake or hurricane, Mrs. Grundy's precocious offspring brings you the latest gossip on the flicker-folks

Solo Act—With Reason

ARE you free, white, twenty-one and can you date a beautiful girl any night in the week if you choose?

Well, lucky you. It's more than two famous screen stars, James Stewart and Tyrone Power, can do.

One evening last week at the Beverly Brown Derby, Jimmy Stewart sat alone having a solitary dinner. Across the way sat two young ladies from Idaho. They were unable to swallow a bite—just sat watching the handsome young actor.

"Just think," one said to the other, "of all the thousands of girls who would give their eye teeth to be eating dinner with Jimmy Stewart and yet here he is alone." Finally, one of the girls could bear it no longer and sent over a note saying, "Couldn't you get a date tonight?"

Jimmy grinned back but said nothing.

"It isn't a question of getting a date and certainly not with Jimmy," Ty Power said, when we told him of the incident. "It's a question

of having a date and facing embarrassment for both you and the girl. It's got so I never step out the door with a young lady, even an old friend, that our marriage isn't predicted by Hollywood. Or some romantic question is attached to it, at least.

"You can imagine how any girl feels when she's faced with these constant explanations and embarrassments. So, like Jimmy, these days I either trot off alone or go everywhere with my mother, sister or friend who I know understands and won't mind."

Comment on Miss Davis

WE'VE said it before and we say it again: Hollywood is small-town to the core. And like every other small town, it has its favorite drugstore. At Schwab's, neither elaborate nor unusual, can be found, at most any hour, a movie celebrity at the soda fountain.

Here Robert Taylor, perched on a fountain stool, eats many a solitary dinner.

And of course one is bound to hear interesting tidbits as the coca colas fly hither and yon.

For instance, Bette Davis' chauffeur, waiting for a package at the drug counter, met another chauffeur also waiting.

"What goes on up at your house?" the second chauffeur asked.

"I don't know what it's all about," Bette's chauffeur sighed, "but I can tell you this: I never knew two people to love each other as much as Miss Davis and Mr. Nelson. I just can't understand it."

Thoughts on Deanna

HOLLYWOOD is amused at a story about Universal's young lady wonder—Miss Durbin.

It seems an extremely self-assured and sophisticated chatter-writer lunched with Deanna at the studio one day recently. All briskness and efficiency, the writer assumed command of the situation and proceeded to talk. Gradually, however, the writer became less and less voluble until finally, around dessert time, there was a complete change in the situation. The writer, her tail feathers plucked for a fare-thee-well, was listening quietly to sensible and adult observations delivered by Deanna.

"It was the way she looked at me," the writer said afterward, "with those clear penetrating eyes looking through me and that little half-twinkle thrown in for good measure. I've never been rendered so unsure of myself in my life."

"I wonder what she really thinks of me," the writer sighed.

Finis for Garbo?

ANYTHING can be overdone, even in Hollywood, and all this secrecy surrounding Garbo has finally overreached itself.

When Garbo returned to Hollywood after her long European sojourn, one of the star's few friends phoned a friend of hers.

"Look," she hissed in the phone, "Greta will be here tomorrow, but I dare not name the time or place of her arrival. I must keep it secret for a while."



For once, Carole Lombard was on the receiving end of a practical joke. When her birthday rolled around, the crew of "Made for Each Other" threw a party. Her present?—a mule, whom "Missy" promptly christened Scarlett and added to her menagerie at home



Hank Fonda, out stepping with one of the prettiest wives in cinema circles. But don't get ideas—it's his own First Lady



Two and two make four—and four of the nicest people in Hollywood are the Allan Jones and the Bob Youngs. Why? See what Cal says about them

"Why?" queried the friend.

There was a sudden sputtering and stuttering over the wire.

"Because it is Greta. She is coming!"

"Yes, but who will care?" was the next question. "Who will be bothered or what will it matter?"

The receiver went up with a slow click; you see, the friend was right. It didn't really matter much to anyone in Hollywood, anymore.

Concerning Four Nice People

IT'S the life of Riley for the Jones and Young families of Hollywood. When Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones decide to do a bit of sight-seeing, the four hop into Allan's trailer and are off for whatever place offers the most excitement.

Partners in a riding academy, Bob and Allan are the best of friends and so are their wives, which makes it pleasant when the evening chops must be cooked in the trailer for the evening meal, or housekeeping duties divided between them.

Card games or good old-fashioned singing bees are the entertainment between hops from rodeos to the races or the shore.

Nice people, these Jones and Youngs!

"I'm Married to Ronald Colman!"

BENITA HUME, the English actress who married Ronald Colman, is considered Enigma Number Two in Hollywood; her famous husband being the top winner in the know-little-about group of people.

"So few people know her," is the usual Hollywood cry, "I can't say what she's like."

But old Cal knows.

After a friendly chat we discovered several things about the lady.

To begin with, she's dark haired, vivacious, frank and honest and is just as thrilled over marrying the prize catch of Hollywood as any girl should be.

"I wake up in the morning and think to myself, 'It can't be. It just didn't happen.'"

Her accent is charming. Her sense of humor (and she's English), keen as a razor.

She was quite the big star in London, with all the fun, fans, thrills and excitement that

go with that very important status.

In fact, after one jamboree in which she and Noel Coward were brought together head on by clamoring fans, she declares Mr. Coward, his collar wilted and hair awry, looked at her and said,

"Isn't this disgraceful? I wouldn't do without it."

In Hollywood she spent sixteen months in a row making an M-G-M *Tarzan* epic. "I made a great deal of money—oh, a lot," she said. "But nearly everyone had forgotten me in the meantime."

"And then after *Tarzan*, for some reason, nothing happened. Every picture I was scheduled for fell through or the part didn't fit. Suddenly I found myself using up all the money I made on *Tarzan*. After 'The Last of Mrs. Cheney' I didn't make another picture. Ronnie, of course, can afford to stay off the screen a whole year. He's so well established. But I'm not."

"Even my part in 'The Cowboy and the Lady' was eliminated from the story and there I was again."

"I can't say how happy I was to go into 'Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus.' You know, after a while one's confidence gets undermined and presently I found myself wondering if all my London success was about anything. I got to thinking maybe I wasn't an actress at all."

HER blue eyes laugh as she talks. Her best friends are Heather Thatcher, the English actress, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the former Lady Ashley.

In fact, Benita accompanied the Fairbanks on their round-the-world honeymoon as far as Tahiti.

"I was engaged to Jack Dunfree when I arrived in Hollywood first," she confided, "but that was broken off."



Bob Young may have tough luck with his movie gals, but daughter Carol Ann thinks he's the tops

"Sewing, eating and arguing are my favorite sports," she says, her eyes twinkling. "Of course, I like swimming, boating and riding, but I do love sewing, eating and arguing.

"The sewing came about after I stood for all the smug satisfaction from Heather and Sylvia I could bear as they sat knitting or sewing away with such a satisfied look. So I took it up and I'm even smugger than both of them together."

She doesn't dare wear her hair atop her head. "I'd grow pompous right away," she explains, "sweeping my hair up with a gesture of elegant pompousness." But she does put it up in curlers at night to get the right curl in her short bob.

"I've moved into Ronnie's Beverly Hills home, cats, dogs, birds and all. And it's too wonderful. I can't believe it yet.

"I'm really married to Ronnie Colman!"

High Lights and Low Lights of the Month—

THE rift between George Raft and Virginia Pine grows wider and wider, while the love between George and Virginia's little girl grows stronger and stronger. . .

Clark Gable, attempting to master the art of tap dancing for his rôle in "Idiot's Delight," doesn't know an electrician hid on a high rafter of the sound stage to watch Clark, who permitted no watchers. And the electrician became so convulsed at Clark's awkwardness he nearly fell headlong at the actor's feet. . .

After two years of courtship, Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward are saying their "I do's" . . .

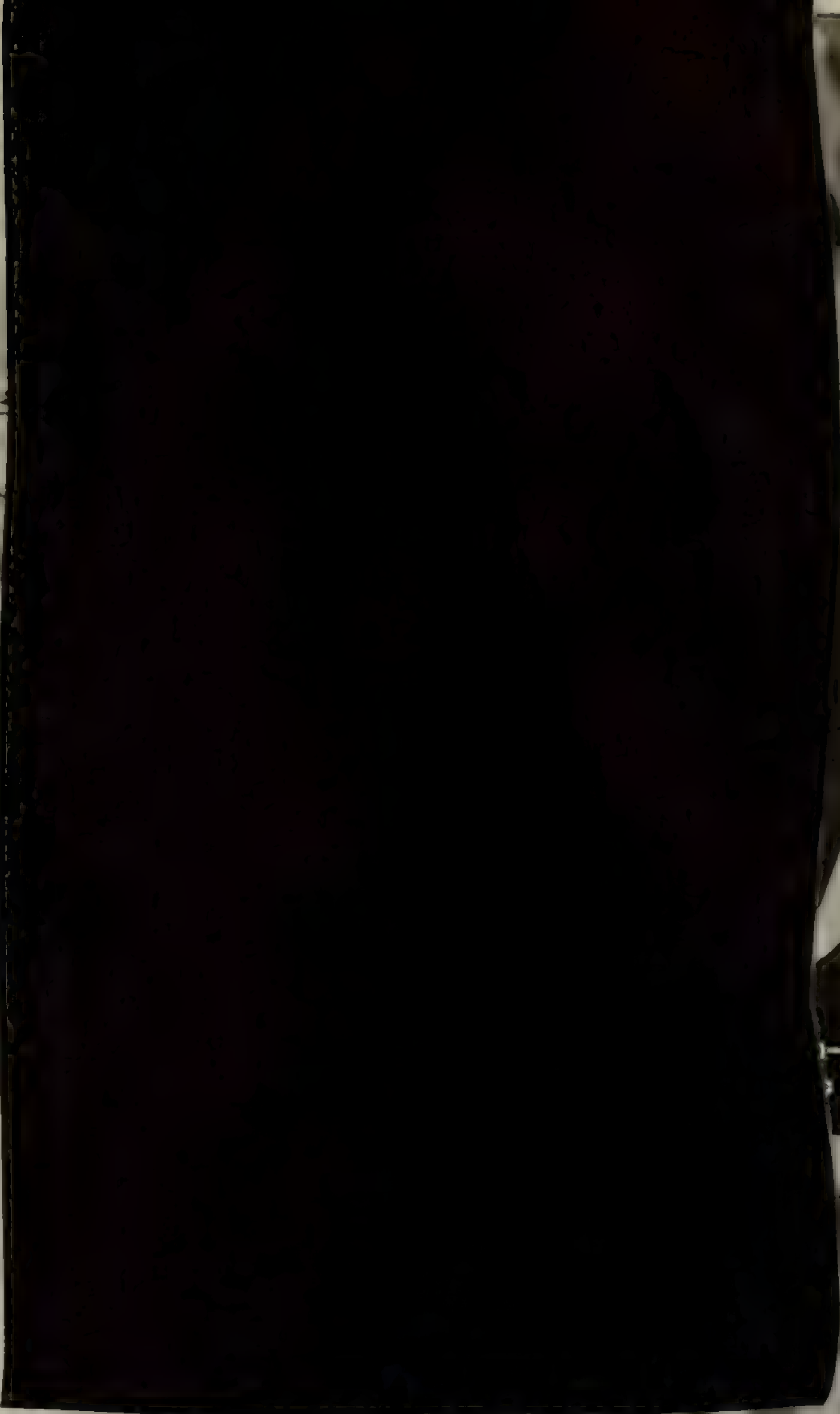
Charlie Chaplin's threat to play Hitler in his next picture has the town a-twitter. . .

People are wondering about that sudden weariness in Ty Power's eyes. Could it be just physical exhaustion that has so changed Ty, taken the sparkle from his eyes—or is it some deeper reason? . . .

The love story of Jack Oakie is more hectic than any he has ever played on the screen. Jack was so in love with his estranged wife, he escorted her home from every party and they sat for hours before the house talking it over. Mrs. Oakie's answer was—a reconciliation!

It's a Paramount Parrot

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is having, not servant problems, but servants' animal problems in abundance these days. Claudette has a cook, a jewel, so to speak, who owns a parrot that Claudette's two dogs can't stand. So she's had to have a cage built way at the back of the yard for the bird who, when he wants to come visiting at the house, calls loudly for "Miss Zaza," and then insists on being brought in personally by the star herself.



—dinner hour at the Troc, where Randy Scott (with her friends) are caught in a serious discussion



Also at the Troc—the Charles Boyers. While his femme fans are losing sleep over him, insomnia-sufferer Boyer takes to night clubs when Morpheus eludes him



Oh, to be so young and full of enthusiasm! Deanna Durbin, Hollywood's wonder child, and Edward Ludwig, director of "That Certain Age," dine at Café Lamaze

Stork News

IT'S baby season in Hollywood with the long-legged bird the most popular celebrity in town.

Over on the Metro lot, Maggie and Maureen, the two "Sullivan" girls (only Maggie spells hers with two a's and Maureen goes individual with an "O") are discussing daily the problems

of movie mothers. Maggie, wife of Leland Hayward, is expecting her second child and Maureen, wife of John Farrow, her first baby.

But Al Jolson isn't letting anyone get ahead of him. Al, with one adopted son, is searching for a set of fine twin boys to carry on the name of Jolson.

(Continued on page 65)



★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—
20th Century-Fox

AFTER a series of mediocre vehicles, Shirley Temple's studio has given her, in this gay little picture, the perfect formula for her growing-up talents. A little girl in a swank seminary, she is brought back to New York because her father, architect Charles Farrell, has been hit by the depression. His return to the big time depends on the repentance of a flint-hearted old finance-mogul who is holding up industry; and, of course, Shirley, through her naïve charm, brings the old fellow around. Romance is between Farrell and Amanda Duff; entertainment is provided by Bill Robinson, Bert Lahr, Joan Davis and Cora Witherspoon. The film is frankly childlike in theme, but Shirley is very cute and very capable. Nice to see Charles Farrell again, too.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

THIS is by all standards the best picture with a crime motif since "Scarface." It has compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and excitement and a kind of gross beauty. The fine cast, capably directed and abetted by superb photography, find the well-written script an opportunity to give memorable performances. It's the story, told without compromise, of two boys of the New York slums; one grows up to be a great criminal, and that is Jimmy Cagney. The other becomes a priest—Pat O'Brien. Cagney reappears in his old stamping grounds to find his pal O'Brien, busily trying to reform the neighborhood. The greatest problem of all is a group of kids—the Dead End brats, of course—who are following in Cagney's lethal footsteps. They generally blight the good name of American adolescence, being then action on a hero worship for the big crooks of our day. Cagney takes the boys out of O'Brien's hands and gives them tips on how to be more successful as thieves. Meanwhile, he straggles his way into the town's leading racket, and with him takes for romance's sweet sake, another of O'Brien's converts, beautiful Ann Sheridan. At last the priest acts militantly out to clean up the town. He warns Cagney it's a fight to the death, and it is. Cagney gets the chair and it is here that he is called upon to do a fine thing—he must die "yellow," so the kids won't respect him—or else—any more. Cagney's performance is swell, but he is given all the meat: O'Brien grabs off honors with his perfect work in a difficult rôle.



★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

ANNUALLY, for the past few years, Paramount has tossed an "Artists and Models" epic at you and you have responded with pretty much enthusiasm. This time you've good reason; the '38 edition has pace, a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep everything rolling. Jack Benny plays the theatrical managing producer who is stuck in Paris with his troupe of girls. By sundry hooks and crooks he keeps them one step ahead of the gendarmery, so that part of the time the gang are locked in a hotel room and part of the time they are hiding in a couturier's shop. Here, of course, is the opportunity for the fashion show, which is a feature of each "Artists and Models" installment. The story is centered about Joan Bennett, an American heiress visiting Paris because her fiancé, a diplomatic attaché, is there. She hates the quiet life—after all, she came from an oil town—and when Jack Benny, thinking she's also a down-and-outer, offers his help she accepts. Thus, with the gang of singing and dancing beauties, she runs from adventure to adventure. Her pop comes chasing after her and the troupe adopts him, too, believing him to be an old guy on his uppers. Real trouble comes when Joan covets part of the French collection of Josephine's crown jewels and Pop borrows a piece to have it copied.

Benny, as usual, has good patter, which he delivers with his incomparable timing. Mary Boland, the Yacht Club Boys and others supply comedy. The fashions are spectacular but impractical.



★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

DURING the World War America had a group of little wooden tubs—called "The Splinter Fleet"—which, unsung, went sailing over the seas in search of enemy submarines. Most of the time it was nip and tuck, with the submarine having the edge, naturally. Well, Twentieth Century-Fox has told the story of the "Splinters" in this film of a rich man's son, Richard Greene, who joins the Navy and is assigned to one of these little boats. The crew is composed of men from all walks of life, green and untutored. A sea captain in disgrace, Preston Foster, has been demoted to command of the ship after court martial and decides to regain his reputation by blowing up the very worst Hun submarine of them all. Thus the poor crew, who had thought they had a snap setup, are forced into heroism. Of course, Greene is shown the error of his snobbishness and, of course, there's a girl: one Nancy Kelly, new but beloved of her studio. She's the daughter of a freighter's captain. The captain thinks Richard is a no-good playboy—which, until War tests him, is true. For your information, there are two great suspense scenes in this movie, each highly exciting. The rest is background.

Mr. Greene is likeable and good-looking; Preston Foster steals the piece with a really fine performance; George Bancroft—as Nancy's father—does his work with understanding and good will. Miss Kelly herself is not pretty, but her bony Irish face has an interesting quality. She shows promise of being a good actress.



BLONDIE—Columbia



★ **GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures**



★ **THE GREAT WALTZ—M-G-M**

AS the beginning of a series which, if its comic-strip progenitor is any indication, will have fans panting in line to see every episode, this is mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie*, Arthur Lake is *Dagwood* and little Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling*. When you have finished seeing the picture you will remember nothing of it except that you laughed a good deal, which is by way of calling it a success. There's no story, just a series of predicaments got into by *Dagwood* and *Baby Dumpling*, with *Blondie* working hard to save the day. Gene Lockhart does the best work as *Dagwood's* boss, but Miss Singleton has vivacity and Lake is quite wonderful as the perpetually tramped-on, misunderstood, frantic husband. Take your children to this.

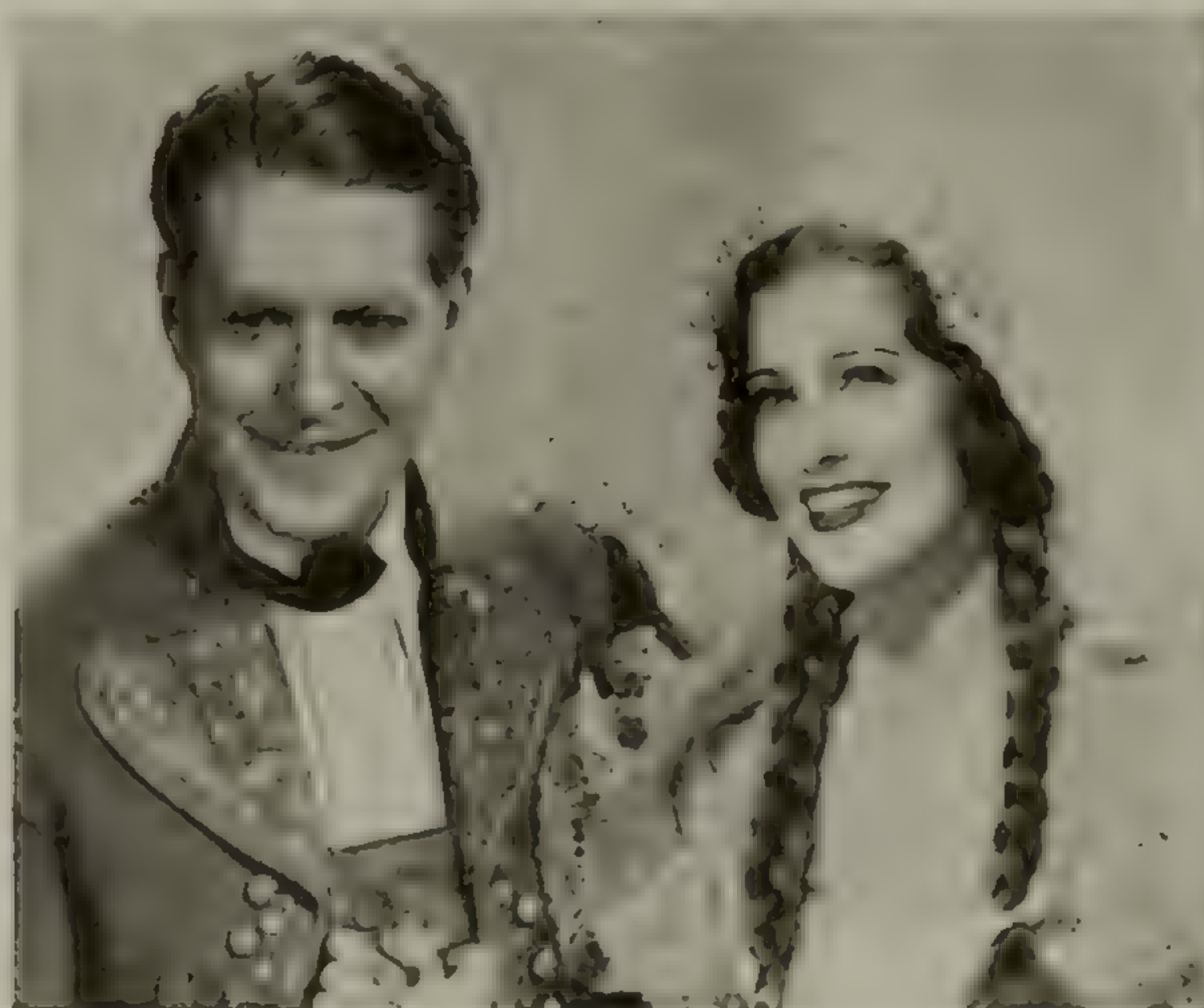
WITHOUT a battle montage or blonde spy, set in the drab surroundings of German prison camps, this foreign import is one of the finest of war films. All types of men in uniform are thrown together—each one contributing an important part in building up a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. The performances of Jean Gabin, middle-class realist, Pierre Fresnay, idealistic aristocrat, willing to sacrifice his life that his comrades might escape, and Eric von Stroheim, disillusioned German officer in command, are only a few of the excellent characters. French director Jean Renoir has borrowed the Impressionistic technique of his painter father. Emotions are suggested rather than sharply defined and the result is a restraint which will fascinate you.

TO the thrilling strains of the waltzes he composed, the story of Johann Strauss, the great Viennese musician, has been brought to the screen with all the color, verve and drama which crowded his life. Fernand Gravet brings great understanding and humanness to his portrayal of Strauss, while Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife is superb. Miliza Korjus, newest foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark and completely won over the preview audience with her magnificent voice. The music is one golden shower of melody featuring such favorites as "Tales of the Vienna Woods" and "The Blue Danube." Among the supporting cast Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert are conspicuous. Julien Duvivier earns his place among top directors for this.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Angels with Dirty Faces	Brother Rat
Artists and Models Abroad	The Citadel
Suez	Just Around the Corner
The Mad Miss Manton	Men with Wings
Submarine Patrol	Grand Illusion
Sweethearts	Young Dr. Kildare
The Great Waltz	The Young in Heart



★ **SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M**



★ **THE YOUNG IN HEART—Selznick-United Artists**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

James Cagney in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
 Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
 The Dead End Kids in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
 Jack Benny in "Artists and Models Abroad"
 Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat"
 Jane Wyman in "Brother Rat"
 Rosalind Russell in "The Citadel"
 Robert Donat in "The Citadel"
 Ralph Richardson in "The Citadel"
 Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner"
 Preston Foster in "Submarine Patrol"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"
 Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts"
 Minnie Dupree in "The Young in Heart"

VICTOR HERBERT'S music, as melodic as the color tones in which this extravaganza is filmed, sustains a familiar story here. The newest of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy pictures is a welcome addition to the list of their successes. It has beauty, charm and great production and, in addition, a masterly blending of yesterday's light-opera technique with today's ultra-modern tempo. In the story, Nelson and Jeanette are sweethearts celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary and also their sixth year as stars of a Broadway play named "Sweethearts." Into this tranquil bit of happiness comes Reginald Gardiner, agent from Hollywood, who attempts to steal the pair for the movies from stage producer Frank Morgan. When it appears they are about to accept, playwright Mischa Auer steps in with a bit of plotting that not only stops the Hollywood plans, but causes the team to separate. Jeanette and Nelson go their separate ways until Auer's machinations are uncovered and Morgan confesses his part in the strategy. There is a happy quality about the entire piece which may be sorely needed amid the deluge of bleak pictures with a message which Hollywood has produced lately and, as a result, you will remember especially the blithe manner in which both Jeanette and Nelson handle their assignments. Neither has ever been in better voice. You will appreciate the work of little Terry Kilburn who plays Jeanette's brother and you will like Florence Rice as the faithful secretary. Director W. S. Van Dyke is to be congratulated.

"THE Gay Banditti," a novel by I. A. R. Wylie, introduces a wonderful family, who trot gaily about the world hunting for people to cheat. Mr. Selznick has made it all into a picture and, with the exception that one is rather flooded with whimsy, he has done a good job. Roland Young is very well cast as the *Pukka Sahib*, "late of the Bengal Lancers," who in reality was born in Canada and learned about Sahibs from his rôle in a roadshow. There could have been no choice but Billie Burke for *Marmy*, the vague, unmoral pretty mother. Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are the offspring who busily do their duty by searching out heirs and heiresses. At least, they do until the Riviera police find them out. Then, as they are on their way to London penniless, they meet an old lady, *Miss Ellen Fortune*. There's a train wreck and the banditti save the old girl's life. In return she asks them to stay with her in London. The rest of the story is that of the gradual decline and fall of the banditti into sentimental and honest ways, due to *Miss Ellen's* good influence. The *Sahib* gets a job selling super-cars; Doug, Jr. gets a clerk's position and his immediate superior is Paulette Goddard. This, by the way, is *Miss Goddard's* second picture and, although she has a cut-and-dried part, one still feels she has not sufficient warmth. Doug, Jr. gives the best performance of his growing Hollywood career. Minnie Dupree is very sweet and sincere as *Miss Ellen* and Richard Carlson does a nice job (Continued on page 81)

WE COVER THE

Fascinating as only movie news can be is this month's digest of the hijinks of the sound stages

BY JACK WADE

coyotes. Usually Mickey is smoothness itself—he never forgets a line—but suddenly in the middle of this scene he bursts out with a loud guffaw.

The cameras stop immediately and everybody looks Mickeywards, completely astonished. "What in the world is the matter, Mickey?" asks Lewis Stone.

"Haw, haw!" chortles Mickey, pointing to Gordon Jones, the male lead and Cecilia's heart-beat. "His stomach growled at me!" That breaks it up for everybody, including us. We cool off on the "Ice Follies" set next door.

"ICE FOLLIES" aptly demonstrates a new trend in movie-making that we find growing in Hollywood, spurred, no doubt, by the shortage of pictures. That is, shooting pictures before a cast, or even a story is ready. A trim little fancy figure skater named Bess Ehrhardt seems likely to have one of the dramatic leads as well as the skating lead, with Joan Crawford as the star of the picture. Bess, shapely and more on the pretty side than Sonja Henie, glides, as the prima ballerina, through a graceful number on a vast indoor rink inside a Metro sound stage. It's a startling set. Giant Indian totem poles with brilliant thunderbirds tower over the ice and brightly painted tepees line it. The skaters whirl like golden birds in glittering Indian costumes. They can think of everything for the "Ice Follies," it seems—except what to use for a story.

THINGS are very different, however, with Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery on the "Stand Up and Fight" set. There's enough story in Bob's third he-manizing picture to satisfy anybody. Director Woody Van Dyke unspins it to us the minute we enter the big colonial-tavern set where Bob, in a high beaver hat, stick and fawn-colored waistcoat is a sight—but hardly for sore eyes.

"Stand Up and Fight," says Woody, is the story of early scraps between stagecoach lines and the pioneer railroads. The locale, Western Maryland, has never been featured on the screen before.

This, believe it or not, is Bob Taylor's twenty-first picture part. It seems only yesterday that he burst so suddenly into big-time fame.

ON the next set we visit, and the last place we'd expect it, we encounter hostilities and plenty of them. "Tailspin" at Twentieth Century-Fox, a sort of feminine "Test Pilot," pits Connie Bennett and Alice Faye against each other in a bitter script rivalry for aviation honors and handsome Kane Richmond. As we enter they're telling each other off.

"... selfish little heel!" cries Alice.

"... cheap little chaser!" returns Connie.

Bop! Alice lets her have one. Smack! Connie retaliates with a roundhouse left. They mix,

It's humilatin'. Mickey Rooney's professional dignity takes a tumble when he meets up with Virginia Weidler in "Out West with the Hardys"

EUROPE may be all worked up about what Adolf Hitler will do next. But as far as Hollywood and the rest of the world are concerned, the future activities of another tough little terror with the same initials are a darn sight more vital.

That's why we skip the million-dollar epics on our monthly set tour to check first on one *Andy Hardy* and the prospects of peace and quiet in the movie world. They're not so hot, we might as well tell you at once. But what can you expect with Mickey Rooney tangling with bucking broncos, cowpokes, red-eyed steers—and deadly little Virginia Weidler?

"Out West With the Hardys," we understand, doesn't make Mickey Rooney feel very happy about the whole thing. Never before has Mickey's professional dignity taken such a tumble. M-G-M has hired little pig-tailed Miss Weidler to make *Andy* look like twenty cents

in every manly department of the Wild West, including riding, roping, shooting and even bragging.

Mickey claims such a humiliating breakdown will ruin him with adoring adolescents the world over. His shining car, fancy wardrobe, football prowess and truckin' ability, says Mickey, have made him hot stuff with the high-school kids. He doesn't want to be exposed!

As usual, "Out West With the Hardys" contains three distinct stories: Lewis Stone's business deal, Mickey's boastful shenanigans and Cecilia Parker's romancing. In each picture one of them gets a break. This time it's Cecilia's turn. Mickey's chief picture chore is to get progressively skunked by *Jake* (Virginia Weidler), the little ranch girl.

We watch Mickey writhing on the spot as Lewis Stone, in checked shirt, boots and sombrero, accuses him of abandoning *Jake* to the



Hank Fonda and Tyrone Power, the famous brothers in "Jesse James," come in for plenty of personal Zanuckian attention

no holds barred, keeping up a running fire of choice insults. When the hair is all pulled, the clothes ripped and the breath gone, Roy Del Ruth, grinning wickedly, waves each to her corner with his "Cut!"

When the gals drop, exhausted, and the scene's in the can, Connie smiles wanly. "I hope I didn't hurt you?" she asks Alice anxiously.

"Oh, a few teeth and my spare rib—that's all," laughs Alice. They walk off arm in arm, smiling happily. The weaker sex—hey? Listen—neither Connie nor Alice has had so much fun in *weeks*!

Nancy Kelly is booked with them in "Tailspin," but she's not around. That's not hard to understand when we see her up the alley, a few stage doors away, giving *Jesse James* a farewell, ever-lovin' kiss before he goes to the jail-house.

Nancy is Twentieth Century-Fox's new wonder girl. Only seventeen, she's just about the best actress on the TCF lot right now. The way Darryl Zanuck is spotting her in his biggest pictures spells only one thing—genuine stardom and right away.

For "Jesse James" is Zanuck's epic of the year, from the standpoint of filming time, money and personal Zanuckian attention. It will nick the stockholders for two of those millions the Hollywood people mention so casually.

Zee (Jesse's lovin' wife, and also Nancy



Mam-m-y! Virginia Bruce, in a hilarious scene with Gordon Oliver, is behind that mud pack in "There's That Woman Again"

Kelly) is in a clinch with Tyrone as the mike boom hovers close, just brushing their hair. The scene is a tender one, the voices low—so low that even the sound monitor protests. We can't even hear what they're saying, and we're practically at Ty's elbow. When Ty tries to make it louder without stage-whispering, his voice slips into one of those middle-register notches and cracks into a soprano squawk like a boy whose voice is changing. That ruins the scene but hands everybody a laugh, including Ty.

"At last," he grins, "I am a man!"

They do it right next time, but before the director calls for a print a voice yells, "Give 'em a lily!" We expect someone to rush forward with posies for Nancy and Ty. Instead, a camera assistant holds a color chart before the still running camera. The film is in Technicolor, and "Give 'em a lily," we learn, means give the camera a color test! We're a little relieved, at that, for *Jesse James* with a lily in his hand would be a little too much for us, at this point.

FROM Jesse to Jascha is only a matter of two or three miles and from horse pistols to a famous fiddle is, of course, no trick at all in Hollywood. It is a trick, though, to fit the great violin virtuoso into a great moving picture, if you consider the headache facing Sam Goldwyn.

He had a contract with Heifetz at a fabulous price. Moreover, it had a time limit. The time limit was about to expire, but—here we go again—no story! So what we see is Jascha fiddling while Sam burns, but doing a very nice job of it, of course. Both Jascha and Sam.

What interests us most about Heifetz is a little thing we notice out of the corner of our roving eye. We always thought geniuses (or is it genii?) were strong silent men, individual, imperative, harking only to the Muse.

But after every take we notice Heifetz peering across the sound stage at a beautiful woman who sits quietly at his dressing-room door. It's Florence Vidor, his lovely wife. If she shakes her head, Heifetz asks for another take. If she nods, he says "Okay!" Yes sir, it's the little woman who says what's what—even to a genius.

Our next stop is Columbia, the Gem of Gower Street.

After Frank Capra makes a picture, Columbia usually relapses into a state of economy coma. But the instantaneous profits of "You Can't Take It With You" have emboldened Harry Cohn into another immediate A. He's shooting "There's That Woman Again," a sequel to "There's Always A Woman," with Melvyn Douglas again a private detective, driven to exasperation by an active but addleheaded spouse. Joan Bondell did the first one with Melvyn, you'll re-

member. But this time, when Columbia touched Warners for the loan of Joan, they said they could use her themselves. So Virginia Bruce got the nod.

Judging from the antics of Virginia and Melvyn on the set, they shape up nicely as the top screwball comedy team in town.

AROUND the corner, at Paramount, we run into a real-life situation, on the face of things irrational as the plot of "There's That Woman Again." The first set we visit, "Ambush," taken from the Liberty Magazine serial, features Gladys Swarthout without a song to sing! What's more, it's straight action melodrama, jammed with wild rides, gangsters, cops, bank robbers, kidnappers and gunplay. Now who would have thought a Metropolitan opera star would ever end up in a picture like that? The only explanation we can offer is that Hollywood is currently selling opera talent short.

Paramount is also busy with "King of Chinatown," "Say It In French" and "Tom Sawyer, Detective" all rolling at once.

A constitutional weakness for Mark Twain's Tom and a desire to see Hollywood's latest pair of Cinderella kids take us at once to the "Tom Sawyer, Detective" set. Billy Cook as Tom and Donald O'Connor as Huck have the biggest chance of their young lives to turn into child stars, if they cash in on their luck. Billy is the

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

This classic afternoon frock of heavy wine-colored crepe was created for Carole Lombard by Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire. The flowing side drape that cascades to the hemline lends striking contrast to the pencil-slim silhouette of the frock. Lilly Dache designed a matching draped turban of an interesting straw and wool mixture fabric and Carole wears it with her most becoming "long" coiffure. Miss Lombard is currently appearing in Selznick-International's "Made for Each Other".

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY HURRELL

son of a Stanford University chemistry instructor. Billy's mama gave him the choice of learning to act or washing dishes. He chose acting and made a hit on the radio. Donald is a lucky theatrical kid Director Wesley Ruggles discovered one night at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. They got the jobs when Paramount couldn't persuade Mickey Rooney and another young name star to fill the bill.

There's just time to lamp Olympe Bradna in "Say It In French" before we leave the Paramount lot, so we duck in dangerously close to a red shooting light where Ray Milland, Olympe, Irene Hervey, Mary Carlisle and Janet Beecher are throwing French fast-talk around so furiously we get a little dizzy.

This one's a farce, as you might imagine. Rich man's son Ray marries a French cutie in Paris and brings her home, only to find his family have arranged another marriage for vital business reasons. So he poses Olympe as the maid and gets engaged to Irene Hervey. Having your wife around the house playing housemaid can be a little awkward at times and that's where the fun comes in. Especially when Irene catches on and helps out with the grand illusion.

The main attraction on the "Say It In French" set, to us, though, is Janet Beecher's blue hair. Janet is the only woman in Hollywood with sky-blue tresses. It all started as a mistake once when a beauty operator spilled some blueing on her head. Janet thought she was ruined for the movies. But to her surprise, she photographed a lot better. And she's kept it that way ever since! But don't go round dipping your coiffure in the inkwell—it might not work on everybody.

UNIVERSAL hasn't anything new to show us this month, but we hustle out to the San Fernando Valley anyway and on to Warners where one of the most interesting pictures of the month is just starting. We catch "Dark Victory" on its opening day.

"I can hardly wait to get into this one," Bette Davis, the star of the picture, tells us. And Bette was the girl who said in court they were working her too hard at Warners!

"Dark Victory" is the story of a modern woman who faces blindness and death, conquering the fear of both by love and courage. Bette plays the rich girl who marries ambitious doctor

(Continued on page 69)

Ray Milland and that little French cutie, Olympe Bradna, are the magnets that draw our reporter to the "Say It In French" set, but there he finds still another attraction





W E L C O M E


1 9 3 9



—pretty as a picture in a romantic gown of pink slipper satin like this one worn by Bette Davis, soon to be seen in Warners' "Dark Victory." Tiny cartridge pleats release the fullness of the skirt, joined to the fitted bodice at a low waistline. The clever pleats hold in the soft fullness of appealing puffed sleeves. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood

—or greet it in regal mood in a sophisticated gown of green and yellow gold lamé (right), chosen by Myrna Loy, M-G-M star, vacationing at the present time. The exquisite styling of the gown, also selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood, reveals alternating treatment of the dual-tone lamé, both in the horizontal-tucked bodice and in the chic sunburst-pleated skirt





For opening day at the Santa Anita Races Bette Davis, star of Warners' "Dark Victory," chooses this dressmaker ensemble of soft rose tweed. Square carved wooden buttons close the jacket which tops a long-sleeved frock of identical tweed, trimmed at the neckline with a matching velvet bow. Note that the softly shirred blouse is joined to the skirt at a high-curved waistline. Bette's high-crowned rose felt hat with badger brush trim is a Galer creation. The costume is completed with shoes and bag of brown alligator. This ensemble and hat were selected from the French rooms of the May Company, Los Angeles







Lucky the lady who can follow the sun and escape dull wintry days in sport clothes such as these. Adrian designed Jeanette MacDonald's slack ensemble (opposite page) for her to wear in M-G-M's Technicolor production, "Sweethearts." Easy fullness distinguishes the action sleeves of the black linen shirt which buttons to a round neckline and tucks into the corselet waistline of the white linen slacks. Jeanette's sombrero is of white baku with a black linen bandana crown. Her gauntlet gloves, striped in red, lend a dashing color note. Picturesque clothes like these give fashion interest to Palm Springs' play spots, such as Smoke Tree Ranch, El Mirador, Del Tahquitz and The Lone Palm



For resort wear M-G-M's Myrna Loy chooses a casual coat of heavy natural linen with patch pockets and roomy sleeves, designed by Kornhandler of Los Angeles. Front panels curve at the shoulders, the line followed by the curved revers. Miss Loy's hand-woven green and natural straw hat from the Bahamas ties under the chin, coolie-fashion, with multicolored raffia streamers. Beneath, Miss Loy wears a white silk jersey frock with front panel and sleeves of apple green and white print designed by Dolly Tree (sketch above). Ensembles such as Miss Loy's are often seen on the terrace of the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, California's famous spa

Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS



Midseason hats put all the emphasis on face value. June Gale and Lynn Bari, of 20th Century-Fox's "Samson and the Ladies," pose in perfect examples of this trend. Lynn (top) wears the Byron "Sweetheart," which makes the most of your mouth. Try a brim turned up steeply over a crown leveled off like a kepi and a dramatic veil drawn over all to call attention to your glamorous lips

June Gale (top, center) models the Roxford "Lucky." To emphasize the dimple in your chin, pull on a severe tailleur shaped to your head in back. Roxford styles this chic hat with a pinched crown smartly stabbed by an antiqued gold dagger

Lynn Bari also wears the Byron "Duchess" (above, left). It dramatizes your eyes. Experiment with the effect of a brim pulled down not too sharply but far enough to cast fascinating shadows over your eyes. Note the fur pompon that underscores your coat trim

June (left) models the Roxford "Show-Off." This hat plays up your profile. Outline your face against soft felt, with a high-sweeping brim and crushed suede band to match your eyes. These hats may be had in a wide variety of colors in the leading department stores

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to -

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

Original
PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE
FASHION



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

Jean Rogers, petite 20th Century-Fox player who will soon appear in "Inside Story," models three stunning Jeanne Barrie* evening gowns that you will find in the leading department stores throughout the country. You will look as fragile as a Dresden doll in this empire gown of cyclamen chiffon (above). The softly draped bodice, caught with an antique jeweled brooch, is of cyclamen, violet and orchid

Gold glitters on the wide suede corselet that joins the sunburst pleated skirt to the picturesque "V" neck, short-sleeved blouse of Jean's Schiaparelli blue crepe dinner gown (above, center)



A sparkling rhinestone girdle defines the waistline of Jean's black chiffon dinner dress with short, full sleeves and deep "V" neckline (above and left). These lovely holiday gowns may be purchased in all sizes and a wide variety of colors



A heavy crepe frock, topped by a smart fur coat, is an essential wardrobe requisite for wear this month. Mary Carlisle chooses such an outfit in the chic color contrast of violet and black. Her crepe dress, in two shades of violet (the blouse is of lighter hue), is worn with a seven-eighth length black coney fur coat which boasts broad shoulders and a collarless neckline. Mary's eight-button gloves are of deep violet—her bag, shoes and hat, cunningly contrived of felt and velvet, are of black. Edith Head designed Mary's dress for her to wear in Paramount's "Say It In French"

English

WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS THINKING

The second in a series of the frankest answers film stars ever gave to a set of questions. Photoplay dared them to tell what is in their hearts. The dare was taken

BY MARIAN RHEA

IS Hollywood so busy it does not have to consider the world outside studio gates? Is Hollywood so ambitious it will not stop to contemplate problems which have nothing to do with picture-making but everything to do with modern social welfare? Is Hollywood so egotistical it cannot look beyond self to a broader horizon of affairs political, economic and religious?

In the following article, the second of two setting forth the results of a remarkable dare which PHOTOPLAY made to Hollywood, is to be found answer to each of these questions.

"We dare you, Hollywood," PHOTOPLAY said, "to forget motion pictures and tell us what you think about the fundamental problems of life as it is being lived today!"

Hollywood accepted the challenge. Last month, through means of a questionnaire circulated by PHOTOPLAY among a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to the various studios, and upon the promise of anonymity, it told frankly and honestly what it thought about such problems as romance after marriage, chastity before marriage, love adjustments of all kinds.

This month, through the same means, it speaks its mind with equal forthrightness concerning child rearing, sterilization, social theories, world affairs and religion. And, as you shall see, Hollywood neither is so busy, so ambitious nor so egotistical that it cannot use its head actively and for the most part, wisely. . . .

PHOTOPLAY's first question in this second phase of its inquiry was: "Do you, or will you, refuse to have children because of an unstable future?"

In answer to this, fifty-one per cent of the women said no—several of them a vehement no, their decision definitely colored by their religious scruples against birth control for any reason.

"This is just an excuse to practice birth con-

trol," one actress wrote, flatly. "I believe that parents with children usually can find ways to provide for and take care of them."

"I should take a chance on the Lord providing for my children—aided, of course, by myself and my husband," said another young matron.

"If everyone waited for conditions to improve before having children, the human race would die out. There always has been something wrong with the world!" said a third feminine star in support of having children regardless of political and economic hazards.

On the other hand, "Yes, I believe it is unfair to bring children into the world unless there is a better prospect than at present that they shall survive. Poor little things, they don't ask to be born!" declared one of the feminine advocates of birth control because of a doubtful future.

And, "I refuse to produce cannon fodder!" wrote another, an important star, married but childless.

Of the women refusing to have children under these circumstances, two-thirds were married. Of those in favor of having children, regardless, two-thirds were unmarried.

A considerably larger per cent of the men—eighty-four per cent—believed this modern world safe for children.

One wrote: "Our ancestors didn't worry about every little thing!"

"We are getting too picayunish about this and that, these days. I say go ahead, have your families, do the best you can by 'em and let nature take its course!" declared another. A large majority of men belonging to this school of thought were unmarried.

Of the sixteen per cent refusing to have children because of unsettled conditions, all were married and many of them gave danger of future wars as the reason for their stand.

"I was a soldier. I wouldn't raise a kid to be the same for all the tea in China!" announced one, vehemently.

PHOTOPLAY's second question was: "Do you advocate sterilization of mentally unfit persons?"

To this, eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women and ninety-four per cent of the men said yes.

"Certainly I believe in it!" wrote one feminine starlet, still in her 'teens. "My father was a disabled American War veteran and most of my life has been spent near army hospitals, where the need for stopping perpetuation of hereditary disease of body and mind cries out on every side!"

"Emphatically, yes!" said another. "This talk about violation of personal rights is a narrow and selfish attitude which should have gone out with witchcraft and snake doctors."



One feminine dissenter said, however, that such is the miracle of modern medicine that the unfit person of today may be cured tomorrow.

While endorsing sterilization in greater majority than the women, the male supporters were, in the main, pretty cautious about it.

"Yes, but with strong legal safeguards," said one young star.

"Yes, but only when there is absolutely no chance for improvement," was the vote of another.

Most of the small percentage of men who declared themselves against such a measure said they thought it too final and irrevocable to be arbitrarily enforced upon anyone. "Why an examination before marriage, instead, and prevention of marriage among the physically and mentally unfit?" several suggested.

Turning, then, to a question which was upon a time the center of considerable con-

(Continued on page 82)

CORRIGAN LANDS IN HOLLYWOOD



"Wrong Way" Doug lost his direction on another path, only to discover that all roads lead to filmtown

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

DOUGLAS "WRONG WAY" CORRIGAN. He flies to California and lands in Dublin. He flies toward Dublin, across the briny deep, and lands smack on a moving-picture lot in Hollywood.

He puts a couple of candy bars and a five-cent package of cookies into the pockets of his leather jacket, gets into his silver ship and makes a three-point landing on the silver screen.

He's the first important Hollywood star to crash the movies in a plane. And though he's making his first—and maybe his only picture—it is probable he will prove a box-office star.

Doug Corrigan had three ambitions when he was a little boy. One was to be a pitcher for one of the major league teams. Another was to be a locomotive engineer. And the third was to become a moving-picture actor.

He lost his direction on all three of these paths, got lost in the clouds and went the wrong way. But he got to Hollywood just the same. He didn't realize that all roads lead to Hollywood.

He fell and broke a leg when he was a child in San Antonio, Texas. He went to work selling papers shortly after that. His father had deserted him and his mother, his little brother and sister and Doug had to help out, so there wasn't much time for playing baseball.

He learned, in a desolate moment, that a man had to be a fireman and shovel coal into the engine for hours at a time before he could become a railroad engineer. He realized he could never do work like that. He was too slight. His leg bothered him too much. And he had no ambition to throw coal on a fire so many hours a day. So he gave up the idea of becoming an engineer.

His mother kept a roominghouse in San Antonio, but after the war conditions were bad. It was hard to make a living keeping roomers. So she went to Los Angeles with her children, hoping to find conditions better there.

Doug had turned his face toward a moving-picture career even before he arrived in Hollywood.

He had seen moving pictures, quite a few of them, in the days before his father left. And he had one big shining idol. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior.

Doug Corrigan's real name was Clyde Corrigan. He was named for his father. He changed his name after he learned that his father would never come back.

"My mother never quite forgave my father," he said. "She didn't even want to hear his name mentioned. My name was the same as his and, naturally, every time she heard my name, she thought of him. It was she who decided I must change my name."

Doug thought of a lot of names, but when his mother casually mentioned Douglas Fairbanks, the boy didn't have to hesitate any longer. He's

(Continued on page 86)

The world called Doug a hero. It saw in him the same rare qualities—shyness, resolve, courage—that had molded his idol, Lindbergh

LINDBERGH'S

MOVIE CONTRACT

\$1,000,000 for one picture was the offer made to America's greatest hero, who accepted, and then—

BY MAJOR THOMAS G. LANPHIER

SUPPOSE you were in your twenties—and in Hollywood.

You had never acted before—not even in a high-school drama. You had not had so much as a screen test. You didn't know whether you'd photograph. You didn't know whether you'd be able to act at all. You already had a career in which you were interested and in which you seemed on your way to success.

And then they pushed it into your hands. A contract. A very fat contract. To do one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

To make it even more enticing, the picture was to be a history of the industry you had turned to for your career.

For this one picture, you were to receive one cool million dollars in cash and ten per cent of the gross receipts of the film.

Would you sign the contract?

Easy, now. This is no fantasy invented to amuse you. It's the story of an incident that really happened. It's the story of a lank, blond-haired young man and a moving-picture contract. If the young man signed the contract, he became worth more than one million dollars.

That young man was Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh, freshly returned from his epochal New York-to-Paris flight and in Hollywood, at the moment, on his good-will trip around the United States.

Young Lindbergh did what, I think, you also would have done.

He signed the contract. It was a contract with William Randolph Hearst to make a picture of aviation from its beginning down to his historic transatlantic hop.

While in Los Angeles, Lindbergh was the guest of the movie colony at Hollywood. Because of his tremendous popularity, numerous offers to enter the movies were made to him. He rejected all of them, until Mr. Hearst offered him this million-dollar contract to do an aviation spectacle for M-G-M.

Lindbergh signed that contract. But, though he had committed himself in writing to make the picture, it was never made. Had it been, America's hero might, conceivably, have become, overnight, the greatest box-office attraction in the history of the film industry. And Charles Lindbergh's whole future might have been drastically changed.

Instead . . . but here is what happened.

On Lindbergh's return to New York, his friends learned what he had done. They felt he was making a mistake by branching away from his chosen career—aviation. Though Lindbergh

had signed the picture contract without consulting his advisors, he was stubborn about it. He refused to give up his plans; to attempt to break his contract.

He was determined to make the picture and his advisors could do nothing with him.

That is where I was brought into the situation. I had met "Slim" shortly after his return from Paris while I was acting as Commanding Officer of the First Pursuit Group stationed at Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

I had led a squadron of twenty-four army pursuit planes to Bolling Field to escort Lindbergh and his *Spirit of St. Louis* to New York City for the huge "welcome back" demonstration there.

Since that meeting we had become rather
(Continued on page 85)

"Lindy" had just made his epochal flight in "The Spirit of St. Louis" (above). The movies wanted him. He turned down numerous offers until . . . Right, with Louis B. Mayer, whose studio planned a film on the history of aviation



THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

*Murder will out—and so a thrilling mystery
reaches a climax of revenge and romance*

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

author of "The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe"

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when the secretary to Lawyer William Foley was injured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." As I stepped into the hall I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I groped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the car I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

At the corner drugstore I tried to telephone Bruce Eaton. He wasn't listed in the phone book, so I called his agency. I impressed upon them the importance of Bruce Eaton's calling me in the morning at the law office of William Foley.

As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. It was Mr. Foley. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him my experience. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

MORNING papers brought the first definite information about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, had been found murdered in the Temmler home. I was the subject of an intensive search. When I arrived at the office I discovered that my desk had been rifled and my notebook taken. Before I could tell Mr. Foley, Frank Padgham came in and, while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, Bruce Eaton called. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property I had found.

During the morning, a woman in the late forties came sailing into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box at Las Almiras in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. It was then that I realized the full importance of the key that I had found the previous night.

When I met Bruce Eaton, he apologized for his behavior of the previous evening and then asked abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?" I started to hand the key to him and then, in a bantering tone, I told him he would have to identify it. To my amazement, it wasn't the key he asked for, but—his *stickpin*!

During luncheon Bruce told me the whole story of his part in the previous night's affairs. Woodley Page, an old friend of his, was being blackmailed. Charles Temmler had obtained possession of some incriminating letters; his chauffeur, Carter Wright, had stolen them; Frank Padgham had been delegated to get them back; Bruce had gone to the Temmler house to protect the interests of his friend; there I had



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

found him, the victim of an unknown assailant.

When he had finished, I pushed the key across to him and told him about the lockbox. A shadow fell across the table—it was the detective who had interrogated me in such a suspicious manner during my first day in the office. He reached for the key but Bruce held fast. A scene ensued. I rushed for the phone to tell Mr. Foley of this latest encounter.

When I returned, the detective was gone and Bruce suggested that we leave immediately for Las Almiras. There was a lone cashier in the bank and Bruce had no difficulty in getting access to the box. After what seemed an interminable period, I heard him slam shut the door of the box. At that moment a car slid to the curb—a police car. I called to Bruce to hurry. The banker became suspicious and I saw him reach for his gun. As Bruce rushed out, the officers were rounding the corner. The cashier pulled the trigger but the jar of the recoil jerked the gun from his hand. As he stopped to pick



"You lie," Mrs. Temmler screamed and, jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a wild rush for the door

it up, I grabbed the letters and dropped them into a lunchbox on the counter.

The officers poured through the door. "The jig's up," the sheriff said.

BRUCE EATON stepped forward and said, "I'll take the entire responsibility for this."

The man with the big hat answered, "Oh, you will, will you?"

"Yes, this young woman has nothing to do with it."

The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a well-planned holdup. They put on the act together and. . ."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"

"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. But one of them knocked the gun out and. . ."

One of the city officers laughed an interruption, "Bruce Eaton isn't going around sticking up banks."

"I tell you they tried to stick *me* up," the cashier protested, doggedly. "This man walked into the bank and, while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming and. . ."

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine *my* surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check. I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then I suddenly realized

who it was. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like *that*? Why, when I go back and tell my roommate about having been in a country bank at the same time Bruce Eaton was there, her eyes will stick out a foot. Naturally, I wanted his autograph. I felt, under the circumstances, he wouldn't hesitate about giving it to me."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability and his hysterical gunplay were putting him on a spot.

Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss . . . what's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell."

"It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under *quite* such unusual circumstances. Perhaps, if you're going *my way*, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles."

"I'd be delighted," I told him.

(Continued on page 77)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF



1938

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

OUTSTANDING
PICTURES OF
1938

THIS is the nineteenth time we have asked our readers to vote for "The Best Picture of the Year." We know you will vote with your usual enthusiasm and judgment for the picture produced during 1938 which, to your mind, had the most superb story, casting, direction, acting and photography. We will then present to the studio which produced that film the most distinguished award in the motion-picture business, Photoplay's Gold Medal.

Despite the acrimonious controversy that has raged this year about pictures and picture personalities, no one can honestly say that the studios, particularly in the last six months, have not earned the right to say in truth, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment." It is well to remember, however, that you, the public, are judge of what is a good picture. Here is a way to register your opinion . . . Do you want to cry at the movies? Do you want to smile and forget there might be a world in which laughter comes but seldom? Do you want homespun stories that dramatize the daily lives of us all . . . or do you want high-spirited tales of knights in shining armor toting off their lady loves in a shower of arrows? Do you want scenes of hurricane, fire, flood and wind to sweep you off your feet? Do you want musical comedies, opera, dancing delights or crime stories? All these you have had this past year. If you vote for the picture you liked in 1938, the producers will know what type of picture to make in 1939.

As no one can remember all the pictures he saw during the past year, we list below some of the outstanding ones. Space, of course, does not permit us to list all the fine pictures, so, if your particular favorite is not here, vote for it anyway.

There are no rules to this contest. You either fill out the ballot printed here for your convenience, or write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Each and every vote is carefully counted; the picture that wins the most votes wins the Gold Medal.

This shining medal (a facsimile of which appears above) is a symbol of achievement, and as such is vied for by all the Hollywood studios. There is no board of judges. You are the judge and the jury. What was the best picture of 1938? You know. Vote for it!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF
WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"
1937
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

Alexander's Rag-	Letter of Introduction
time Band	Lord Jeff
Adventures of	Love and Hisses
Marco Polo, The	Love Finds Andy
Adventures of Robin	Hardy
Hood, The	Mad About Music
Adventures of Tom	Mad Miss Manton
Sawyer, The	Mannequin
Algiers	Man to Remember,
Amazing Dr. Clitter-	A
house, The	Marie Antoinette
Angels with Dirty	Men with Wings
Faces	Merrily We Live
Arkansas Traveler	Of Human Hearts
Blockade	Rage of Paris, The
Bluebeard's Eighth	Rebecca of Sunny-
Wife	brook Farm
Boy Meets Girl	Room Service
Boys' Town	Shopworn Angel,
Bringing Up Baby	The
Brother Rat	Sing, You Sinners
Buccaneer, The	Sisters, The
Carefree	Slight Case of
Citadel, The	Murder, A
Cowboy and the	Snow White and the
Lady, The	Seven Dwarfs
Crime School	Sweethearts
Crowd Roars, The	Submarine Patrol
Dawn Patrol	Suez
Drums	Test Pilot
Four Daughters	Texans, The
Goldwyn Follies,	That Certain Age
The	Three Loves Has
Girl of the Golden	Nancy
West, The	Three Comrades
Gunga Din	Too Hot to Handle
Happy Landing	Toy Wife, The
Having Wonderful	Valley of the Giants
Time	Vivacious Lady
Holiday	Wells Fargo
If I Were King	White Banners
In Old Chicago	Yank at Oxford, A
Jezebel	You Can't Take It
Joy of Living	with You
Just Around the	Young in Heart, The
Corner	Yellow Jack

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion-picture production released in 1938

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

Paging Mr. Chamberlain

DON'T believe all the Hollywood feuds exist only between the fair sex; oh, no. Two of movies' huskiest villains have maintained a pout at one another since the days when Barton MacLane and Charlie Bickford were actors on Broadway.

Fortunately, the two never came into contact until the Universal picture, "The Storm" (and what a fitting title), and then things happened.

The script called for a fight and each husky he-man threatened to annihilate the other.

The publicity boys looked forward gleefully to the fracas as a great source of ballyhoo, but the studio itself, a little alarmed at the enmity, feared trouble. So the scene was called for a Sunday when the boys were supposed to report



Polomew congratulated Garland on being the rôle of Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz"

Tonight

Romance very quietly the Warner lot. Since the whole thing off with Phil Ryan has been having with a new beau for not lately. A little bird quietly, you understand Jimmy Stewart is not interest in her life having any dates open rains.

soon as he has the reason (he now has eighty or is going to join the Air Force as a pilot. He sense to pilot a private very much the aviation



Whitney; right, Irene Africa dance-conscious

Mystery of the Month

ALL of a sudden, and out of a very clear sky, Hollywood husbands are behaving themselves for the cameramen. Hitherto, husbands of famous stars did a quick fade-out when the boys, headed by their own Hymie Fink, would approach for pictures.

Then came a swanky première. Fink to appear was Myrna Loy with her producer-husband, Arthur Hornblow.

"Won't you pose with Miss Loy once?" the cameraboys asked, me as a routine question.

But imagine their amazement when Mr. Hornblow very readily agreed and walked back to his car, holding Loy's arm, so the boys could get view of their walking in.

In fact, one photographer was so surprised he forgot to load his camera; was almost too overcome to shoot picture when Mr. Hornblow offered make the walk from car to the entrance all over again.

Encouraged, the boys next tried Griffin, husband of Irene Dunn; almost always eludes the photographer.

To their complete amazement, Griffin consented, graciously posing the boys several times.

Courage mounting still further, photographers decided to crack the hardest problem of all—Dr. Joel man with his wife, Claudette C. Having permitted Dr. Pressman to the theater without asking for pictures, they now trudged down the aisle to seat.

"Sure," he smiled, "go ahead."

It was almost too much. the cameraboys are wondering if husbands have decided to turn a new leaf, once and for all, or if it was just a good night for husbands.

Every Dog Has His Day

WHEN it came to selecting a dog to play with her in "Dark Victory," Bette Davis went to the bat for her favorite pooch—a setter belonging to her sister—not one of the show dogs, you understand, but one her sister claims is about the scrubbiest dog in the kennels. And since the canine has never worked before a camera, everyone is looking for some fun—except Bette's sister!

Russell Touch on a Resolution

ROSALIND RUSSELL, whose English-made film, "The Citadel," is a great hit, is still groggy over the British methods of movie-making.

"After Hollywood, where one talks pictures twenty-four solid hours in a day and to the exclusion of all else, I found the subject strangely ignored after working hours," she says.

"I wonder if I did that scene just right today?" I asked an English co-worker one night at dinner.

"Oh, by the way," he answered, "what about the tennis matches at Wimbledon next week? You're going, aren't you?"

"At first, I tried to talk shop after hours to everyone on the set and got in return discussions of English gardens in the spring or the possibility of war. So I finally gave up and, strangely enough, most of my physical tiredness and nervous tension disappeared.

"I've returned with a new resolution: no talking shop after working hours. Not even to myself. I don't care how lonely I get."

to

"A

Cary Grant

was off to

bicycle-built-

At Kansas City

Doug (about to

"Well, the old handle bar

It was still on, in modified

Grant hit New York and the

shores of England. So Doug

bet. By the way, guess what

brought back to Phyllis Brooks, his on

and only girl friend.

Phyllis received several sets of old

English glass for her bar and some

lovely brasses for her fireplace. And,

what's more, she was more pleased than

if Cary had brought back a diamond

mine. Whatever are these modern girls

coming to?

PLAY'S

Shop

WYCK

am-

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uty

rs



A pioneering spirit is indicated by Anne Shirley (above) in her New Year's resolution, while Gale Page (above, right) has an age-old problem to conquer. Costume pictures taught Olivia de Havilland (right) a lesson she'll profit by next year

help you, You're going to do last year you were too busy all about them. And to your heart, of course, looks and your personality. stars feel just the same way. making beauty resolutions for the These resolutions should be yours, here they are.

Loretta Young was very firm about her beauty resolution. She said, "I resolve not to wear my hair up no matter how many other women do so or how many hats are made for it. I'm going to stick with the hair-do that looks best on me because I think that the really chic woman is the one who studies her personal requirements and enhances them."

Hollywood is about evenly divided on the subject of hair up or down. Many of the stars compromise by wearing the long bob during the day, dressing it high for evening. Gloria Stuart, for one, likes the "upped" hair-do and finds it most becoming. Her beauty resolution concerns it, too, because she thinks that earrings are almost a necessity to take away that "bare-faced" look, so she's going to increase her collection of earrings.

Loretta's statement that the smart woman is the one who sticks to her type at all times was borne out by several other stars, too. Barbara Stanwyck is one who says she won't be swayed by the current craze for furbelows. "I'm the tailored type. I can't wear anything fancy. I just look overdressed and I feel silly, so all my clothes are going to be very simple and plain. The only fad that I do yield to is the fad for tricky jewelry. I love costume jewelry, but I shall show restraint even in that. One interesting piece is enough. If I'm wearing a tailored

suit, which I generally am, I wear a simple lapel ornament; or a lovely necklace with an evening gown."

Rosemary Lane has decided also that she will not be swayed by the decrees of fashion. "If they aren't becoming to me, and I feel that I don't do justice to them, I'm not going to take them up. I'm just going to be honest and natural and, at all times, myself. But don't get me wrong—I'm going to give every one of the new whimsies a try, to see if they will be becoming on me. But if they're not, then nothing doing."

Anne Shirley's going to try everything new, too.

At least once a month she's going to try a new make-up or hair-do because she feels that only by experimenting can a person discover what's most becoming to her.

"From past experience I know better than to make the kind of resolution that ties me down to a daily task," said Joan Blondell, when I asked her about her resolutions, "because I'm thoroughly unhappy until I break it. But I do resolve to change my personality several times during the coming year. To me, the whole secret of beauty is change. A new appearance may not be a vast improvement over the old, but at least it's different and it buoys up the spirit. A girl who neglects changing her personality gets stale mentally as well as physically. So I'm going to vary my hair style, my type of make-up, nail polish, perfume. I'm even going to change my toothpaste and mouth wash so I'll start the day with a completely different taste in my mouth."



Joan Bennett and Gloria Stuart, setting a 1939 high for blonde beauty, are trying out a new form of charm insurance—a beauty resolutions policy that pays heavy male dividends

If you get bored with yourself at times, let your resolution be to do something about it. Experiment with new makeups, change your hair style and make yourself over into a new person.

A new make-up is even better for your morale than a new hat, so take yourself in hand because you can be just exactly whatever you want to be—if you'll just take the time and the trouble.

Ginger Rogers doesn't overlook the importance of perfume in her beauty resolutions. "I like delicate and elusive fragrances rather than heavy musty odors and I'm going to collect a lot of different scents this year. I already have several perfumes but I don't think you can have too many because you should vary your perfume with your clothes and your mood of the moment."

Anita Louise is going to form the habit of spraying her hair with fragrance for evening, because she's found that this method of applying perfume is the most lasting and the least obvious.

"Malted milk three times a day," sighed Joan Fontaine when I approached her.

"I'm practically wasting away to a shadow, and that's my way of gaining weight. I'm so busy remembering to drink it that that's probably the only resolution I'll find time to keep."

GALE PAGE is another girl who considers beauty quite a "weighty" matter. I know that's bad, but I really couldn't skip it.

"I resolve this year," said Gale with grim determination in her voice, "to keep a daily watch on my weight and do something about it the minute the scales tip an ounce in the wrong direction."

When Gale started her movie career the first order she received was to reduce because of the camera's deviltry in adding poundage. So she did it by stringent diet and exercise. All very well and good, but, when she made a trip to Chicago, she put all the weight back on and had to go through the same stringent routine when she returned to Hollywood.

That is the reason, she confessed, for the grim determination when she says, "Now I know a daily morning weighing is the only way to keep painlessly slim. And, so help me, the minute I'm over one hundred and fifteen pounds, I'll go on a buttermilk diet until I'm back to my standard."

Irene Dunne's fondness for driving in open

cars all year round brought on her 1939 beauty resolution. "I resolve to do something definite about the depredations of the wind this year," she told me. "I'm going to use a moist foundation for make-up and when I come home from a ride I'm going to take off all my make-up with a liquid cleanser and then use a softening lotion.

"And I'm not going to forget to wear glasses in the car and bathe my eyes when I come out of the wind to prevent them from becoming bloodshot. I'm going to protect myself from overexposure to the wind."

A good tip for you to follow, too, because winter winds can be most unkind to your skin by drying it and causing little lines.

BETTE DAVIS realizes that there is great beauty in serenity and she determines to relax more during the coming year. Ann Sothern, too, resolves to achieve the gift of relaxation and rid herself of the tenseness that is the usual result of motion-picture work. Here's how she's going to do it: "I will rise half an hour earlier and arrive at the studio in a leisurely manner. I will not rush home and I'll take a short nap before parties, premières or lengthy social events of any kind. Every two weeks I will spend the greater part of a day in bed, reading or just resting."

Joan Bennett, too, knows of no better aid to fresh, vital appearance than relaxation and serenity and she's going to abolish calisthenics and find more time to play tennis and badminton and go swimming.

She's going to get a lot of sleep and worry less and laugh more, and stay out in the open air as much as she possibly can. That, from the standpoint of health, as well as beauty, is one of the wisest resolutions any woman can make.

Penny Singleton says she wants to form the habit of using two powders. The blend of two shades, one deeper than the other, gives the skin a depth of tone and is more lasting. The first powder should be the lighter shade and the second in a deeper tone, giving warmth to the skin.

Try it and see if you don't get a better effect, too.

Both Phyllis Brooks and Olivia de Havilland are resolved to improve their walk and their posture. "I'm going to study ballet dancing all

through the coming year," Phyllis said. "My mother thinks I've too much of an athletic stride for the screen. As a matter of fact, she occasionally refers to it as a 'lope.' I know this would never do when I come to that super-scene that's sure to find me descending a marble staircase swathed in ermine. So I'm getting ready!"

Olivia's experience in recent period pictures which required heavy and cumbersome costumes has taught her how necessary it is to walk gracefully and have a correct carriage at all times. "In 1939," she said, "I resolve to bicycle an hour each day. I bought a bicycle this year and was surprised to learn how much cycling can do for one, besides being a lot of fun. It's my favorite form of exercise and daily cycling is the best thing in the world to insure a graceful and correct posture at all times.

"So, no matter how tired I am, every single day, for one hour, I'm going to go bicycle riding."

"To make regular use of a mild beauty mask before I go out evenings," resolves Wendy Barrie. "This is as important for young faces as for any because it stimulates and freshens the skin for special occasions when one wishes to look one's best.

"And I'm not going to hurry my make-up. I'm going to take plenty of time to use a beauty mask and be sure that my make-up is on evenly and smoothly."

And we can't forget the importance of using a good hand lotion every time you wash your hands and of remembering to smooth a softening cream into your elbows as consistently as you use it on your face.

Resolve, too, always to wear a fresh make-up. Keep some cleansing cream and facial tissues in your desk at the office so you won't have to keep adding new make-up on top of the old. Try always to have a supply of fresh powder puffs on hand.

Soak your fingernails in warm olive oil two or three times a week to soften the cuticle and keep your nails from splitting. And resolve to brush your hair every single night to keep it soft and shining. You'll find that this is definitely a most effective compliment-catcher.

And I hope that 1939 will be the brightest and happiest year you've ever had, that it will bring you new love, new charm and, most of all, your heart's desire.

FINK IS FINE

JUST a word of complete approval of your fine magazine and its lack of sticky gossip and fan-lure.

Your photographs are always excellent—which means Mr. Hyman Fink must be a whiz at the shutter. I, too, am a picturemaker of sorts and am interested in all points of photography. That short bit about photography advice by Mr. Fink should be enlarged into a department in your magazine. My job is to photograph portraits and activities of the students at this college for American Indians, the only college for Indians in the world.

I'm positive that any advice from Mr. Fink would be worth while. Why not think it over? Incidentally, I'm thinking of enlarging my attic, in order to find more room to store away PHOTOPLAY, which I have bought for years.

EDMUND C. SHAW,
Bacone College, Bacone, Oklahoma

We appreciate Reader Shaw's praise and trust he will be pleased to see the new department, "Movies in Your Home," on Page 70. This will be an occasional feature and any camera addict should find many new pointers which will be helpful.

P. S.—Mr. Fink is a whiz at the shutter.

EASY COME. EASY GO

YES, Hedy Lamarr is gorgeous and glamorous, but can she act? All she did in "Algiers" was look alluring in close-up after close-up and certainly that's easy enough with her glorious face. Of course, one must admit that she reacted nicely to Charles Boyer's passionate glances, but who wouldn't? No, unless Hedy can prove that besides her haunting loveliness she can also act, she will be doomed to failure, for the public is tired of "glamour girls" and their eternal posturings and posings. Dietrich lost out and Garbo's appeal is certainly on the wane, so if Miss Lamarr has nothing to offer us but her exoticness, she too will fade into obscurity, for, to be an actress, one must be more than just "a thing of beauty."

MARGARET LEMWORTH,
New York City.

Hedy Lamarr's next picture will be "I Take This Woman" with Spencer Tracy and Walter Pidgeon at M-G-M, the studio which lent her out to Walter Wanger for "Algiers." The director is Frank Borzage, the man who was responsible for Janet Gaynor's sensational work in "Seventh Heaven" in 1927—the picture, you recall, which really made Miss Gaynor a star. As for Miss Lamarr's acting, it is hard to judge from one picture. Shall we give the gal a chance?

RULES FOR WRITING TO A STAR

I'VE long enjoyed your magazine and look upon you as a true friend. I am a star's secretary, which is why I must regretfully withhold my name. Every year a new crop of fan-mail writers appears and I'm sure that many of them need a few pointers. Here they are: please write legibly—print the name and address if your handwriting isn't legible—and don't squeeze your name and address into one small corner. What a blessed relief it is to see a typewritten letter turn up!

Please don't write five-page letters, if your handwriting isn't legible. Please write in ink. Some letters come a long way and are so penciled in when they arrive at the studio they are practically illegible.

Please put your address on the letter itself and not refer the reader to the envelope.

Please write a letter, if possible, and not a card. The cards come in with postmarks all over the back and front and often it is impos-



Most Talked-of Comeback of the Year—Lew Ayres! "Holiday" started him on the upgrade; "Cousin Henry" in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" added momentum; then—the first of a series of starring pictures, "Young Dr. Kildare" (above), with Lionel Barrymore

sible to make out names and addresses because of this.

Please don't ask the star to do you a favor. He can't get you a job, nor can he get you into the studios to look around, much as he would like to help you. Don't pry into his private life, tell him all your troubles, or ask for his home address.

Most of the mail is very nice and interesting and both my employer and myself enjoy reading it, but some of it isn't, hence this letter. Thank you for your time and trouble.

PRIVATE SECRETARY,
Hollywood, Calif.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

SINCE the early "nickelodeon" days, I've been an avid moviegoer. I've seen two and sometimes three pictures a week. I'm quite in accord with the slogan "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment"—but, now I'm through. When the double-feature nuisance came into being, I began shopping for my movies, only to find that this necessitated either a 5:30 dinner, hurriedly eaten (in order to be at the theater by 6:10), or losing a couple of hours' sleep because the second show wasn't out until midnight. Then

came Bingo, under the various titles of Screeno, Bank Night, or what-have-you. That, I could avoid and did, but it meant that I often missed a picture I very much wanted to see. But now an even more deadly menace is rearing its head—stage shows, and theater managers have the effrontery to tell you (and right in the midst of the "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" campaign) that they are trying to bring back vaudeville.

I don't want vaudeville; I don't want Bingo; all I want is one good picture an evening. So, I'm through until theater owners and managers get back to the fundamental purpose of a motion-picture theater.

GRETCHEN MANNING,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

This brings to mind another problem—that of change of titles. After the studio has exploited pictures for months under one title, it is confusing, to say the least, when one keeps looking in the newspapers for a picture to come to town, only to find out it's been in town the week before under another title. Has this bothered you? If so, can you think of a solution?

(Continued on page 75)

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 48)

George Brent, finds she has one year to live and spends it spurring him on at the expense of her doomed spirits. It's the heaviest rôle Bette has ever attempted, next to "Of Human Bondage."

We sit on the sidelines with Bette while George Brent struggles through the opening-day jitters in an all-male doctors' scene. After a series of disheartening breaks before the camera, George says, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm sorry." Then he walks across the stage and sits in his chair, alone and mad at himself. Nobody can help him; it's just one of those opening-day things. He'll be all right after a while.

We can't resist asking Bette how about her personal future, especially since her separation from her husband, Harmon Nelson, took place between "The Sisters" and "Dark Victory."

Very frankly she tells us there's absolutely no other man and no other interest unless it's her work. And the biggest effect the split-up has had so far is a deeper devotion to work. "I live it now," says she.

"And that's no figure of speech." It's true. Warners gave Bette Kay Francis' gorgeous bungalow, when Kay bowed off the lot. So, when the marriage division happened, Bette moved into the studio bag and baggage! Now, during the filming of "Dark Victory," she eats and sleeps there. And the rest of the Warner stars are getting the same idea. Paul Muni is moving into the studio for his next picture and several others, too, are following Bette's lead.

It's a great idea, but we hope it doesn't spread over Hollywood. What would become of all the swimming pools?

AND now we will look over the stars in the radio studios. With NBC opening a brand-new, bigger and better apple-green broadcasting studio at Sunset and Vine and Columbia's new plant keeping the air crackling a block down the street, Hollywood is now in radio for keeps—and vice versa.

The air is full of stars and the stars are full of—well, call it eloquence. At any rate, where one Hollywood program failed to return to the ether this season, three new ones popped up. The Radio scene shifts around quicker than a Notre Dame backfield and what do we have? Well—

For one thing, we have Bill Powell running Hollywood Hotel and the best news item of the month is that Bill's health is standing up under radio perfectly. He likes it; it likes him. His friends are urging him to give up making movies entirely, to concentrate on radio, have more fun out of life, live to a ripe old age and make just about as much to put in his piggy-bank.

Charles Boyer has taken over Tyrone Power's dramatic spot on the Woodbury Playhouse. What's more, Charles is carrying on the Power tradition of orchids for the leading lady each week. Gail Patrick, Olivia De Havilland and Maureen O'Sullivan have got 'em so far. The best remark we ever heard about Boyer was a romantic little Radio extra's sigh—"That guy," she heaved, "has menace in both eyes!" His voice is the same way. Better fill up on Charles. He leaves the air in a few weeks and Ty comes back.

Bing Crosby's return from Bermuda deserves a paragraph. Bing left for the island with twenty-five trunks. He came back with thirty-eight! He bought everything in the joint, including British walking shorts for his whole band. Now you

should see 'em—especially Man Mountain J. Scott Trotter! On Bing's first return program he arrived at the mike wearing a vivid map of the Caribbean and the Atlantic Ocean for a shirt. It scared Bob Burns off to Hawaii, where he's vacationing now.

Lux Radio Theatre, like the brook, runs on forever. They have the right microphone menu, the best scripts, the biggest stars—and C. B. De Mille. C. B., incidentally, is casting most of the radio steadies in his next epic, "Union Pacific."

We caught the Lux air edition of "Seventh Heaven" the other night and saw Jean Arthur and Don Ameche run over and stick their noses in a piano in the middle of the show. How did we know a mike was underneath? They talked through the piano strings for that echo effect you heard.

ALONG Radio Row, the Hollywood Headlines are these:

Texaco Star Theatre is a solid hit, but suave Adolphe Menjou can't help truckin' when Jane Frohman sings . . . Eddie Cantor's next Deanna Durbin may be Betty Jaynes . . . Gracie Allen came back from New York with a trunkful of screwy hats . . . Claire Trevor's new husband, Clark Andrews, is producing her air show, "Big Town." He and Eddie Robinson warble old college songs at rehearsal—it's awful . . . Fanny Brice is on the war path for people who spell her name "Fannie" . . . Every week Frank Morgan and Fanny do the Lambeth Walk to a raucous accompaniment by Merideth Wilson's band the minute "Good News" goes off the air. You miss it, but the audience gets a good laugh. . . .

Joe E. Brown was burned up all last fall because his new show came on Saturday and he couldn't watch his son, Joe L., do his football stuff with the U.C.L.A. team . . . Frances Langford, who's tiny, got ten pounds more fat and sassy on her honeymoon, while Jon Hall, a moose, faded to a shadow. He's at every Hollywood Hotel rehearsal, because they're still very much in love! . . .

Bob Young and Allan Jones have reaped plenty of business for their Bel-Air riding stables from those radio comedy plugs on "Good News" . . . W. C. Fields never takes off his hat or removes his toothpick during the whole "Hit Parade" . . . Grover Jones, the movie-writing fellow, is doing the script for Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart on "Silver Theatre" . . . Jimmie Fidler will break a broadcasting record when he gossips over both NBC and Columbia any day now. . . .

Dorothy Lamour is now third in record playings over the air. The Chase and Sanborn hour did it. First is Bing Crosby; second, Nelson Eddy . . . Jean Hersholt sketches everybody on the "Doctor Christian" show . . . Edgar Bergen is rhumba-mad. A brave gentleman, Edgar—he tossed a party the other night and invited all his girl friends—Andrea Leeds, Anita Louise, Nancy Carroll and so forth. Charlie McCarthy, by the way, now has a tailor working overtime sewing him up a new wardrobe for practically any occasion you can imagine. . . .

But the best for the last—The Judge Hardy Family will soon be on the air—intact—if present plans go through. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may put Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker and all the rest on radio each week with a typical Hardy escapade. And how would you like that?

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



John Payne in "Wings of the Navy"

TEST your memory of the pictures that Photoplay selected as the most outstanding of the year 1933. Give yourself five points for every one you remember correctly. The score should be at least eighty for a seasoned moviegoer. Check up on page 82.

1. Herbert Marshall played a super-crook in "Trouble in Paradise." The two women in the film were:

Kay Francis Leila Hyams
Elizabeth Allan Miriam Hopkins

2. In "Night After Night" a new star was born:

Katharine Hepburn Mae West
Barbara Stanwyck Lupe Velez

3. Richard Dix was the pioneer in "The Conquerors." The wife who helped him start a banking business was:

Ann Harding Loretta Young
Irene Dunne Diana Wynyard

4. In "The Animal Kingdom" Leslie Howard's wife was played by:

Nancy Carroll Dorothy Jordan
Myrna Loy Ruth Chatterton

5. The De Mille spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross," gave this actress a chance as Nero's consort:

Bette Davis Claudette Colbert
Elissi Landi Evelyn Brent

6. "Rasputin and the Empress" featured John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore. Which one of these actors played the Czar?

Alexander Kirkland C. Aubrey Smith
Monte Blue Ralph Morgan

7. The father in "Cavalcade" was:

Clive Brook Adolphe Menjou
Ronald Colman Alan Dinehart

8. The children of Will Rogers in "State Fair" were played by:

Lew Ayres Janet Gaynor
Norman Foster Sally Eilers

9. The rôle of M. Toulon in "Toussaint" was played by:

John Barrymore Maurice Chevalier
Dick Barthelmess Fredric March

10. Summertime was the name of a Broadway musical.

Henry Travers Lionel Barrymore
Lewis Stone Henry Stephenson

11. In "Today We Live," Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone were in love with this girl during the war:

Constance Bennett Mary Brian
Carole Lombard Joan Crawford

12. The venal politician who became President in "Gabriel Over the White House" was played by:

Edmund Lowe Walter Huston
Clark Gable George Bancroft

13. In the comedy, "Good Bye Again," this comedian got his first big rôle:

Hugh Herbert Robert Young
Jack Oakie Charles Ruggles

14. You remember George Arliss in "Vivacious" but who was Mme. Pompadour?

Adrienne Ames Norma Shearer
Marian Nixon Doris Kenyon

15. "Morning Glory" lifted Katharine Hepburn to new heights as the shapely girl who fell in love with:

Joel McCrea David Manners
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Cary Grant

16. The man who got his chance to live his life over again in "Turn Back the Clock" was played by:

Lee Tracy Paul Lukas
Warner Baxter Rod La Rocque

17. The "Cinderella Man" was one of the first of the scrappy family pictures. Mary Boland was the mother; her daughter was:

Bebe Daniels Claudette Colbert
June Collyer Constance Cummings

18. Three of these women with Charles Laughton's lives in "The Private Life of Henry VIII":

Binnie Barnes Merle Oberon
Greta Nissen Wendy Barrie

19. In "One Good Turn Around" the man loved Fay Wray. She married Ned Hamilton, but the other man was:

Gary Cooper Nick Stuart
Ricardo Cortez James Dunn

20. Lady for a Day was the name of a Broadway musical.

Helen Westley May Robson
Marie Dressler Louise Dresser

Mama Is in the Movies Now

(Continued from page 16)

movie director-conscious because the film notables used to drop in for their rations of sweets and there was even some talk that began to spread that down in Brown's candy store there was a honey of a little queen, smart as a polished trophy—that she had a certain manner.

Actor William Demarest, who had become an agent, heard the talk, went in to inspect the girl and found her to his liking. So he told her he would like to put her in the movies.

Well," giggled Ellen, recalling her first meeting with Demarest, "here I was from a big city like Chicago and I read the papers and also the magazines and a fellow comes in, holds my hand, looks me in the eye, and says: 'How'd you like to be in the movies? I'll get you in.' I laughed right in his face and I'll never forget how droopy poor Bill looked when I told him I was over five and to try another line."

Ellen preferred to believe another fellow—a nice-looking young chap who was in the movies, too, after a fashion. His name was Fred Wallace and he was a make-up man. He didn't tell her she ought to be in pictures. He said he thought he had never met a more wholesome-looking girl in his life. The next time he saw her, he told her he would like to take her out. And two or three weeks later, he told her he would like to marry her.

This was the type of line which appealed to the girl and, when he proposed to her again, she said yes.

SO the girl who was then Terry Ray became Mrs. Fred Wallace and a year or so later Skipper arrived—he has no other name. It was then that she remembered Bill Demarest who had tried to prove to her that he was interested in her only as a client. She was getting pretty tired of sitting around the house, so she decided perhaps there was a place for her in the movies.

Demarest gave her a script to read and a few days later she went through the terrifying experience of giving an audition. "I honestly didn't care much," Ellen confesses, "because I couldn't believe there was anything I could do except perhaps get on as an extra or something. So I didn't take the audition seriously and it didn't scare me. I guess my mood was the luckiest thing for me because they were so impressed they signed me up without even making me take a screen test."

And that, briefly and simply, is how Terry Ray, who was renamed Ellen Drew, went on the salary list of Paramount.

They tossed her small morsels at first. A bit in "Yours for the Asking," an extra part in "The Return of Sophie Lang," a few lines and a few gestures in "My American Wife." But fantastic results were noted. The bit player was receiving fan mail. And susceptible young men from Texas and from Illinois, from Montreal and from Mexico, were writing in, asking for information about that pretty girl with the airy manner.

So they—I mean the Paramount executives—decided perhaps there was a great deal more to this Ellen Drew who was not a chit of a child—and decided to experiment. She was assigned to an important rôle in "Sing, You Sinners." The reward came in hundreds of approving fan letters and warming reports from the distributors. Ellen Drew, it was decided, was just the girl to share



MOVIES in your home

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

ALL of a sudden this country has become camera-conscious. Every time you stick your face out of the front door, you are pretty certain that your head is going to be snipped at the neckline and recorded on film for posterity.

Every day more people are buying sound and silent motion-picture cameras and projectors. Consequently, PHOTOCPLAY proposes to devote space in this and future issues for you who are taking part in this 16mm industry.

This month we are reviewing some short films, giving you news on equipment and telling you where you can purchase these things. Next time, we will give you advice from expert directors and cameramen.

We are lucky in being able to start off during a month of plenty, and when we say plenty we mean that this month is packed with late pictures for 16mm which have never been on the market before.

First on our list is a football short, nicely put together and breathless, a Castle Films production, entitled "Football-1938." In this film are action shots from all the big games which have been played so far and it will be a swell help to you in recording games in the future. It's in one reel and cheap, too.

Pathegrams have just released two "town studies": one, "Dynamic New York," the other, "Historical Washington." Both of these one-reelers are beautiful photographic jobs, particularly the New York film, which surpasses anything we've ever seen Hollywood take of Bagdad On The Subway. This same company has proven that a film can go educational and still keep you on the edge of your seat with their one reeler called "Millions of Fish." It's a study of the sardine industry from stream to plate. These three films are in both sound and silent editions.

If you are well stocked on shorts and are interested in getting a very unusual picture, have a look at the first full-

length picture made specifically for home consumption, "Pinocchio," a 16mm sound movie made by a fellow in Hollywood named Bresler. Bresler's second eight reel 16mm is also almost finished. It's called "The Return of Rip Van Winkle." You'll probably be able to get it soon after you read this.

POLITICALLY speaking, there is some exciting stuff on the market, too. Castle Films are releasing a film called "Czechoslovakia." Garrison Films have just released those splendid films produced by Frontier Films, "Heart of Spain," which rents for \$10; "People of the Cumberland," which is \$7.50; "China Strikes Back," which rents for \$10. Garrison also is releasing for rent the one reelers, "Germany Invades Austria," for \$1.00, and "Austria Vanishes," for \$2.00; the Gilbert Seldes film, "Towards Unity," for \$1.50.

The Christmas season is the time to stock up on the excellent cartoons which are old but good. Eastman Kodak has the Disney "Silly Symphonies"; Gutlohn and Film Exchange, as well as Bell and Howell, have a large stock of Christmas shorts. All at very reasonable rates. Castle has produced a special holiday short called "Christmas Cartoon." It's better than the usual run of film of this type.

Winding up this month's releases are two more Castle Films, "Sahara," and their monthly newsreel, "See No. 6," which has fine aviation sequences and some shots of lumberjacks in action.

MANY Hollywood cameramen are now using the new Cine-Kodak focusing finder. It slips inside the camera just as a film magazine does and with its magnifying eyepiece an exact focus can be obtained regardless of lens combinations used. A new Dust-off Photo Brush is just out and is a honey for removing dust without scratching cameras, lenses and film. The Fisher Film Cement Pen you'll find handy for editing film. And have a look at the new Wonderlight enlarging bulb for 16mm. frames.

Cameraman O'Connell, now at work on a Warners' Technicolor epic, has devised an ingenious sun mirror, made of a pane of glass backed by black paper. It cuts down cloud glare about 65%, according to exposure meters.

The films mentioned above can be bought at department stores or at your own camera shop.

the feminine lead in "If I Were King." Following that, so it was hinted to me, the girl who handled cash in Chicago and sold candy in Hollywood might be elevated to full stardom.

It's enough to scare the living day-lights out of a young housewife with a three-and-a-half-year-old son—and an overwhelming awe of glamorous ladies like Merle Oberon and Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy.

ELLEN DREW, who is earning a nice three-figured weekly salary and will in time leap into the four-figured class, has no elaborate home, no swimming pool, no tennis court, riding horses. Not even her own estate.

With her husband and Skipper she lives in a rented house in Cardiff Avenue on the fringe of Beverly Hills with two cars—one of which is a battered but gay little Ford of 1931 origin—the other, a cheap popular make, purchased a year ago.

"How," I asked, "does your husband regard your career? Wouldn't he prefer to have you stay home and run the house?"

"Heavens," exclaimed Ellen, "where do you get the idea I don't run my house? I most certainly do—before and after studio hours. And sometimes between. No, there has never been an argument between Fred and myself about my being in the movies. We just don't discuss it at all. That's safest, don't you think? I don't tell him what's happened in my studio—and he never bothers to tell me what's happened in his. He's not jealous of me—and, bless his handsome soul, I'm never jealous of him."

Did I remember to say that Ellen Drew's fine little nose is tiptilted like the Maid of Astolat's, that her brown, soft hair hangs in seductive ringlets? Sometimes—at a quick glance—she has a resemblance to Phyllis Brooks.

She has no preference in literature and makes no pretense at being just too, too devoted to Baudelaire, Chatterton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Proust or Sterne, but she has read a few stories by Edgar Allan Poe and a book entitled "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens. Ellen likes the light reading in magazines or a good modern novel.

She can't recall a single outstanding adventure in all her twenty-four years of life. No escapes from near death—no threats from irate wooers—not even a slip on the ice. It has been an uneventful life with no extraordinary hardships. The fact that she had stepped out of a candy store into marriage and motherhood and then driven down to an agent and had her naïve request to be placed in the movies fulfilled does not seem eventful to her. Nor that within a comparatively short time she has leaped from obscure bit parts into featured rôles with stardom poking out an invitation for her to grasp—that was the way it was destined, if you believe Ellen Drew.

"You do," I commented for want of something better to say, "smoke a great many cigarettes, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I guess I do. But I never smoke in front of Skipper. And Skipper—never smokes in front of me!"

The young man who had sat quietly, looking out upon the waters of the East River under our windows, spoke up.

"Miss Drew," he said with something of awe in his voice, "has a grand sense of humor. Don't you think?"

TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with only 1 coat instead of 2 . . . makes nails gleam like sparkling gems.

At last, a cream nail polish of *enduring loveliness* . . . a polish that goes on in one smooth coat . . . and *stays perfect* for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling . . . to keep its lustrous finish days longer . . . to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents *more* than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an *entirely new way to buy polish* . . . a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the sales-girl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right . . . but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted

and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" below—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money! . . . You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.



10¢

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines. **IMPORTANT NOTICE**—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.





Far left, Willys and RKO designer Edward Stevenson. Above, Joseph. Left, Irene

CLOSE UPS OF HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS

DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

II

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA!

LAST month your Fashion Editor felt gay and frivolous and brought you, instead of her usual fashion letter, a surprise package in the form of a Hollywood production which gave you, not only fashion high lights, but also a key-hole peek into the careers of famous designers.

This month I am again forsaking my fashion letter to add "Part Two" to last month's production, so that I may continue my story of outstanding designers who, like Galer-Ainsworth and Voris, have combined courage and vision to win recognition in the fashions of the commercial and motion-picture worlds alike.

Quiet, Please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire—on her own admission a career girl "by mistake"—her chum decided to go to designing school and she just tagged along! Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Irene is now the leading custom designer of the West—but I assure you that is no "mistake." To her salon in Bullocks-Wilshire the illustrious flock for the ultimate in chic—Los Angeles and Hollywood Blue Bookers, the wives and daughters of Hollywood producers and directors, such well-known stars as Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Paulette Goddard, Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett and so on and



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

on. Irene also designs screen clothes for motion pictures—her most recent assignment was the wardrobe for Virginia Bruce to wear in the Hal Roach production, "There Goes My Heart."

Irene's clothes are individualized by perfection of line, subtle color contrast, rich fabrics and intricate dressmaker details. They are costumes of unassuming elegance!

This season, Irene features, as usual, her famous three-piece suits in plain or contrast woollens—classically draped and molded black silk jersey frocks—tailored dressmaker dinner suits styled of rich brocades and velvets—luscious feminine evening gowns interpreted in soufflé, jersey, taffeta, crepe and lamé, each model scintillating like the perfection and color of the jewels that Irene uses for inspiration! Fade out.

CLOSE SHOT: Joseph—who started his costume jewelry enterprise with one rhinestone bracelet "for rent." Fade out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Joseph has over a thousand pieces of jewelry rented to the studios at one time (and thousands more filed away in drawers for immediate call) and each piece of his own making, for Joseph is the creator of the only costume jewelry designed and made in Hollywood!

He works closely with all the studio designers in planning distinctive jewelry which corresponds to the mood of their modern creations

—he makes authentic reproductions for their historic costumes. Nearly all the costume jewelry that flashes from the screen is rightfully credited to Joseph.

He also creates jewelry for the personal wardrobes of such famous stars as Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Alice Faye, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett and many others.

This season he has made a reality of a long-cherished ambition! For the first time, he has reproduced his cinema jewels and offered them to the public. (You will find them in the leading department stores throughout the country.) Fade Out.

CLOSE SHOT: Willys—who entered the hosiery business via the "grease paint route." He sold hose to stars on the sets between scenes while working as an extra in pictures. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Willys has the distinction of being the sole hosiery stylist for stars as well as studios. Willys is pictured here with Edward Stevenson, designer for RKO Studios—they are discussing hosiery styles to be worn in the forthcoming RKO production, "Beauty For The Asking."

Willys creates the styles of his hose as well as their colors. A few of his innovations, made universally popular by the stars of Hollywood, are the complete sandal foot hose, first created for Dietrich—the ombre (two-tone) hose also designed for her—complete lace heel and toe hose created for Ginger Rogers' dancing feet—peek-a-boo hose (toes cut out to vie with open-toe shoes) styled for Lily Pons—and on and on indefinitely.

The most outstanding hosiery color idea conceived by Willys was the lipstick hues that matched the lipsticks of a famous Hollywood cosmetic house. To these rosy hues he added a wide range of pastel tints and Willys gave Hollywood the first gayly colored hosiery for evening wear.

Willys' star clientele, of course, includes the top names of the cinema industry.


Willys indicates the Hollywood hosiery trends of style and color.

When you "stocking-shop," you're bound to find your purchases influenced by the inspiration of his genius. Fade Out.


Print Them! That's All For Today!

RECOGNIZE THEM?


They're beautiful—adored—
they use a simple, inexpensive
Complexion Care



Here's IDA LUPINO, charming screen star, using Hollywood's favorite complexion care. "Let me give you a tip," she tells you. "Really lovely skin makes any girl attractive! Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics thoroughly."



Bewitching JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to risk the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that may mean Cosmetic Skin," she tells you. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather leaves skin soft and smooth."



Here's LORETTA YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Kentucky," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against choked pores. "Use cosmetics, of course, but before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It's an easy care that leaves skin smooth."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Hollywood's Unmarried Husbands and Wives

(Continued from page 23)

—merged after they slipped into the unique Hollywood habit. Marriage couldn't have worked more of a change.

Bob bought the acres next to Barbara's ranch. He started putting up a ranch house within a good stone's throw of hers. He bought horses. He spent every minute of his spare time working on the place. Overnight, he turned into a country squire. When, in the middle of it all, he was called to England, the work never stopped. Barbara supervised it. While Bob was away she ordered the things she knew he wanted. She oversaw the decoration and furnishing of the place. It was all ready when Bob came home.

Bob's house and Barbara's house stand now on adjoining knolls. The occupants ride together and work together and play there together in their time off. Bob trained and worked out for "The Crowd Roars" on Barbara's ranch. Almost every evening, after work at the studio or on the ranch, he runs over for a plunge in her pool.

If it isn't fight night—they've long had permanent seats together at the Hollywood Legion Stadium—or if they're not asked to a party—they're always invited together, just like man and wife—they spend a quiet evening together at either one or the other's place.

Or if Bob has a preview of his picture, Barbara goes with him to tell him what she thinks of it, and vice versa. Bob saw "Stella Dallas" four times. Once he caught it in London and bawled so copiously that when he came out and a kid asked him for his autograph he couldn't see to sign it! But he was a long way away from Barbara then.

When he's home, he's a little more critical. But never of Barbara's ice cream. Bob has never forgotten his Nebraska boyhood ecstasy licking the dasher of an ice cream freezer. That's why Barbara whips him up a bucketful every week, before they roll off to see the folks.

All in all, it's an almost perfect domestic picture. But no wedding rings in sight!

Even gifts and expressions of sentiment take on the practical, utilitarian aspect of old married folks' remembrances when these Hollywood single couples come across. Just as Dad gives Mother an electric icebox for Christmas and she retaliates with a radio, Bob Taylor presents Barbara Stanwyck with a tennis court on her birthday, with Barbara giving Bob a two-horse auto trailer for his!

THE gifts Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have exchanged are even more unorthodox. Whoever heard of a woman in love with a man giving him a gun for Christmas! Or a man, crazy about one of the most glamorous, sophisticated and clever women in the land, hanging a gasoline scooter on her Christmas tree!

For Clark, Carole stopped, almost overnight, being a Hollywood playgirl. People are expected to change when they get married. The necessary adaptation to a new life and another personality shows up in every bride and groom. All Clark and Carole did was strike up a Hollywood twosome. Nobody said "I do!"

Clark Gable doesn't like night spots, or parties, social chit-chat, or the frothy pretensions of society. He has endured plenty of it, but it makes him fidget.

Carole, quite frankly, used to eat it up. She hosted the most charming and clever parties in town. She knew every-

body, went everywhere. When the ultra exclusive and late lamented Mayfair Club held its annual ball, Carole was picked to run things. It was Carole who decreed the now famous "White Mayfair" that Norma Shearer crossed up so wickedly by coming in flaming scarlet—an idea you later saw dramatized by Bette Davis in "Jezebel."

These things were the caviar and cocktails of Carole Lombard's life—before she started going with Gable. But look what happened—

Clark didn't like it, Carole found out—quickly. What did he like? Well, outside of hunting in wild country white men seldom entered, and white women never, he like to shoot skeet. Shooting skeet, of course, is an intricate scoring game worked out on the principle of trapshooting. It involves banging away at crazily projected clay pigeons with a shotgun.

Carole learned to shoot skeet—not only learned it but, with the intense proficiency with which she attacks anything, rapidly became one of the best women skeet shooters in the country!

Gable liked to ride, so Carole got herself a horse and unpacked her riding things.

He liked tennis, so she resurrected her always good court game, taking lessons from Alice Marble, her good friend and the present national women's champion. Playing with a man, Carole had to get good and she did—so good that now Clark can't win a set!

It goes on like that. Clark, tiring of hotel life, moved out to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. What did Lombard do? She bought a Valley ranch!

Carole has practically abandoned all her Hollywood social contacts. She doesn't keep up with the girls in gossip as she used to. She doesn't throw parties that hit the headlines and the picture magazines. She and Clark are all wrapped up in each other's interests. While Gable did all the night work in "Too Hot To Handle," Carole, though working, too, was on his set every night. She caught the sneak preview with him

and told him with all the candor of the little woman, "It's hokum, Pappy—but the most excellent hokum!"

Like any good spouse might do, Carole has ways and means of chastening Clark, too. When she's mad at him she wears a hat he particularly despises. Carole calls it her "hate hat."

Their fun now, around town, is almost entirely trips, football games, fights and shows. Their stepping-out nights usually end up at the home of Director Walter Lang and his new wife, Madalynne Fields, "Fieldsie," Carole's bosom pal and long-time secretary. They sit and play games!

Yes, Carole Lombard is a changed woman since she tied up with Clark Gable.

But her name is still Carole Lombard.

THE altar record, in fact, among Hollywood's popular twosomes is suprisingly slim.

Usually something formidable stands in the way of a marriage certificate when Hollywood stars pair up minus a preacher.

In Clark and Carole's case, of course, there is a very sound legal barrier. Clark is still officially a married man. Every now and then negotiations for a divorce are started, but, until something happens in court, Ria Gable is still the only wife the law of this land allows Clark Gable.

George Raft can't marry Virginia Pine for the very same good reason; he has a wife. Every effort he has made for his freedom has failed.

Some of them, like Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, go in a perfect design for living, apparently headed for perpetual fun with each other. Connie maintains one of the most luxurious setups of them all, with a titled husband in Europe and Gilbert Roland her devoted slave in Hollywood. Years have passed and the arrangement seems to please everybody as much now as it did at the start. Why should it ever break up?

On the other hand, the unmarried partners sometimes get a divorce—or at least a separation, a recess, a moratorium—whatever you care to call it. Calling the case of Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard requires more than a bunch of handy nouns.

No one has ever been able yet to say definitely whether or not the gray-haired Charlie and his young, vivacious Paulette were ever married. Such things as public records exist for just such purposes, of course, but in spite of the fact that none can be unearthed, a strong belief hovers around Hollywood that Charlie and Paulette did actually take the vows, some say on his yacht out at sea.

But when, a few months back, Charlie was seen more and more in the company of other young ladies and Paulette began stepping out with other men, an unusually awkward contretemps was brewed. What was it? The breaking up of a love affair? Or the separation of a marriage? If a divorce was to be had, there had to have been a marriage. But was there? Charlie wouldn't talk; neither would Paulette. Hollywood relapsed into a quandary. It's still there as concerns the Chaplin-Goddard unmarried marriage. Meanwhile, both Charlie and Paulette seem to be having a good time with whomever they fancy. But the interesting thing is that Paulette still entertains her guests, when she wishes, on Charlie Chaplin's yacht. So maybe she has an interest in it that a mere separation couldn't efface.

THE most tragic, as well as perhaps the most tender match of them all gave way to an irresistible rival wooer, Death. At the time of Jean Harlow's untimely passing, she and William Powell had reached an understanding that excluded any one else from either's thoughts. Both had fought for happiness in Hollywood without finding it, until they found each other. Then Death stole Jean away and Bill has never recovered from the effect of that stunning blow.

There was only Jean Harlow's family, her doctor and William Powell in her hospital room the night she lost her fight for life. Jean died in Bill's arms.

In every way since, he has acted as a son-in-law to Jean's mother. He bought the crypt where Jean lies today and arranged for perpetual flowers. This year, on the anniversary of her passing, Bill Powell and Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother, went alone to visit Jean's resting place. He sent Mrs. Bello on a trip to Bermuda last winter to recover from the severe grief she has suffered since Jean's death. She visited Bill regularly during his recent spell in the hospital. Both have one regret—that Bill and Jean never got to be man and wife.

And that, it seems, would point a lesson to the unique coterie of Hollywood's unwed couples—Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who could get married if they really wanted to; George Raft and Virginia Pine, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable and the other steady company couples who might swing it if they tried a little harder. You can't take your happiness with you.

For nobody, not even Hollywood's miracle men, has ever improved on the good old-fashioned, satisfying institution of holy matrimony. And, until something better comes along, the best way to hunt happiness when you're in love in Hollywood or anywhere else—is with a preacher, a marriage license and a bagful of rice.



M-G-M's reputation for smart showmanship advances another notch with their release during the holidays of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Reginald Owen takes the rôle of crusty Scrooge; Terry Kilburn, as Tiny Tim (in doorway) will give the traditional happy blessing, "Merry Xmas to you all—God bless us every one"

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 68)

OH, FOR A DEAD PAN

THERE ought to be a "No Smile" week inaugurated out in Hollywood. It would give the stars a chance to relax their jaw muscles and perhaps, occasionally, look the way they feel when they go out of an evening. I'm fed up gazing at pictures of my favorites with eternal grins on their faces, snapped at the Troc, at the Victor Hugo, etc., leering at me from the Cal York pages of PHOTOPLAY. They're all having a simply marvelous time"—NUTS! If I do happen to spot a star keeping a "straight face" when looking Mr. Fink's camera in the eye, he or she, as the case may be, goes up one hundred per cent in my estimation. (And this is a hint to a certain First Lady of the Screen whose dignified beauty has not been enhanced these days by her constant smile—which verges on a smirk.)

JUDY MITCHELL,
Wauwautosa, Wisc.

And we thought Americans were a nation of optimists! But maybe this is a debatable question . . . do you like to see your favorites look as though they are having a good time, or would you prefer to see them a shade more on the edate side? Let us know.

DO TONE THE MATTER UP!

DO not agree with a recent editorial summing up the Crawford-Tone separation. You state that there was the brutal fact that Joan was making more money when they met and as the years passed she kept on being more important and making more money.

I beg to differ about her being more important. To Franchot's millions of admirers and friends, he is more important than Joan ever was or ever will be. He is the son of a millionaire and to him

money means practically nothing. The real reason for the separation is because Franchot is a gentleman and hates all the publicity which seems to be the very breath of life to Joan. I will admit that a certain amount of publicity is necessary to the success of any film star, but there should be reason in all things. The reason for Joan's flop at the box office can be traced directly to her ambition to be the one and only film star in pictures.

J. D.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

KNAVES OF HEARTS?

WHAT nearsighted producers started Don Ameche and Robert Young in their "also ran" Cinderella rôles? Are they destined to reach a mournful old movie age vainly pressing their suits and smiling wistfully in endless romantic defeat—without once winning that girl, except in secondary spectacles?

Two such delightful players merit assignments more in tune with their outstanding talent. Even a lowly "B" picture acquires distinction with the comprehension and humor of an Ameche or a Young performance to the rescue.

How about some super parts for these underrated actors before they are forever typed?

Do I hear shouts of "A"—greement with this wilderness voice?

NANCY LOUISE COUPER,
Baltimore, Maryland.

It is true that every so often Robert Young and Don Ameche don't get their women in the last clinch, but, as both are noted in film circles for being all-around good guys, it is to be wondered if they would want to pay the price of being known as "glamour boys" even to be always starred in super-productions. We like them as they are.

This Year's Love Market

(Continued from page 15)

on the Stork front. The Morton Downeys (Barbara Bennett) profited when their stock rose 1 baby girl during the month. At the close of business Stork was still firm, with the Melvyn Douglas-Helen Gahagan firm reporting a new and important member.

September: Romances were easier, with many participants taking profits after the recent upswing, and news scarce. Year-end reports are said to be gratifying, but the interest was not yet reflected in the street. The Margot Grahame-Francis Lister divorce caused a slight decline in the Marriage Stability Index, but the Hearts Exchange went up a few days later with Margot's marriage to Canadian Allen McMartin.

The renewed rumor of a merger between Gaynor and designer Adrian helped maintain the list, while definite announcement that Marie Wilson and Director Nick Grinde would merge was considered good news by the traders.

A setback was caused by a hinted Reno visit by Bette Davis. The Tyrone Power issue, which had been very volatile in recent months, again rallied sharply with much widespread participation. The Norma Shearer firm was rumored to have the largest commitments in T. P. Preferred.

Three events of major importance brought renewed activity into the mar-

ket in the last two weeks of the month. Marriage stocks jumped three points upon the definite announcement of a consolidation between Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, Genevieve Tobin and Director William Keighley and Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan. The list sagged a little at increasingly serious rumors of divorce between Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson, picked up later at the notice that Frances Drake and Cecil Howard (brother of the Earl of Suffolk) would amalgamate their American-British interests some time in the near future.

October, November, December: Despite the jitterbug quality of Love stocks due to the War scare in Europe, the list took a slight turn for the better with the merger of Martha Raye, once divorced, and Dave Rose and these two major mergers: Margaret Tallichet and Director William Wyler; Doris Kenyon, former wife of the late Milton Sills, and Albert Lasker.

Stork went to a new high with issues made by the following firms: the Ernst Lubitschs, the Jules Garfields, the Anthony Quinns.

Straws in the wind indicate also that the English glamour bonds soon will rise again with the long-awaited combine of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. American glamour bonds rose sharply with the Odets' and Oakies' reconciliations.



Shirley Ross^{*}
(Paramount Star)

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"HANDS"
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power to charm

"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!



*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

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It Pays to Be Tough

(Continued from page 17)

said, and turned on his heel.

Garfield started the job of standing on his own feet at the age of seven when his mother died. The chief problem centered round his year-old brother and that was solved when a well-to-do uncle took the baby. Though his father worked all day in a garment factory, Julie offered no problem. He could walk and talk and go to school. A kindly old couple next door undertook to give him his meals. For the rest, he was left to shift for himself.

His life became the life of the streets in a New York ghetto. He grew adept with his fists and the sidewalk lingo, with the arts of cop-chivvying and fruit-swiping. He had no kick coming till his father married again.

His stepmother never had a chance with Julie. Julie was a wise guy. He knew all about stepmothers and how they treated kids. But he'd show this one. She happened to be a gentle, patient woman with no wish but to make life more comfortable for her husband and stepson. She found a sullen rebel, flint to all overtures, too old to turn to her for tenderness, too young to appreciate her qualities.

The family moved to the Bronx, and the boy was sent to Angelo Patri's school—not a reform school, but an experimental institution for difficult children. He didn't much care what school he went to, so long as his extra-curricular activities remained unhampered. He annexed himself to a promising gang.

"We were really fancy," he recalls. "Threw bottles from roofs and made war on other gangs. The classier kids crossed the street when they saw me coming. 'Don't hang around with Julie,' their mothers told them. 'He's a bad boy.'"

What was eating Julie, though he didn't know it, was the yen to be a hero. He wanted to be looked up to. The only talents he'd developed lay in being a tough guy, so he cultivated those for all he was worth.

He had another talent of whose possibilities he was still unaware. His friends called it "makin' crazy."

"C'mon, fellas," they'd yell, "listen to Julie makin' crazy."

Mounted on a box under the corner lamppost, Julie would improvise tall tales. The kids were all reading Frank Merriwell. Play by play he'd describe a thrilling football match, featuring his father who was a tailor but had somehow managed to make the Harvard team, and his brother who was eight but the star of the Yale eleven. The street rang with yells of laughter and Julie went home with a sense of warmth in his breast.

It was Angelo Patri who diverted his energies into less anti-social channels. "He took me out of the gutter," says Garfield blandly.

Patri got wind of the boy's speech-making gifts. He pointed out that the school offered classes in dramatics and oratory and that any student could elect eighty minutes a day of any course that appealed to him.

Julie decided to enroll. Not long after, the *New York Times* sponsored an oratorical contest on the Constitution and the erstwhile strong-arm guy brought home the bacon—a hundred dollars in cash, assorted medals, honors for himself and the school.

Suddenly his world was looking on him with respect. Hitherto stony-faced teachers smiled and clapped him on the

back. Boys who had ostracized him courted his nod.

To realize that he could achieve a place in the sun by using his head instead of his fists came as a revelation to Julie. More important still was the revelation that he had an absorbing aim in life. He was going to be an actor. Not that his turbulent heart was suddenly tamed. The itch to roam seized him just before graduation, so off he went to visit an uncle in Chicago. This fall from grace cost him the medal, already engraved with his name, which the school conferred on the boy of whom it was proudest.

Last year he returned to his alma mater to address the graduating class. On the platform Mr. Patri handed him a leather case. "Here's something you forfeited seven or eight years ago. We feel it's coming to you now."

It was during his years at the Patri school that he met a girl named Roberta Mann. The gently-bred Roberta was alternately chilled and fascinated by "that crazy Julie," whose hair was as wild as his ideas. "You're crude," she'd storm at him. "You don't behave like a gentleman."

"Who wants to be a gentleman? I'm a free spirit."

"What's so free about you?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm starting off tomorrow to see the world."

"Yes, you are!"

A week later she'd received a postcard from a distant city.

EXCEPT for some such occasional lapse, he kept his eyes fixed on the goal. A teacher advised him to apply to the Heckscher Theatre, a training school for dramatic students, where he was accepted and assigned alternately to the rôles of *Quince* and *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Jacob Ben-Ami attended a performance and word reached Garfield that the actor had spoken well of him. So he sat himself down and wrote Ben-Ami a letter, asking where he could go for further training.

"To the American Laboratory Theatre," Ben-Ami wrote back.

This was an organization run by two graduates of the Russian Art Theatre, Richard Boleslavski and Mme. Ouspenskaya. Garfield made an appointment with the lady. For an hour he rehearsed himself in a casual rendition of his opening line.

"Jacob Ben-Ami, who happens to be a very dear friend of mine," he told her, "sent me here. I would like an audition." (Suppose she phones him, you dope, and finds out what a liar you are, he was telling himself meantime).

Luckily, she didn't. He got his audition. "We'll give you a month's trial," said Mme. Ouspenskaya. "Then, if you've proven yourself, a seven months' scholarship."

He was earning five dollars a week, selling the *Bronx Home News* from door to door. He knew that, to take advantage of this opportunity, he would have to give all his time to it. He also had to have the five dollars a week. He couldn't tell his father he'd given up his paper route. So he took the problem to Mr. Patri. "I'll substitute for the *Bronx Home News*," offered Patri, and loaned him five dollars a week while, for eight months, Julie tried frantically to absorb all that the Russians could teach him.

Came autumn, and Garfield turned once more to Ben-Ami, for no good reason except that he'd turned to him be-

fore. It worked again and he found himself apprenticed to Eva Le Gallienne's stock company—no pay, but a chance to learn and, if he made good, to be given a job when his apprenticeship was served. He earned his keep as he could—running errands, washing dishes, pushing a handcart in the garment center. Meantime he was playing extras and bits in the training school.

THE apprentices put on "Journey's End" as their graduation play. Garfield made a distinct impression. This was the night of wild suspense and hope, the night when Miss Le Gallienne chose from among her apprentices a few of the most promising, to be made regular members of the company.

She called his name. "Garfield, I want to give you a little lecture. The discipline of the theater is as strict as the discipline of the army. Why did you take Mr. C's shoes and hide them?"

"What are you talking about?" he stammered.

"The night Mr. C gave a guest performance here, his shoes were hidden just before the rise of the curtain. Why did you do it?"

"But I didn't—"

"I'm sorry, Garfield. All signs point to you. And we have no room here for people who jeopardize a production to prove that they're smart alecks."

Garfield hadn't hidden the shoes. He had a notorious and well-earned reputation as a practical joker, but he confined his activities to the gentry above-stairs. His reverence for the sacred traditions of the theater was as deep as Miss Le Gallienne's.

But what was the use! He stood miserably silent while the jobs went to others. Later, he received a letter of apology. The culprit had been found. His chance, however, remained lost.

In a state of thorough disgust with himself and fate, he fell in with an artist friend. "The function of the artist," said his friend, "is to know the country he lives in."

"Let's go," said Garfield.

They left New York with six dollars between them. They worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and the wheat fields of Kansas. For handouts at kitchen doors, they paid as they could. Garfield recited "Gunga Din." His friend presented the lady of the house with a pen-and-ink sketch. Eventually they separated, because it was easier for one alone to get a lift than two together. They were to meet at a certain gas station, but missed each other.

ARRIVING on the coast, Garfield tried to join the navy. They wouldn't have him. He tried to join the marines. They wouldn't have him. So he started back east. In Nebraska he began feeling sick and drowsy, but he kept on moving, and ten days later stumbled into his stepmother's kitchen. Panicstricken, she phoned Roberta, who took one look at her friend and called an ambulance. He spent the next eight weeks in the hospital with typhoid.

As he convalesced, resolution took shape and hardened. On his second day out, he walked into a producer's office. "Give me a job," he said.

"What do you mean, give you a job? What job?"

"Any job."

"What are you, nuts? How do I know you can act?"

"How do I know you can produce? I'm taking a chance on you. You don't have to take any chance on me. Give

me a part and I'll read it for you."

The producer was sufficiently tickled with this unorthodox approach to let him read a part in "Lost Boy" and sufficiently impressed with his reading to give him the job.

Success achieved is pleasant, but makes for a less varied story than the struggle to achieve it. An agent saw Garfield and presently he was playing the office boy in the road company of "Counselor-at-Law." The thrill of his young life came when he was called back to do the same part with Muni on Broadway.

Muni was his paragon. He met Victor Wolfson, who loved books and found Garfield drinking in all he could teach him with the thirst of a parched mind. For a while, indeed, he planned to interrupt his stage career for college, but things were happening too fast.

He met Clifford Odets, who had just finished "Awake and Sing."

"What it's produced, I think you're the one to play it," he told Garfield.

Odets did for him in music what Wolfson had done for him in literature. The fire was laid, waiting only for a match to kindle it.

He and Odets would spend hours drinking wine, listening to music, talking their heads off. The playwright told him, too, about the Group Theatre, about the young people who'd formed it, their hopes, their plans and ideas.

"Sounds like heaven to me," said Garfield.

It ended in his becoming an apprentice, then a regular member of the Group. A couple of flops were followed by "Waiting for Lefty." Next day they were the talk of the town.

It was then that Garfield and Roberta married. The ceremony took place at nine o'clock.

The groom dashed downtown to perform at a benefit and dashed back to stand beside his bride for the wedding reception at ten thirty.

"Awake and Sing" brought him still more brilliantly into the limelight and he began turning down his first movie offer.

"I want to be in the theater. I need more training."

Only after "Having Wonderful Time" and "Golden Boy" did he feel that he might be ready for a stab at Hollywood. He joined Warners, because they agreed to his "back to Broadway" platform. But he gets an extra kick out of being on the same lot with Muni.

He blushed like a boy when Muni visited his set one day.

"What are you doing here?" smiled the older actor.

"Just came out to see what it was like."

Muni nodded. "You'll be all right. Don't give up this for this," he added, pointing to heart and head.

"I won't," promised Garfield, earnestly.

HE was frightened by the advance raves on his performance in "Four Daughters." "They've given me a hurdle too high to jump at," he groaned.

He needn't have worried. Now that the picture's released, no complaints have been heard.

There's a long list of what he calls "real people" waiting to be played by him. He's alive to his times and finds them exciting. He's using his talent well. He has his precious stage clause to hug to his breast.

The kid who composed comedy fairytales under a lamppost to entertain his gang hasn't "made so crazy."

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 63)

BRUCE EATON calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under my elbow.

The city officer said, "Just a minute, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he doing in the bank?"

"He wanted to get some things out of a lockbox," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lockbox?"

"Yes, of course."

The officers exchanged glances. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude. "What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lockbox?"

"Number five," the cashier said.

The sheriff gave a low whistle. The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lockbox. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here," Bruce Eaton said, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"I see no reason for giving it to you."

There was a harsh note in the detective's voice, "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice. I've asked you once and I'm going to ask you once more. That's going to be the last time. I want the key to that box."

The sheriff said, "Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents. What did you take out of the box, Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," I warned. "Sit absolutely tight. This is outrageous!"

The city officer said, ominously, "You keep out of this, sister, or you'll wish you had," and then to Eaton, "You answer questions and cooperate, or we'll search you."

I was hoping frantically that Bruce Eaton would get the significance of my quick wink. He did. "Go ahead and search me," he said. "You have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions about matters which are simply none of your damn business."

The sheriff hesitated. I saw that he was impressed, but the hard-boiled city officers closed in on Bruce Eaton. They held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lockbox," one of the officers said.

The officer in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up and take a look."

"It's irregular," the cashier began. "There was a blank power of attorney left by. . ."

"Forget it," the officer said, sliding a thick arm around the cashier's shoulder. "Come on, Buddy, let's go."

THE gentle pressure of his arm pushed the cashier into motion. As one in a daze, he produced the bank's key. I heard the double click of locks opening and then the officer exclaimed, "It's empty. There ain't a thing in here."

The bank cashier said, "Then it's a hoax. There never were any notes about an invention in that box. It was a swindle game."

The officer looked at me with uncor-dial eyes. "You," he said, "have taken in a lot of territory in this thing, Sister."

I said, scornfully, "Get a matron and you can search me."

The officer looked me over. It was a warm day and I was wearing light

clothes. I'd left a lightweight coat in Bruce Eaton's car. "I guess," he said, "you haven't very much concealed on you. Take a look in her purse, Bill."

I stood erect, scornfully silent. The eyes of the officers took in every curve of my figure in a calm, unhurried appraisal that seemed to strip the clothes right off me.

The screen door of the bank swung open and shut, as Mr. Foley, looking cool and calmly competent, entered the bank.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb your little party, but I think it's about time for you to get down to brass tacks and catch the murderers, don't you?"

The city detective was the nearest to Mr. Foley. He said, "Who the hell do you think you are?"

Foley ignored the question. "You came down to set a trap," he said. "Because of a little premature gunplay on the part of a hysterical bank cashier, you were talked into springing your trap before you'd even set it. You were trying to catch a lion. In place of that, you've caught a jackal."

The officer said, "You're full of advice, brother. Suppose you tell us how it happens you know so much about it and we'll just take a look at your driving license and any other means of identification. . ."

"I'm not going to argue with you," Foley interrupted. "Two people are coming into this bank. If they find it full of officers, you're never going to get anything on them. Unless you can get some additional evidence, you can't pin a thing on them. Get your men scattered about, filling out deposit slips, standing up at the windows. Make this look like a busy bank and you'll catch your murderer."

The officer seemed dubious.

I looked out through the window and saw the detective who had interrupted

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my lunch and Mrs. Temmler just getting out of an automobile. The detective's right eye was badly swollen, but, aside from that, he had managed to make himself quite presentable.

I knew that seconds were precious. I had a sudden inspiration.

"All right," I said. "I'll confess everything, but I'm not going to take the rap alone."

I saw Mr. Foley's eyes widen with surprise; saw Bruce Eaton start incredulously. The city officer nodded. "Now," he said, "you're talking sense."

"All right," I told him, "here come my two accomplices. If you want to get the goods on them, go to it. If you miff this chance, try and make me squeal. I'll never rat."

I realized my use of criminal jargon left much to be desired, but Mr. Foley got the idea. I saw his eyes twinkle, and then, after a moment, Bruce Eaton got it, too.

The officer turned to his men, "Okay, you boys," he said. "Get up at the windows. You," to the cashier, "get back there and start waiting on them. Make it snappy! Let's go."

The men dispersed into groups. The officer took me by the arm and said, "You come on over here and stand at the table. Remember, we're making out a deposit." He pushed a deposit slip in front of me. One of the other officers had Bruce Eaton by the arm. Another walked up to stand at the cashier's window. He had a roll of currency on the slab in front of him and was peeling off twenty-dollar bills.

Mrs. Temmler and her escort entered the bank. Accustomed as they were to banks in the larger cities, neither of them seemed to see anything suspicious about the sudden activity of the bank at Las Almiras. Mrs. Temmler strode directly to the cashier's window.

The city detective at the counter stood slightly to one side. "Pardon me, ma'am," he said, "I'm apt to be here for some little time. Was there something you wanted?"

"Thank you," she told him, with one of her best smiles, and then to the white-faced, tight-lipped cashier, she said, cooingly, "My friend," with a nod toward the man with her, "is a detective. My husband is an inventor. He had an invention he wanted to sell and left notes about the secret of the process in a safe-deposit box here. The box is number five. I'm suing my husband for divorce and I have here a court order appointing this gentleman as a receiver to take charge of all of the property belonging to the community. Here's a certified copy of the order of the court."

She pushed a legal-looking document across the counter.

"And don't tell me that you haven't an extra key to it," she went on, "because we know that you have and, of course, you wouldn't want to be guilty of contempt of court."

Her smile would have been provocative in a younger, more slender woman. In her case, it was just a silly simper.

The cashier glanced helplessly about him. The man who accompanied Mrs. Temmler and was now posing as a receiver appointed in a divorce action glanced casually over his shoulder, and evidently became suspicious as he saw the men, who were gathered in little groups in the bank, suddenly frozen into attentive immobility—all eyes on Mrs. Temmler.

Then he saw me. I saw panic in his



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eyes. He turned and started for the door. One of the officers casually stepped between him and the screen. Abruptly I saw the flash of a fist, heard the thudding impact of a blow. The city detective staggered back, said, "Oh, you would, would you?" and lashed out.

MRS. TEMMLER turned just as the city officer slammed her accomplice up against the wall so hard that it shook the building. Then, she, too, started to run. Men grabbed her by the arms. For a moment, she struggled with them, forming the nucleus of a little group which swayed back and forth, this way and that. Then the group resolved itself into component parts. The man who had told me he was a detective had his wrists circled by handcuffs and Mrs. Temmler, white of face, her heavy bosom rising and falling in heaving rapidity, was in the grip of one of the officers. The city officer in charge said, "Okay, sister, here are your accomplices. Now go ahead and give us the sketch."

I tried to make my laugh sound casual and carefree, but I knew it was a hollow failure as soon as I heard it. I managed, however, to make my voice breezy and nonchalant. "Don't be silly. I was simply fixing things so you'd trap these people intelligently. It looked as though you were going to lose your chance in a lot of arguments with Mr. Foley. I don't know anything about the crime."

The handcuffed man sneered, "That's what you say! I'm an operative, I've been shadowing this little lady ever since she started to work for that man, Foley, over there. She..."

"Wait a minute," the officer interrupted, staring hard at Foley. "Is this woman working for you?"

He nodded.

I saw the officer's lips tighten. He said to the handcuffed detective, "What's your name?"

"Thompson Garr."

"All right, Garr. Go ahead."

"Well," Garr said, "she went out to Temmler's house the night of the murder. She went in there by herself. When she went in, Carter Wright was alive. He had the key to that safe-deposit box with him. When this woman came out, Carter Wright was dead and she had the key. You can draw your own conclusions."

I saw that the officers were drawing them, and drawing them fast. I realized that circumstantial evidence had caught me in a trap. I whirled to the detective and said, accusingly, "And you and that blonde accomplice of yours tried to run me down a block from Mr. Temmler's house."

I realized as soon as I had spoken that I'd said exactly the wrong thing. It didn't do any good to accuse him of trying to run me down. But what I said was an admission that I had been out at the house the night of the murder. I saw from the expression on Mr. Foley's face that it was a disastrous admission.

Garr said, easily, "I didn't try to run you down, sister. That was another car. I was tailing you. I got the license plates of the other car, but they turned out to be phony."

The officer said to me, "So you were out there?"

Mr. Foley said, "Just a minute, gentlemen, I think I can clarify the situation. The woman who is with this man appeared at my office earlier in the day. She stated she was Mrs. Charles Temmler; that Carter Wright had stolen the key to the safe-deposit box from his employer; that her husband didn't know anything about the theft and she was afraid to have him find out because

it would indicate she had given the chauffeur the opportunity to steal the key."

Mr. Foley took a telegram from his pocket. "I wired a detective agency to check up on Mrs. Charles Temmler. I found that Mrs. Charles Temmler was with her husband in New York City. I also found that Carter Wright had a woman traveling with him as his common-law wife and the description of this woman tallies identically with that of..."

"You lie," she screamed, and, jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a wild rush for the door.

OFFICERS grabbed her. She brushed them to one side. She almost made the door before they subdued her and got handcuffs on her.

Mr. Foley said, "I think, gentlemen, you'll find that Thompson Garr, the detective here, was hired by Mr. Temmler to get back the key to this safe-deposit box, but Garr saw no reason why he should get a potential fortune and turn it back to Charles Temmler for a per diem rate of compensation. He decided to get the key, recover the contents of the box and keep whatever he found there."

"He first resorted to trickery and then to violence. He actually got the key, but lost it and, even then, didn't know where the safe-deposit box was located. He knew that Padgham and Wright were going to reach an agreement and that that agreement was to be negotiated through my office. He

Eaton could answer. "I found it on the floor of Mr. Temmler's house when I went there to get Carter Wright to sign the agreement."

Mr. Foley said, "Surely you gentlemen don't need to detain Mr. Eaton. He isn't going to run away."

"How do we know?" the officer asked.

Mr. Foley laughed, and said, "In the first place, he's innocent; in the second place, even if he wanted to run, there'd be no place for him to go. Every man, woman and child who has ever been to a movie knows Bruce Eaton."

The sheriff said, "I reckon that's right, boys."

Mr. Foley said, "I think I can finish with the rest of these details. Miss Bell, I'd like to have you go back to the office and wait for me. You'll drive her back, won't you, Mr. Eaton?"

"Certainly," Bruce Eaton said. "It will be a pleasure."

I said, "Do you want to give me any instructions about these papers in the bank case, Mr. Eaton? I haven't them in the files, but they're where I can put my hand on them."

I saw him frown.

"No," he said, thoughtfully.

IT takes a long time under ordinary circumstances for two people to get to know each other, but when some emergency arises and two persons are teamed up against the outside world they either click, or they don't. Mr. Foley and I clicked. I felt suddenly as though I'd known the man all my life.

"After what happened last night," I said, "I want to be sure there won't be

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GIRLS ON THEIR OWN IN HOLLYWOOD

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Next Month in PHOTOPLAY

acted upon the entirely natural assumption that the information he wanted would be contained in the agreement.

"He deliberately injured my secretary in an automobile accident, planted one of his operatives in the employment agency which handles all of my employment problems. His operative, Miss Blair, had an inside track with Miss Benson, who runs the agency. Miss Benson recommended her to me very highly and I probably would have accepted her, if she hadn't made the mistake of thinking she could land a job more through sex appeal than through a display of ability."

"Then, after Carter Wright's death, this woman, who had been passing herself off as his wife, saw an opportunity to trick me into getting possession of the key. She thought either Padgham or I must have it, so she posed as Mrs. Temmler and tried a bold and audacious trick. It didn't work. Shortly after she tried that, however, Garr must have got in touch with her. You can see what happened; they hatched up a phony court action, in which she sued a fictitious husband under an assumed name and got this order of receivership."

The city officer seemed impressed. He said to Bruce Eaton, "How did it happen you got the key?"

"I gave it to him," I said, before Bruce

any misunderstandings. You didn't want me to get those papers in that bank case?"

There was comprehension in his eyes. "Yes, I did. I hope you didn't misunderstand me."

I laughed and said, "Quite the contrary. I feel any difficulty would be quite vice versa," which I hoped was sufficiently goofy to fool the officers. I knew Mr. Foley would get it.

"Exactly," he said.

The officer said, "Well, don't stand there chinning. We have work to do. Get started, you two—if you're going."

"I take it, then, that you'll take care of that matter?" I asked Mr. Foley, casually.

"Yes. You took the papers out of the file?"

"Yes, Mr. Foley. If you want them you can get them any time before lunch tomorrow."

I saw that for a moment he was puzzled. Then his face lit. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'll take care of the matter at the earliest opportunity. You run along and get the office open. I'll vouch for you here."

I nodded to Bruce Eaton. "Ready," I said.

And this time we managed to walk out of the bank, although I momentarily expected to feel the hand of an officer clapped down on my shoulder.

BRUCE EATON drove rather slowly, returning to Los Angeles. Several times I caught him stealing quick glances at me, sizing me up, but it wasn't until we had left Pomona behind that he said, "I wonder if you realize just how much it means to Woodley Page, and to me—what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything," I said, making the usual stereotyped answer, with my mind not at all on what he was saying, but on what must be happening back in Las Almiras, wondering if I shouldn't have stuck by Mr. Foley until after the situation had been finally cleared up.

Bruce Eaton said, "I've been sizing you up. Do you know you'd go places in pictures? You have the looks, the figure, the personality. I don't know how you'd screen, but I most certainly do know that you can act. You had us all fooled with that stunt of claiming those two were your accomplices. It took quick thinking and good acting to put it across... I'd like to have you come out to the studio and arrange for a test... of course, the details of what you've done can't be broadcast, but enough of it will get around so you'll find you'll have plenty of friends in Hollywood. Woodley Page is one of the best-liked actors there and... well, Hollywood people just naturally fall for a girl who comes through in the pinches."

"You're mighty nice," I told him, "but I'm afraid you're overrating any ability I may have just about a thousand per cent."

"Well," he said, smiling, "we'll wait for the screen test to tell about that. In the meantime, how about dinner tonight?"

"You forget," I told him, "I'm a working girl."

"But you don't work in the evenings."

"I may have to."

"Well, let's take a chance that you won't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eaton, but..."

"Aren't you going to call me Bruce?"

I flashed him a smile. "All right, Bruce, I'm sorry. I'm worried about Mr. Foley. I'm not certain that I've given him exactly a square deal. After all, we left him in something of a spot."

"You're boss, Mr. Foley, looks to me very much like a person who could take care of himself under almost any circumstances," Bruce Eaton said. "I don't think you need to worry about him, at all."

"I'm worried just the same."

He glanced at me sharply. "I wonder," he said, "if..." his voice trailed away into silence.

"If what?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, smiling. "How about that dinner date?"

"Thanks all the same, but I'm holding the evening open for the boss. May I have a rain check on it?"

"You most certainly may," he said and then, after a moment, added, as he pushed his foot down on the throttle, "and I presume that means you're in a hurry to get back to Los Angeles and your office."

The car leapt ahead like a frightened animal. There was no more conversation.

He slowed down before we reached Los Angeles, but still he seemed in no mood for conversation and I was busy with my own thoughts. It wasn't until he'd stopped the car in front of my office building that he took my hand and said, "Claire, you've done a great deal for Woodley Page. You've done a lot more for me. I don't suppose there's any use trying to tell you how much. And, above all, you've made me realize something of what my acting

stands for. You've renewed my faith in the real purpose back of the whole picture game. I'm afraid, before, I saw it too much from the side of the actor. You've given me an opportunity to see it from the side of the audience . . . and, remember, you're going to have dinner with me sometime within the next week."

I wanted to say something else to him, but someone recognized him as he stood there holding the door open for me. People began to crane their necks, so I just gave his arm a squeeze and said, "It's been grand getting to know you, Mr. . . ."

"Bruce," he interrupted.

"Bruce," I said, and grinned.

"Okay, Claire," he told me. "I'll be giving you a buzz."

I crossed the sidewalk to the office building. People stared at me as though I'd been a queen.

MR. FOLEY didn't come in until nearly six o'clock.

"Great heavens!" he said. "Are you still here?"

I nodded.

"You're supposed to go home at five o'clock."

"But I hadn't heard from you and . . . and I was waiting."

"What happened to your actor friend?" he asked, frowning. "After all you did for him, didn't he. . . ."

"He wanted me to go to dinner," I said. "I took a rain check on it."

"Why the rain check?"

"I wanted to hear from you. I was worried about leaving you in a spot there at the bank."

He looked at me with frowning contemplation as though perhaps trying to find confirmation in my face of something he had heard in my voice. So I said rapidly, "Tell me, what happened?"

"Thanks to what you told me over the telephone," he said, "I had a pretty good angle to start on. This detective, Garr, is a bully who adopts the attitude of getting the other man on the defensive. You'll notice he was masquerading very cleverly as a police detective. He used the word 'detective,' and didn't say whether he was from headquarters or a private detective. It was part of his technique to keep the other man on the defensive so no questions were asked. But when you suddenly turned the tables on him and made an accusation against him, he forgot himself for a moment. Now, notice the peculiarity of his conversation."

"I'm satisfied he started to say, 'Say, you ain't got anything on me.' Under ordinary circumstances, if he had been saying, 'You ain't got anything on me,' he'd emphasize the 'you,' in that sneering, sarcastic way of his and his chin would have been up and thrust forward. This time, he ducked his head and not only failed to emphasize the 'you,' but ran the words together as though he had been reciting a fixed formula."

"Now that's the natural reaction of a crook, whenever he's arrested—particularly a man with a criminal record. He pulls his chin down and says, in a voice which is a defiant whine, 'You ain't got anything on me.'"

"That little tip of yours over the telephone convinced me that the man was a crook, convinced me further that he was in this thing pretty deeply. So, after you'd left the bank, I told the officers to take his fingerprints, and they'd find he had a criminal record. That floored him."

"Did he confess?" I asked.

"Not just then, he didn't," Mr. Foley said. "The woman was the first to confess. She was afraid she was going to get roped in on the murder rap. When the going got good and rough, she caved in and put all the blame on Garr's

shoulders. Garr tried to get out by making her the goat. When I left, they were both going sixty miles an hour, calling names and making accusations. I lifted the letters out of the cashier's lunch box."

"Do you know exactly what happened on that murder?" I asked.

He grinned, "I think so. One of the things that's been puzzling you is what happened to your shorthand notebook and that agreement in the brief case. Right?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "you see, it's this way. Padgham went out to the house a little early. He got there a few minutes before you did. He found the corpse in the upstairs room. Your actor friend had evidently been tied and gagged in the closet—Garr admitted slugging him and tying and gagging him after a struggle, but wouldn't admit the murder. Anyway, Padgham beat it. After ten or fifteen minutes he started worrying about what was going to happen to Woodley Page. He wondered if Carter Wright happened to have the key to that safe-deposit box in his possession and he thought it would be a good plan to find out. He drove back toward the house."

"He didn't care to be seen in the house, so he took a flashlight out of his car and slipped it in his pocket. Then he went around to the back screen porch, pulled a master switch which plunged the whole place in darkness and walked around to the front door. He rang the doorbell, just as a precaution, not thinking it possible anyone was in the house, but not wanting to take a chance on being discovered if someone did happen to be there. When you opened the door, it almost knocked him for a loop."

"You didn't notice the significant part of his conversation. He didn't ask you anything about *when* the lights went off and, despite the fact the house was in darkness, started upstairs to see what he could find. That shows he had a flashlight in his pocket and he wouldn't have had a flashlight with him unless he'd taken it, knowing that he had use for it."

"So," Mr. Foley went on, "after thinking the matter over, I got hold of Padgham, accused him point-blank and made him admit the whole business, in addition to telling me about the real purpose back of the agreement. It was, of course, a species of blackmail."

"But why did Mr. Padgham steal the agreement and my shorthand notebook?" I asked. "If he. . . ."

Mr. Foley grinned and said, "He didn't. Now don't get mad, Miss Bell, but I'm the guilty one. I lifted the agreement out of your brief case while you were in the drugstore, telephoning the police. I came up to the office late last night to get your shorthand notebook. I was afraid you were going to get dragged into it. I was afraid the police would grab the agreement and I didn't think that was exactly the right way to treat my clients."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Because then you'd have had to lie to the police. As it was, you rather suspected Padgham of having taken the agreement, which was perfectly swell as far as I was concerned. Why did you take a rain check on Bruce Eaton's dinner invitation?"

I felt color in my cheeks, but tried to make my voice sound casual. "I thought perhaps you might want me. . . ."

"I do," he said. "Let's go out where we can eat and dance and forget all this."

"You give me five minutes with my compact," I told him. . . .

That finished the case as far as the of-

fice was concerned. As far as I'm concerned, it's just started things and I don't know how or where they're going to end. Bruce Eaton called me at the office this morning. He's arranged for that screen test and he's insisting on a definite date for dinner."

Mr. Foley came in a few minutes ago and paused by my desk to look down at me. I don't think I can ever forget last night, with the rhythm of the dance music, and drifting across the floor in his arms. He said, "Let's do that again sometime, Claire."

I nodded. "Soon," he said.

I didn't tell him about the screen test. "Any time," I told him.

He put his hand on mine for a minute and said, "Incidentally, if you're really interested in studying voices, you're going to have an excellent opportunity."

"Oh, I am interested," I exclaimed. "I think it's one of the most fascinating things I've ever encountered. Tell me more about it. What's the opportunity?"

"One of the big radio companies," Mr. Foley said, "has just made me an offer to put on a new feature. You know, I've been acting as talent scout for this company for several weeks. Now they've become very much interested and have made me this offer."

"Just what is it?" I asked.

He said, "I'm to have a telephone, with a number which will be broadcast. Any person at any time during the day can call me up on the telephone. The person doesn't need to give his name. He simply asks for a number. I assign that person a number. The person then talks with me, telling me something of his or her problems, occupation, ambitions and discusses any contemplated changes in environment or career."

"Then, on my broadcast, I call out these numbers, analyze the person's character, advise that person of his or her strong points and weak points, the things to seek in life, the things to avoid. It will all be absolutely private because the person who is involved is the only one who will know the number allotted over the telephone."

"The general radio public will hear me say only for instance, 'number twenty-three: I note that you have a sympathetic voice. I further note that you are inclined to do a great deal of explaining in connection with decisions you reach, or instructions you give. That shows me that you are not the executive type. It shows me also that you are altogether too considerate of other people's feelings. You'll note that the executive seldom gives reasons for his conclusions. The man who can answer a question in actual conversation with a brief 'yes' or 'no' is one usually accustomed to command. He is the executive type and usually he's relatively inconsiderate of other persons' feelings. He focuses his mind on a result which he wants to accomplish, whereas . . . You get the point," he said.

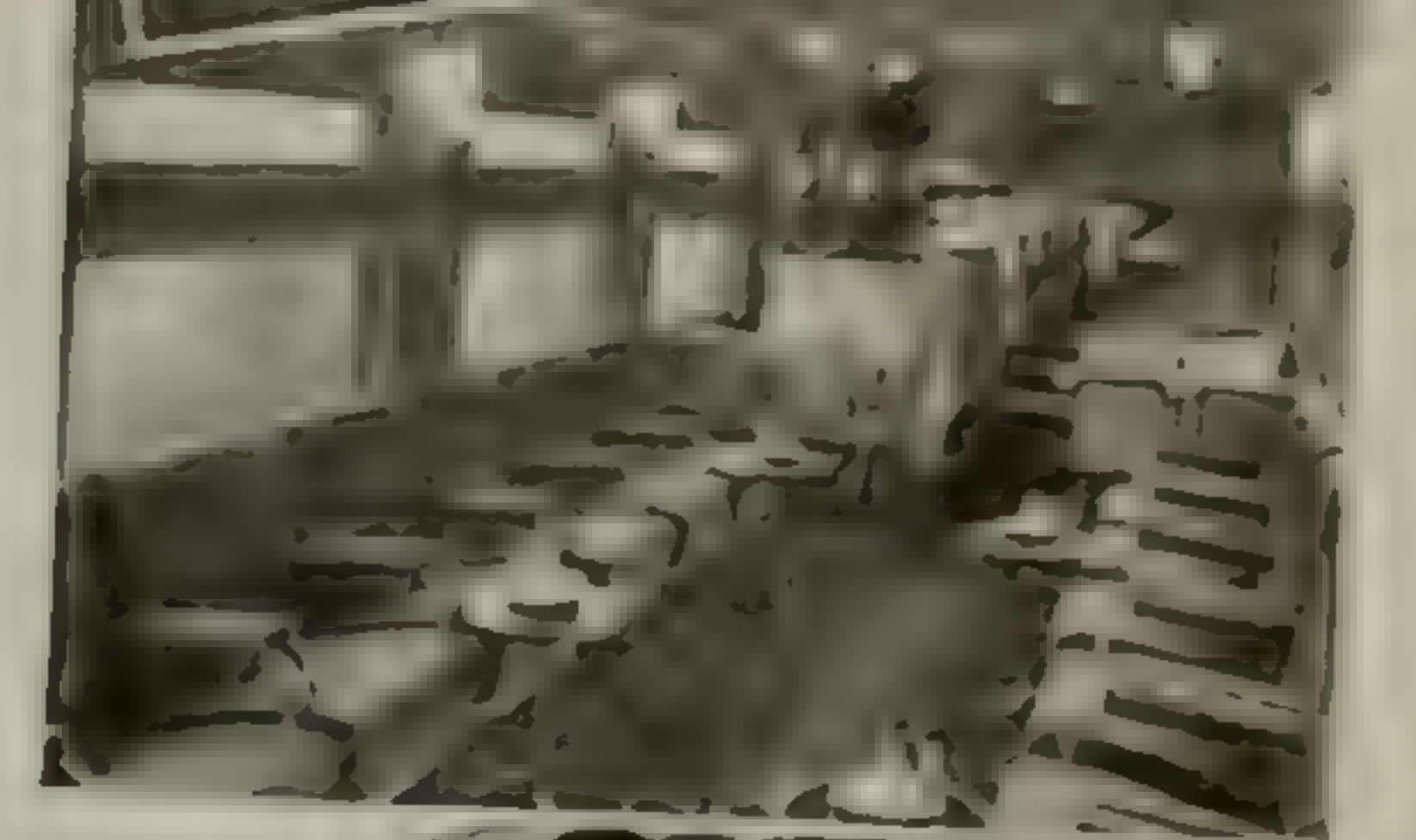
"Indeed I do! I think it would be wonderful!"

"Well, we're going to give it a whirl," he told me and then said abruptly, "You certainly look mighty fresh and sweet this morning" . . . and then, as though he were afraid he'd become too personal, he made a great show of grabbing his mail and bustling away.

I picked up the paper with its big headlines reading, "POLICE OBTAIN CONFESSION IN WRIGHT MURDER CASE." I started to read and . . . I picked up the receiver as Mr. Foley buzzed my signal. I thought he wanted to give me some dictation so I was reaching for my book, but instead he said, "How about lunch today?"

I didn't dare answer right away—not after what happened last night. He's too darned clever at reading voices.

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GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION OPENS

IN SAN FRANCISCO FEBRUARY 18, 1939

Civilizing Sabu of India

(Continued from page 24)

mindful. But it looks more like an interest in speed.

He knows the records of every kind of aircraft, will go into a technical discussion of their engines and backs his knowledge with a kind of shy firmness. When a discussion of the speed of army pursuit planes as compared with bombers came up, he thought the pursuit planes went faster than some of the older men in the party believed.

Investigation proved that Sabu, so recently out of the elephant stables, was right and that his American elders were wrong. It's a little disconcerting when you realize that he has picked up all his information in the brief time he has been learning the English language.

In his off moments, he has been studying under special tutors at a school near the studio, outside of London.

He plays on the school football team and, while in New York, went out to watch the Columbia University squad practice, apparently with the idea of taking a few new tricks back with him. But his favorite diversion is ice skating. "I skate all day if they let me," blissfully states the youngster who never saw ice until he reached England. But in no time at all, he's back to the subject of motors. How fast are we allowed to go on country roads in America? The big car they gave him in London can do eighty or ninety on a good clear stretch, he boasts. No, he isn't allowed to drive it. He can't get a license till he's seventeen—"only two years now," he murmurs with pride.

ALL of this does not mean that he has given up an interest in elephants—far from it—though at first we suspected he was a little bored at everyone's talking to him about them and at being obliged to meet personally, and ride, all of the elephants in the zoos of the various cities he visited. When we got to the bottom of the matter, however, we found that the sober expression at the mention of them was due to the fact that he thought they ought not to be taken to large cities outside of their own country.

"When I get enough money to buy my elephant," said Sabu with decision, "I shall leave him in India, even if I go away. An elephant has no—no home life in London or New York." His own elephant must have some home life. "He must go sometimes into the jungle," explained the young man in the Bond Street clothes and added, with a sudden nostalgic impulse, "When I go back to India, the first thing—I am going into the jungle."

"Do you want to go back very much?" we asked.

"Oh—" There was real emotion under his voice, "who does not want to go where he was born?"

PROBABLY one of the reasons for Sabu's inordinate pride in achieving the ripe old age of fifteen is that celebrating birthdays is a new thing with him. Until three years ago, he didn't know his age.

The boy's true history sounds like a cross between the Horatio Alger books and Kipling, with a dash of the stuff that miracles are made of. But it does not seem unusual to Sabu.

He was born in a little village at the edge of the jungle in Mysore. His mother died when he was very small. His father, who was a mahout and always busy with the elephants of the Maharaja, taught one of them, named Gudiati, to rock the baby's cradle.

Sabu doesn't know how old he was when his father died, but it was before he'd got his second teeth.

Shortly after that, his elephant friend went musth and had to be banished into the jungle. This left the little boy pretty completely on his own. He had an older brother, but he wasn't around there much. So Sabu stood on his small man's feet and faced things for himself. With the munificent dole of seventy-five cents a month, he managed his own affairs. It was not a lavish life, he admits, but he seems to think it wasn't so bad.

He learned where to get the cheapest rice and discovered that, if he helped one man with his garden, he would sometimes give him vegetables for it—a little overripe, perhaps, but good. People were nice to him. But he found his best friends in elephants—especially a very large one named Iravatha in the royal stables. No one minded his playing there.

SABU'S greatest ambition was to be a mahout. All the other young urchins around the stables wanted to be mahouts, too. It's the Hindu gamin's substitute for that desire to be a policeman that surges in young American breasts. He taught the big elephant to pick him up in his trunk and set him atop his head, instead of following the usual elephant driver's custom of making an elephant kneel and mounting by way of the bent knee. But Sabu's mahoutship looked a long way off.

One day news got around the stables that some new white sahibs had come and were going to pick a boy to play at being a mahout and have his picture taken. The whole gang got excited over this. So did their parents who—although they knew very little about such things—instinctively foresaw something of the ease enjoyed by parents who have been wise enough to give birth to picture stars.

Sabu, having no parents to speak for him, decided he didn't stand much chance. He thought about it a good deal, it seems, but rather bleakly.

One day he went to get his monthly stipend. When he came out of the office, he saw a strange white man and, of course, stared at him.

The white man stared back. Sabu smiled politely. The white fellow spoke to him, but Sabu didn't understand until someone came along and explained that this was the picture man and he wanted to know if Sabu would be interested in a chance at the much-discussed part. Also, did Sabu know anything about elephants?

Sabu happily explained that he knew nothing else but. Then, for the first time, he got into one of those things called an automobile. As he looks back from the vantage point of three years, it was a very amusing moment, that first ride. But, of course, he was just a little boy then, you understand.

HOWEVER, nothing was settled about the picture part for quite a while. It was almost as bad as casting *Scarlett O'Hara*. They were considering a number of other boys. All of them lived together and Mr. Flaherty, watching them as they played together, learned things. Flaherty still does not know how he happened to ask Sabu to go with him one day to Karapur to film some elephants crossing the river. The boy was playing alone and suddenly the man found himself saying, "Would you like to come along?" Sabu would.

Much to Sabu's amazement, he found Iravatha in the herd that had been borrowed for the river shots. He and the big pachyderm did the mounting trick, via the trunk, just out of pure joy in reunion. Then a request was sent out for a mahout to ride the big elephant across the river.

The current was very treacherous and the mahouts all refused. So Sabu, sitting atop Iravatha, started for the water. In midstream, the current got the better of them. They were carried swiftly down the river. Everybody on shore held his breath as the small brown scrap of humanity, looking smaller and smaller, was drifted toward the crocodiles.

But a mile down, Iravatha, urged on by his infinitesimal mahout, made a supreme effort and they struggled up onto the bank. The others reached them as soon as possible. Sabu, beaming with pride in his elephant friend, dashed up to the white gentleman, who was looking a bit whiter than usual.

"Do we get the job?" asked Sabu, who had retained his poise and knew a psychological moment when he found one. They got it—the boy and the elephant.

FROM then on, he and Iravatha pretended they were two other fellows. Sabu became Toomai and the elephant was rechristened *Kala Nag*. It was not until much later that Sabu began to learn what acting really meant—which may account for the beautiful and poignant restraint with which he played the more dramatic scenes. The elephant was sick twice during the picture and his understudy, Lakshmi, took his place. Sabu did not like that elephant. He was "very no good." The elephant proved it by killing a man.

Along about this time, Sabu began to learn the few words of English necessary to the film. He also heard about birthdays. Somehow, the question of his age had to be settled for legal purposes. But no one was able to give any information until they found an old man who had lived in Sabu's village. He remembered that the boy was born on the same day that one of the elephants in the royal stable had had a calf. That, of course, had been noted in the palace records. So they looked it up and discovered that Sabu and the little elephant punk were both twelve years old.

Another incident in Sabu's early life is said to have come to light at the same time. When he was still a very small boy, long before he had ever heard of pictures, it seemed that a wild elephant came charging out of the jungle into the village, which was often invaded by one kind of wild animal or another. Everybody ran in panic and no one stopped to pick up the child who was playing in the road. When his fellow citizens looked out afterward to see what had happened to him, they saw the small boy and the wild elephant playing together.

There were also several incidents in which Sabu showed this same lack of fear while the picture was being made. In the old days, Sabu used to explain such things easily by saying that he knew no harm could come to him because, before she had died, his mother, who had planned on his growing up and being a fine mahout like his father, had tied a talisman about his neck and said that as long as he wore it and had faith he would be safe. But today, when asked about such things, Sabu

looks a little uneasy. He knows that most English and American people have different ideas. So he just states that "elephants are all right if you know how to handle them." And with a quick laugh he adds, "In fact, they even have one advantage over motor cars—there's no bother with gears and brakes." And the conversation is back on safe ground.

IN the two years since he left India for England, he has been pretty busy getting adjusted to the new ways of life and has made only the one picture, "Drums," but three new scripts are now being readied for him. The next will be "The Chief of Bagdad"; after that comes "Burmese Silver"; then Kipling's "Mowgli," which is, of course, inevitable.

In "Drums," Sabu proved himself as much at home on a horse as on an elephant. Alexander Korda, who had promised him a trip to America, decided to make good on his promise just at the time the new picture was opening. "Drums" proved a prophetic title. Everybody from New York to California was beating drums for Sabu. He was invited for polo at the most exclusive clubs and was feted by society as though he were the son of a maharaja.

This last bit of news will, no doubt, add to the fury of the already indignant elect of caste-conscious India, who have deluged Korda with letters asking how he dared "let Sabu impersonate an Indian prince" in the film.

Mr. Korda's response was characteristic. "The point has not worried me in the slightest," he answered, "since I have no caste myself."

Sabu had a grand time in the United States. He had already acquired a good deal of our slang from American technicians in the London studios and from an intensive study of American films. Even upon arrival in New York, he was terminating telephone calls with a brisk "Okay," and exclaiming "Oh, boy!" at appropriate moments. By the time he left, it was predicted that the English customs authorities would probably have to sort out his vocabulary and put a special tax on imported slang before letting him back into the country.

Sabu pursued a steady policy of inquiry from the time he landed here until he left. He has an intensive way of going at things until he gets at the inmost core and people who were delegated to chaperon him hither and yon are seriously thinking of memorizing the Book of Knowledge before his next visit.

It is doubtful if any visitor to our shores has ever asked so many questions or imbibed so many ice-cream sodas.

The young man seems to have done a good deal of thinking. Both physically and mentally, he appears well-organized and the attention he has been getting these past three years has in no way disturbed his simplicity of manner or added any false notes. Perhaps he has been much too busy learning all the things that make England and America so different from the country he knew before. Or possibly, when you've had a whole herd of elephants bow to you when you were twelve, you can take anything in your stride by the time you are fifteen.

There is a saying in India that elephants teach wisdom to those whom they know well.

If the unspoiled Sabu is a sample, it might be good for many of us to go get acquainted with an elephant.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 45)

THE STORM—Universal

A WHIRLWIND of action takes place in this minor screen story and makes it interesting to watch. Charles Bickford is a sturdy, he-man wireless operator. When his pal, Preston Foster, goes to his death at sea, Bickford blames the captain, Barton MacLane, and a terrific brawl ensues. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are the romantic pair and Andy Devine and Frank Jenks the comical twosome.

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

ALTHOUGH lacking on story and therefore suffering from too-much-weight-in-the-middle, this presents an accurate and, in the main, exciting saga of man's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Besides, it's in Technicolor; and this offers the opportunity for some breath-taking photography. Holding it all together is a triangle story in which two friends, Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray, both love Louise Campbell, who is new to films and very pretty. MacMurray is a daredevil with wanderlust; Milland is a genius who stays at home to design planes. Louise falls for Fred, of course. Ray suffers like a man. Andy Devine, Lynne Overman and others do good jobs. See this for spectacle, for historic interest, and for occasional scenes which unaccountably have rather splendid drama.

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

THE story of three cadets at V.M.I.—the "West Point of the South"—and their almost endless troubles made a grand play last season. Now comes the film version; and it's a honey. Made with fervor and a brisk feeling for the psychology of youth, it departs from the usual type of school movie. The standard types are absent—in their stead you will discover youngsters with imagination and brilliant vitality which they use to full advantage in conjunction with the worldly wisdom that seems to be the new possession of modern students. Wayne Morris, a happy-chappy with plenty of ideas that somehow go wrong; Eddie Albert, all athlete, short on brains but a great worrier; and Ronald Reagan, conservative but a pal in need, form the trio who have three aims in life. These are wimmen (meaning Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Jane Bryan); graduating from V.M.I.; and winning the ball game. Eventually, everything revolves around Eddie, who has secretly married La Bryan. She's going to have a baby, and he's broke, and he'll be fired if anyone finds out. All is saved by the fact that friend Jane Wyman (a cheery new Warner discovery with lots of charm) is the Commander's daughter. Important for its dialogue and the excellent gags, for its portrayal of the lighter side of life in a military academy, "Brother Rat" also has the good fortune to present Mr. Albert to Hollywood for the first time. He's direct from the stage version, and can he act! You'll have a roaring good time at this.

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

WITH all the trappings of a cinema Epic, yet somehow without the grand spirit, "Suez" is at once a great success—as history artistically told—and a notable failure as entertainment. Its main attraction is a kind of howling desert twister which the studio would like to have called a "simoon" (possibly in memory of a recent French contractee

there), but which acts like a hurricane and an earthquake let loose all at once. Except for this disaster, and a dandy explosion, you must expect a pretty stuffy account of the trials Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, has in scooping out the Suez Canal. These range from the treachery of *Louis Napoleon* to the predatory meanderings of Annabella. What is really wrong with the picture is that there is no sex in it. Mr. Power has a kind of honorable yen for Loretta Young, who turns him down for the crown of France; but this is frustration. Annabella throws herself at him bodily in the hot desert and you are led to believe that he refuses her, which is not only disappointing but fragrant of deceit. In the end it all comes out—he's in love with a ditch. And by this time you are pretty bored with it. Miss Young seems a bit bewildered at being an Empress; Power has a nice tan and gives the performance you are coming to expect from him. Huzzahs are in order for Edward Bromberg's magnificent portrayal of *Prince Said*, Peverell Marley's photography and the 20th Century-Fox budget.

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

GOLLY, this is a bad picture. Originally, there was a good idea in the thought that a woman who runs a personal service bureau would like a self-sustaining kind of man for a husband. But Connie Bennett, finding newcomer Vincent Price, is no thrill; neither is she funny. Writing and direction are nondescript. Price, in a good part in a good film, probably will do well enough. Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer manage to get a few laughs.

LISTEN, DARLING—M-G-M

AS fresh as a daisy and cheery as spring is this warm little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it. The cast, headed by Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew, seems to catch and maintain just the right tempo to keep the story swinging along. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, in order to provide security for her children, daughter Judy Garland and her pal Freddie kidnap Mama and little brother Scotty Beckett, haul them away in the family trailer. Whom should they meet in another trailer but handsome Walter Pidgeon!



The Jack Bennys turn out for Sonja Henie's thrilling new ice show

The children decide that here's the perfect papa for a ready-made family. How they finally land him will cause more than one good guffaw, it's that funny.

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

THIS heartwarming story, the first in a new series, pairs Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres in the tale of a veteran physician and his faith in a young interne. When Ayres, who has chosen a city hospital in preference to his father's country practice, lands in trouble it's Barrymore, sharp of tongue but kind of heart, who proves to be his friend. Both Barrymore and Ayres handle their jobs with competent and sincere artistry.

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

THE second in the "Roving Reporter" series finds Michael Whalen, as the reporter, involved in a night-club murder. When Jean Rogers, who has witnessed the murder, seeks safety with Whalen, the villain steals her away and attempts to kill her. Chick Chandler is again the lively cameraman and June Gale the comedienne. Ricardo Cortez makes his bow in this as a director. Only fair.

★ THE MAD MISS MANTON—RKO-Radio

FOR your delight, and probably to your surprise, East Side New York's Barbara Stanwyck is cast as a screwball Park Avenue heiress in this. Carrying her rôle, as well as her furs and jewels, with insouciance, Miss Stanwyck runs afoul of a murder in the first scene. Almost immediately after that she bangs into Hank Fonda, who's a newspaper man; and there you have the setup. Corpses continually disappear, but through it all strides Barbara and her clique of good-looking, wise-cracking pals, all determined to clear up the mystery. The dialogue is fresh and naughty; and the plot is so well turned you really will have trouble guessing whodunnit. Sam Levine and Frances Mercer contribute and Fonda is engaging as always.

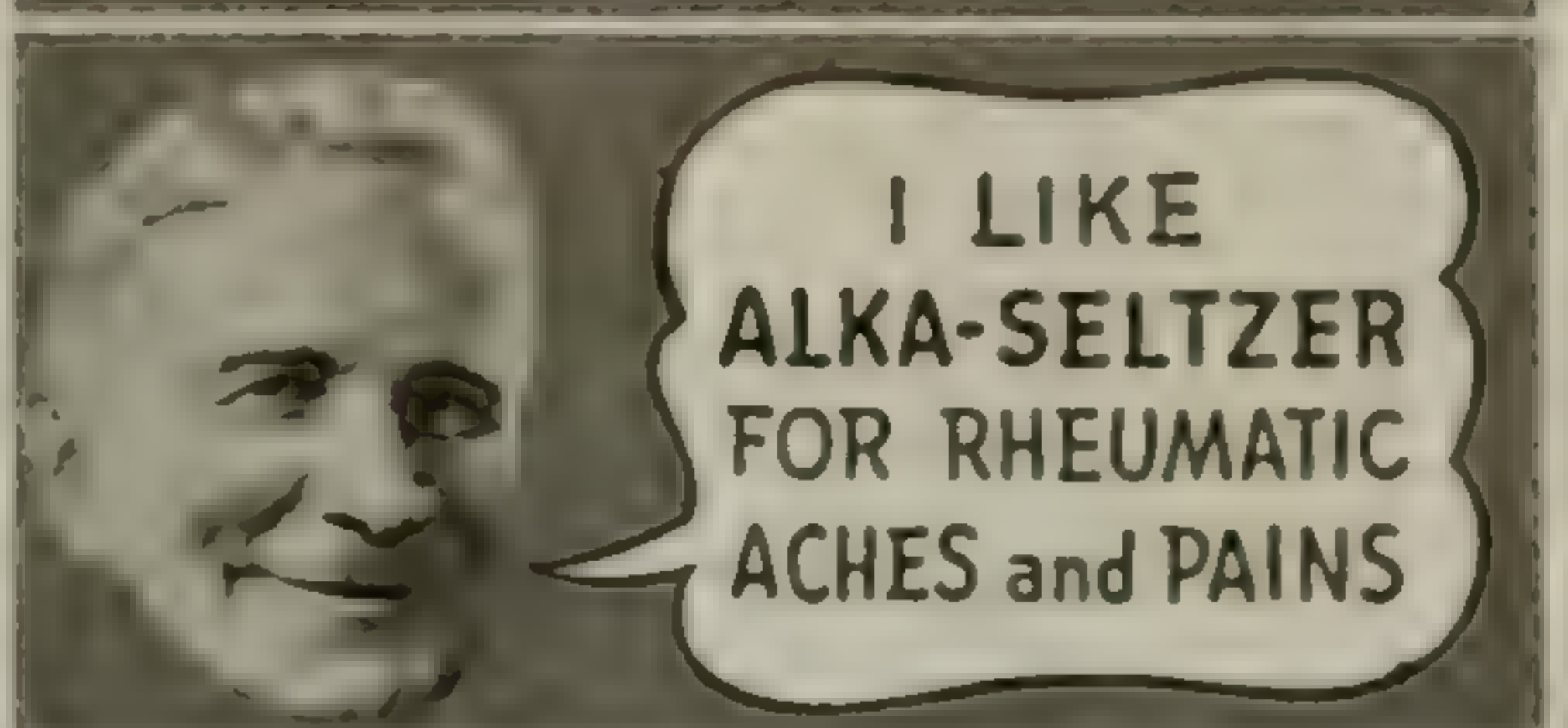
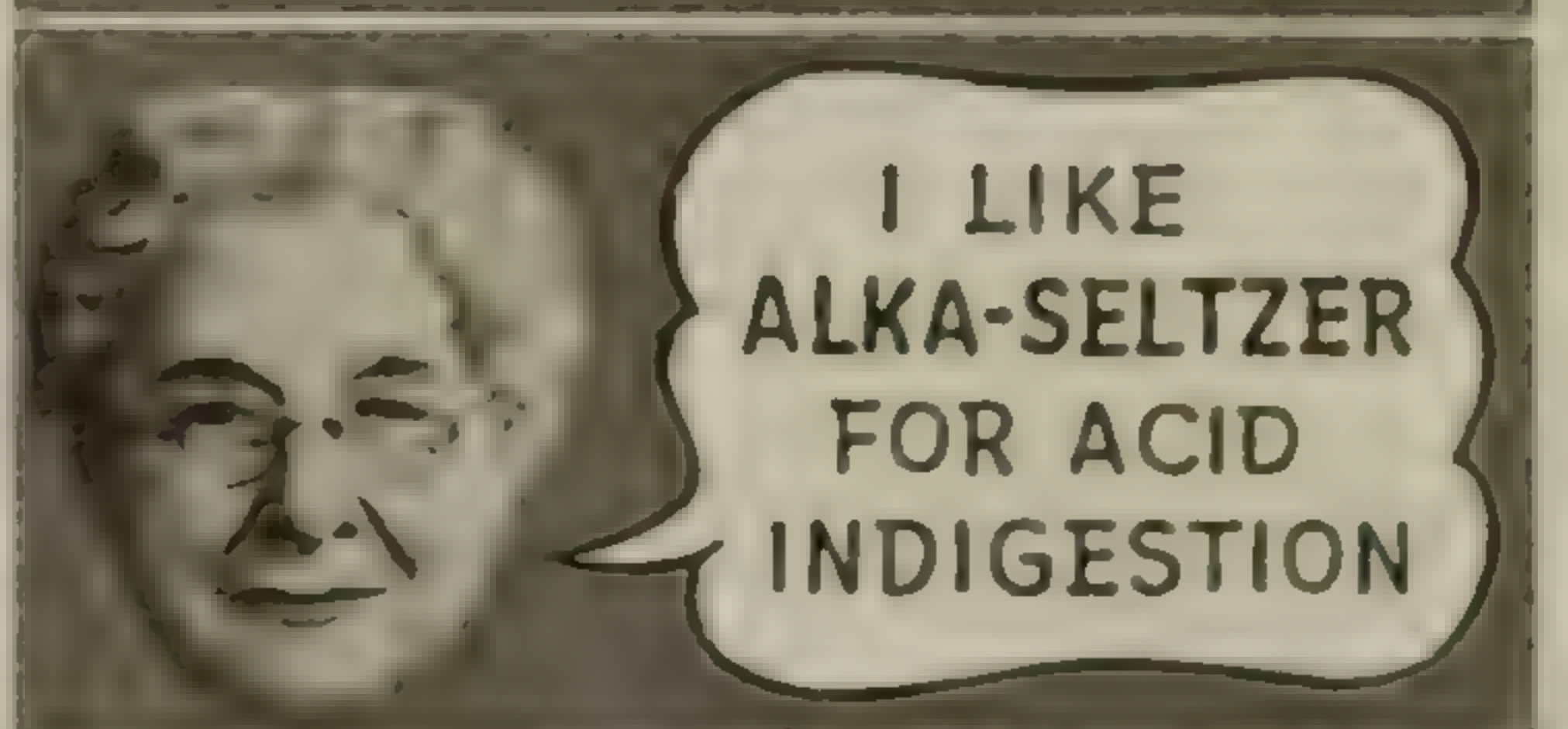
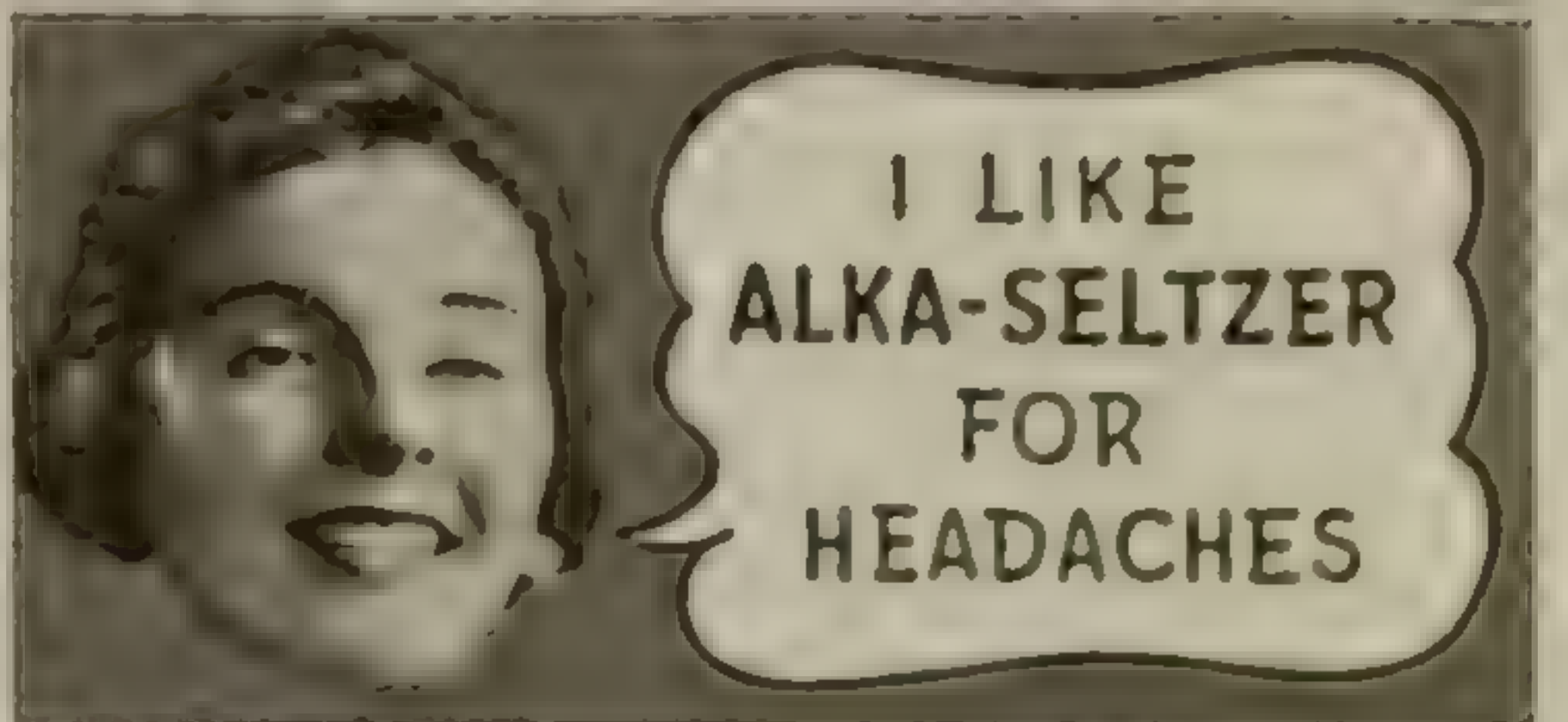
FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

ONE cannot help feeling here that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The Quints are box office in themselves and little effort is made to dress up the picture. There's a newspaper feud idea, with Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero as the principals, and something about a faked birth of sextuplets. If you enjoy watching the Quints toddling about, squealing, and being almost five years old, okay; otherwise it's waste. Jean Hersholt still plays *Dr. Dafoe*.

★ THE CITADEL—M-G-M

"THE CITADEL," as a book, touched the hearts of millions; and now Metro, working with English stars in an English studio, has made a compelling, powerful motion picture of it. Robert Donat plays the young doctor who has ideals about medicine and stews in poverty until the easy way out presents itself. This is an expensive rest home for hypochondriacs and here he prostitutes his talent until his best friend dramatically shows him the light. Admittedly, the doctor's regeneration is a little too pat; but you will like Donat's work and that also of Rosalind Russell, who plays his wife in the best rôle of her career. King Vidor directed, drawing with sure finesse every iota of drama, pathos and laughter from every scene. Best support is given by Ralph Richardson, as the drunken, cynical, honest surgeon who brings Donat to his senses.

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What Hollywood Is Thinking

(Continued from page 59)

trovery, PHOTOPLAY asked: "Will you let your daughter earn her living?"

To which all of the women and ninety per cent of the men said a hearty yes.

"Why not? I've always earned mine!" wrote one woman star, the mother of two small daughters.

"Certainly. This is a new world. A woman who cannot take care of herself gets kicked around," said a second mother.

"Yes, although not until she is over eighteen," said a third actress, unmarried but betrothed.

And a fourth: "Yes, if she has sense enough. Kids, these days, seem much more addled and irresponsible than I was in my 'teens.' This star is, herself, not yet thirty-five, but she was earning her own living at fourteen.

While most of the men declared themselves in favor of a career for their daughters, they were a little more conservative in their answers.

"Yes, but not as a fad," said one father. "If she starts, she must see her job through."

Among the dissenters, one young father wrote: "At risk of appearing 'horse and buggy,' I think woman's place is in the home. We wouldn't have a depression today if so many women weren't competing with men for jobs!"

"If married, what is the subject you and your husband, or wife, most frequently discuss?"

To this query, twenty-six per cent of the women said the future; thirteen per cent, money; thirteen per cent, motion pictures; ten per cent politics and six per cent world affairs, with other answers mentioning children, sports, music, books, art, the "isms."

"Building toward the future is a vital thing in marriage. Naturally my husband and I talk of it most," said one young star.

"We talk about our future. This means in our case, our careers, because we are both in pictures," wrote another.

"Money," wrote a third. "After all, you can say what you will, it is money that makes a marriage go 'round!'"

One good wife wrote, commendably: "Sports. I don't know a baseball from a football, but my husband is crazy about all kinds of sports and I try to be a good wife."

A fair-sized group—sixteen per cent, to be exact—of the married men also said they discussed the future oftener than anything else, but thirty-two per cent said that money and finances held first place in their marital conversations.

"A good many of our discussions and, I am sad to relate, all of our quarrels are about money," one male star wrote, somewhat disconsolately.

"The thing is," he added, "we are trying to save it to forestall a precarious future and the present is too expensive to make that project successful."

"Money and what we will do with it is our favorite topic," said another, confiding, also, that: "My wife is non-professional and I never made very much until so recently that it still is a very pleasant novelty."

Other favorite topics of discussion, according to masculine players questioned, were world affairs (sixteen per cent listed this topic), home building, music, pictures, children and social theories.

Disregarding these, however, one bridegroom said, with refreshing honesty: "We discuss ourselves. Nothing else seems quite as important two months from your wedding day!"

IN answering PHOTOPLAY's fifth question, the difference in point of view between the average Hollywoodite and Mr. and Mrs. America, concerning finances, became apparent.

"What do you consider an adequate income for marriage?" PHOTOPLAY asked.

"At least \$100.00 a week!" said fifty-seven per cent of the women and fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men!

A pretty high figure, you protest? Certainly. But incomes are high in the picture business compared to those of other industries. And so \$100.00 a week looks to the average screen player about the same as \$35.00 to anybody else. Moreover, when you consider the extra expenses anyone in the movies has—photographs to fans, fine clothes to be "seen" in, the countless expenses of "keeping up appearances"—\$100.00 a week is about the same as \$35.00 a week, or perhaps less.

Sliding down the scale, thirty-three per cent of the women chose \$50.00 a week as an adequate income for marriage, while only nine per cent selected \$75.00 a week. Three per cent selected between \$25.00 and \$35.00. A few more said: "It depends upon station in life and demands from outside interests"; still others, that anywhere between \$25.00 and \$50.00 would be fine for a childless couple, but that for each child

children. This would provide funds for insurance, education, doctors' bills and emergencies," wrote another.

"As low as \$30.00 a week, but it should be sure!" said another. He is a big star now, but a few years ago he was broke and hungry.

Of all who answered this question, only one, a woman, put the sum above an approximate \$5,000.00 a year. She is the daughter of well-to-do parents and a ranking star. Her figure was—and understandably, after all—\$10,000.00 a year.

Of the women who thought \$100.00 a week necessary for marriage, two-thirds were married; of those who chose \$50.00 a week or less, only one-fifth. Four-fifths of the men who specified \$100.00 a week were married, as were two-thirds of those who selected \$75.00. Only a fraction of the men who thought \$50.00 a week adequate were married.

PHOTOPLAY's sixth question was, logically: "Do you save a certain per cent of your income regularly?"

In response, eighty-four per cent of the feminine contingent said yes, and eighty-five per cent of the men.

"Of course," wrote one feminine star. "I'd be a fool not to. My big income can't last forever."

But, "Save? Tell me how!" wrote

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements

on page 69 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Kay Francis, | 8. Janet Gaynor, | 15. Douglas Fairbanks, |
| Miriam Hopkins | Norman Foster | Jr. |
| 2. Mae West | 9. John Barrymore | 16. Lee Tracy |
| 3. Ann Harding | 10. Lionel Barrymore | 17. Claudette Colbert |
| 4. Myrna Loy | 11. Joan Crawford | 18. Binnie Barnes, |
| 5. Claudette Colbert | 12. Walter Huston | Merle Oberon, |
| 6. Ralph Morgan | 13. Hugh Herbert | Wendy Barrie |
| 7. Clive Brook | 14. Doris Kenyon | 19. Gary Cooper |
| | | 20. May Robson |

there should be from \$10.00 to \$20.00 more, weekly.

In the majority of cases, the "\$100.00-a-weekers" mentioned this sum because it would allow a margin for saving. "The future is precarious, especially for a movie actress," announced one, frankly.

One of the "\$75.00-a-weekers" pointed out that she thought she and her husband could get along on less, but that this much money meant "freedom from worry and possible squabbles over money."

Taking a rather different and not unsound point of view, one young actress suggested as adequate, "any steady income."

Besides the fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men who stipulated \$100.00 as the lowest sum on which a married couple can live satisfactorily, there were the seventeen per cent who chose \$75.00 a week; the ten per cent who said \$50.00; the ten per cent who declined to set a figure on the grounds that circumstances alter cases, and the small group who mentioned \$35.00 and \$30.00.

"I need to make a hundred bucks to keep things going right!" wrote one married actor. "I've made less and we've lived on it, but I wouldn't call it adequate. Women are too expensive and a man likes his wife to have what she wants."

"At least \$100.00 a week if there are

one perturbed contract player. "It costs me money to be in pictures!" This player, a beginner, has a private income. Apparently, she needs it.

Eighty-five per cent of the men also save something regularly, PHOTOPLAY's questioning revealed.

"I have a business manager and he makes me save, whether I like it or not," declared one, recently risen to stardom.

"I should save, but I'm married and have two kids and I can't," wrote one of the small per cent who revealed himself sans a savings account.

Of the women who said they saved regularly, two-thirds were single. Of those who admitted they did not save, three-fifths were married. Among the men, approximately half boasting savings accounts were single. All of the men who said they could not save money were married.

EXTENDING its survey to embrace other phases of modern existence, PHOTOPLAY then asked: "Were the time and money spent on your education worth while?"

"Yes!" declared eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women, but only sixty-two and one-half per cent of the men.

"I went to school only a few years. I wish it could have been three times that long!" wrote one feminine star.

"Not much money was spent for my

education, but, as usual, the best things in life are free!" said a second. "Certainly," she added, "the time spent was worth it and then some!"

On the other hand, "I went to a so-called 'smart finishing school,'" said one of the minority dissatisfied with the returns on their educational investment. "All I learned to do was to ride horseback, balance a teacup and look bored at any given social event! My real education has come since I began to make my own living. . . . And how!"

"Definitely!" wrote a large group of men who felt satisfied with their education. However, others in this class qualified their approval.

"Well—yes," wrote one, "but college less grammar and high school."

"No!" announced one of the masculine critics of modern education. "I was trained to be an electrical engineer, but I had a job in a filling station before the movies got me!"

FROM education, PHOTOPLAY turned to a question omnipresent in contemporary thought, to wit: "What do you think constitutes the greatest danger of another world war?"

Here, for the first time, the women proved hesitant about answering, with twenty-five per cent either leaving the space after this question blank or saying, frankly: "I don't know." The next largest group—twenty-two per cent—chose Fascism. After that came Communism, greed of dictators, bad economic conditions, aggression, overpopulation and discontent. In selecting Fascism and Communism, many expressed belief that attendant disregard of the church and principles of Christianity is far more dangerous than other phases of these "isms."

"The arrogance of rulers has been a vital factor in war-making of the past, and history repeats itself," wrote several others, in effect.

Without exception, the men had an answer to this question, with twenty-three per cent choosing dictators as the most formidable menace to peace; seventeen per cent selecting Fascism, its principles as well as dangerous greed of dictators; ten per cent, propaganda; eight per cent, Communism; and the rest being fairly well divided in the choice of dictators, capitalism, overpopulation, upset economic conditions and "popular hysteria."

"All the 'isms' are dangerous," wrote another. "People should pay more attention to the blessings of democracy."

"Propaganda, carefully dished out by the Allies, led us into the last war. It will do it again if we are not careful," said a third, considering, particularly, America's position in the case of war

"ARE you interested, personally, in any of the outstanding social theories, such as Communism?"

To this inquiry, seventy-five per cent of the women and sixty-seven per cent of the men said no.

"No 'ism' but Americanism interests me!" said many of both sexes, emphatically.

"No! And it's too bad more people don't pay less attention to Communism and such and more to the principles of democracy!" said others.

Several were specific. "Neither Communism nor Fascism!" they said.

"No, I am an American!" announced one of the men, tersely.

Another thoughtful male star, taking a somewhat broader view of the ques-

tion, said: "Democracy is, in reality, an 'ism.' I am vitally interested in Democracy. The others, only academically."

The majority of both sexes who said yes to this question qualified their answers by saying they were interested in, but not in sympathy with, the two outstanding 'isms'—Fascism and Communism.

"I am interested! I believe that the more thoroughly grounded I am in knowledge of these social evils, the more easily I can combat them!" was one answer.

Another: "Yes, in the sense that from studying all social theories we may achieve a truer and happier democracy. I do not believe that ignorance is bliss!"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was the choice of forty-nine per cent of the women and fifty-five per cent of the men in answer to the query: "Whom do you consider the outstanding figure in world affairs today?"

Hitler was next, chosen by thirty-three per cent of the women and thirty-one per cent of the men. British Prime Minister Chamberlain was the selection of twelve and one-half per cent of both men and women. Mussolini was mentioned by many, but always jointly with Hitler. Henry Ford, Douglas Corrigan, Walter Winchell came in for a vote or two, each, from the women; Thomas Dewey and Charles Lindbergh were mentioned by the men.

"President Roosevelt because, while he has made mistakes, his combined idealism and ability are outstanding,"

said a feminine player.

"President Roosevelt because he is president of the United States—not because he is a great man," said several of the men.

Unanimously, Hitler was chosen, not because of personal greatness, but because of his unique position of power.

"I hate him, but I can't ignore him!" said one of the women who put him first in importance.

"Hitler and Mussolini because of their threats to democracy," said another.

The men seemed a little less resentful of the German *Fuehrer*, but equally inclined to rate him as a world menace.

"His attitude is similar to Napoleon's. He thinks he cannot be beaten," said one.

Choice of Chamberlain, without exception, was because of his contribution to world peace.

"He acted in the interests of his own country first, which was right. But he never forgot the welfare of the world," was one comment.

"I believe his ideal of peace at any price to be right. Nothing—no country's so-called 'territorial integrity' is worth the sacrifice of human life in war," was another.

The feminine star who voted for Winchell said, frankly: "I chose him because he is a great influence in my particular world—that of the stage and screen."

THE question put last by PHOTOPLAY was: "Do you go to church regularly? . . . Occasionally?"

To this fifty-nine per cent of the women said occasionally; twenty-two per cent regularly, and nineteen per cent not at all. The men's answers were: seventy-two per cent occasionally; fifteen per cent regularly and twelve per cent not at all.

"I only go occasionally, but my religion is always with me," remarked one woman star.

"Occasionally, yes," said a second. "But I should go oftener. Mentally, I do!"

"I have never thought much about religion, but the infrequent times I attend church, I get something out of it," admitted one of the men.

"Church every Sunday brings me a certain peace of mind, inexplicable but definite," asserted one young actress declaring regular attendance.

Another said: "I think if more people went to church regularly, the world would be a better place—just as I am a better woman—for so doing."

On the other hand: "No, I do not go to church! I used to, but found nothing that I wanted in any of them," declared a certain famous woman star. "I believe in God, though," she added, "and try to practice a religion of my own."

"Neither my wife nor I go to church anymore," admitted another, "because we have not gotten much from it. But we send our children to Sunday School so that they may know what religion is all about and pass upon its value, themselves."

Yes—Hollywood does think about other things besides the movies!

Film Folk I Have Known

(Continued from page 11)

had better check on our history, Mother. We are not really very sure that the stories we have told about the rooms are entirely correct." Then we had photographs taken, in which even some of my grandchildren picked out their favorite stars to stand by.

WHEN I was travelling to Los Angeles this spring, Louise Fazenda got up from the table in the dining car to come to speak to me. For a second I could not place her, for she is one of those who, off the stage, is more interested in her home and her child and seems to belong in that picture. I was particularly glad to see her again and on this trip I had my first real view of Hollywood and some of its studios.

For the first time I met Shirley Temple whose praises I had heard sung many times by Secretary Morgenthau and Postmaster General Farley. That young lady has a way with the gentlemen, whether she is on the stage or off, and I do not wonder, for she won her way to my heart immediately. She rehearsed a part with Jimmy Durante as she was told to do and then in a minute she was dashing down to sit beside me, asking: "How are Sistie and Buzzie?"

Her mother is, of course, to me a remarkable person, for the child is mature in certain ways, wise beyond her years and yet she hasn't lost the charm of childhood.

Shirley told me in Hollywood that she hoped to come East in the summer to see the President, so she turned up in Washington with her parents and everything stopped in the Treasury Department while the Secretary of the Treasury took them through the White House and through the Treasury. Then she came to New York and my grandchildren, who were staying with me, invited her to come to Hyde Park for a picnic.

Sometimes children are sharper critics of their own age than we elders, but she won her place that day as far as all the children were concerned. We had to have some pictures taken because her own company wanted them, and she accepted the fact that this was work, and must be done, even telling me how I should walk and where I should stop! When that was over, she let her mother go through the tedious performance of pinning up her curls and putting on a bandana. After that she was free to play with the children. My two hung outside the door while her hair was being arranged and it must have been tantalizing to have them ask every few minutes: "Aren't you ready, Shirley?" She never complained and when I asked her later if having to be so careful and take so much care of her hair was not rather trying, she said almost wistfully: "Yes, but my mommie does it so well."

I have an idea that whatever she does, she is always going to be a leader and if I were asked to pick out the thing which is to me most characteristic about her, I think it would be her walk. As the children all came trooping toward us from the house, she was in the lead and she remained there all the rest of the day. She was as good as any of them at devising games to play. She had a grand time I think and was quite oblivious of the fact that everybody who could possibly make up an errand to come to that picnic, came. We suddenly discovered that instead of having rather scant service, we could have the whole neighborhood waiting on us that day. Our three colored maids were supplemented by all of our neighbors and, when the picnic was over, I had one or two messages to the effect that if they had known that Shirley Temple was there, many people would have come miles to see her.

That is where her mother is clever, for she never allows anyone to make a fuss over Shirley and she expects complete obedience; yet she left her free to have a good time.

Ann Gillis, who lunched with us last winter, was too shy to say anything in the White House, but Tommy Kelly, aged twelve, found himself seated beside an army officer who took the trouble to discover that Tommy did not care so much about his acting as he did about all the mechanics of the movies and together they talked machinery all through luncheon.

Long before I came to Washington many and many an artist in the various fields of art had sat at our table and showed us his work and, strange to say, my interest is just as great in the young things struggling to begin an artistic career along any line as it is in the men and women at the top. It is such a gamble when they start out. Will they have the spark which makes them great or not? If they have, all the hardship which goes before will be worthwhile to them and to those who sensed their ability when they were young and gave them a helping hand. I often think what a thrill it must be to those people who bought the first Van Goghs. They had to have so much confidence in their own judgment and to find it vindicated today by the world must give them rather a triumphant feeling. So it must be to anyone who discovers a genius in any of the arts.

It is said that all artists are hard to live with because of their temperaments and this may be so, but I know nothing pleasanter or more interesting than a chance to be in a mixed group of people whose interests center in the stage or in the wider field of some sort of artistic expression. I like them one and all and I am even willing to put up with a certain amount of temperament.



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Romantic Recluse

(Continued from page 13)

parts of spectacular, adventurous men. And as he is a free lance, which means that he, himself, chooses the stories he wants to make for the screen, it is fairly obvious that he deliberately chooses to play exhibitionistic characters.

This is, Mr. Colman agrees, a point well taken. He said, "Perhaps the contradiction can be further explained by my admitting that if ever I am called upon to make a speech at some affair which I am attending in a private capacity, I am sunk, miserably self-conscious, regrettably inadequate. If, on the other hand, a script calls for me to do a scene in which I must stand up and harangue a thousand extras, I can harangue away for hours and think nothing of it. Which simply means, I think, that as an actor I am neither inhibited nor self-conscious; whereas, in my own capacity as a man, I am both.

"I am not much of a hand at analyzing myself. But I have heard of 'split personalities.' Perhaps, in my case, the split comes between my screen self and my real self. I have never thought of this before but it now occurs to me that I may have become an actor so that I could pretend to be the kind of a fellow I cannot be in real life.

"To try to explain why the sword-swallowing hero I like to play on the screen is so different from my unexciting self is, for me, a task almost too difficult to attempt. 'I' is a subject about which I know very little. I am not given to introspection. The majority of my interests, apart from my work, are active interests such as tennis, gardening, sailing. Which indicates, if I understand correctly my cursory readings of psychology, that I would be classified as an extrovert.

"My way of living, then," concluded Mr. Colman, "probably does date back to my childhood. Certainly I learned, very early in life, that to make myself as unobtrusive as possible was to make myself as popular as possible."

BORN in Richmond, County of Surrey, England, Ronald Colman was the fifth child in a family of six children. Now a fifth child does not occupy any particular spotlight in the family circle unless he is in some way exceptional, which, Ronald insists, he was not.

Of the six young Colmans the first-born, a boy, died before Ronald was born. There were two sisters, Gladys and Edith, girls in their teens when Ronald was in the nursery. Next to the sisters in age came Eric; four years later Ronald was born. So that, just at the age when the small Ronald was beginning to feel the shape of his own individuality, the sisters were at the ages when their beaux and activities demanded—and got—the major portion of their parents' attention.

A small boy is never considered an asset by sisters in their teens and Ronald was no exception to this rule. Moreover, Eric's four years seniority placed him in a position of overlordship to the smaller brother, while Frieda, born when Ronald was three years old and destined to creep into his heart and affections as his best friend and constant companion, was, at first, just another reason for a small boy to be as quiet and out-of-the-wayish as possible.

It is obvious, then, that the family setup could not have contributed very much to the boy's sense of self-importance.

Charles Colman, the father and very much the head of his family, was of the

old school which holds that children should be "seen but not heard." Ronald, as a small boy, was devoted to his father, but, admittedly, a little frightened of him.

Marjorie Colman, whose maiden name was Fraser, was, as mothers usually are, softer, more yielding than the father. Such confidences as the naturally reticent boy gave to anyone he gave to her. But the family was large and the differences in the ages of the children made too many demands upon the mother for her to be able to concentrate for any length of time on any one of her brood.

Ronald does not seem to recall feeling any lack in his life because of the impersonal bustle of the household. He was, if anything, vaguely grateful for it. He preferred to be alone. He liked to keep his thoughts to himself. He even insisted upon saying his bedtime prayers to himself, feeling very silly indeed when a nurse or one of his sisters or even his mother came in to overhear his devotions. So, from infancy, we discover, he guarded his privacy as a precious and inviolable possession.

Once every month Charles Colman took one of his sons up to London with him to visit his offices in that city. One

reected. And I was ungallantly displeased when I was told that the muffins and tea must be passed to Frieda first 'because she is a girl.'

"So, you see, I benefited greatly by my trips to Father's offices where I heard talk of ships coming in from the Straits Settlements, from India, China, Japan. I liked the smell and color of what I heard. I am sure that my nostalgia for travel was born as I listened to that talk of ships and things . . . I assured my Father that I would be in his business when I grew up. 'But not,' I told him, 'in the London offices. I will be in command of one of the ships coming in from the Orient. . . .'

"I saw my first motion picture with my father, too. It was my eleventh birthday, I remember, and Father took me to the old Earls Court Exhibition. It was a catchpenny show, with bands, whirligigs, fortune tellers—a very dreamland of noise and excitement and innocent baits for suckers. I loved it. And here again my childhood 'conditions' my maturity. For I have never outgrown my passion for amusement parks. Whenever Noel Coward is in Hollywood we always give one evening to the Venice Pier at Santa Monica, where, Noel sharing my enthusiasm, we

advised her to stay away from them!"

In the mind of the grown man those early days in Richmond blend into a comfortable pattern of days spent in the garden with Frieda where they shared such projects as rearing expanding families of guinea pigs, making rabbit hutches, digging holes in the earth in the belief that they would reach China.

SMALL Ronald, done up in his father's waistcoat and silk hat, enjoyed playing doctor to the various pets. He listened to their heartbeats through long and porous milkweeds which imagination easily transformed into stethoscopes; took temperatures with a glass pendant from a windbell which, without any mental strain at all, became a clinical thermometer. . . .

"Quite frequently an animal masticated the thermometer," chuckles Mr. Colman, "whereupon the 'doctor' became a skilled mortician!"

"Of course I went through all the normal phases of wanting to be a caddy, a fireman on a train, a captain of a cargo ship when I grew up. Frieda and I agreed that it would be pretty fine to see me sitting up there above the heads of my fares, cracking a whip and wearing a battered topper. I also hoped to become a fireman on a train. I was thrilled whenever I saw an engine roar past me in the night, the fires stoked by a stalwart, half-naked man who bent and rose again in the flames as he fed the gigantic bowels of the monster. I felt a very little, colorless person by comparison. Even then, you see, I 'admired' to be a man of venturesome, violent action."

Yes, it was certainly a comfortable, rather commonplace childhood that the small Ronald led in the bosom of that busy family life, on the bosom of the rich-earthed countryside. And it was the kind of a life which, in no sense, prepared him for the Hollywood life, the Hollywood ways.

The family lived well, but carefully. The girls had their "best dresses," the little boys had "Sunday suits" and were taught to keep them carefully brushed and hung away against "special occasions."

"We always had plenty of everything but we were aware that there were limitations. We had plenty of playthings, for instance, but few duplicates. So that when Eric had a bike he had to share it with me and when I had a cricket bat I had to let him have his turn at it. We learned to share and share alike as a matter of course. Which rather gave us the idea that one fellow is not supposed to have more than the other fellow.

"But that they were happy years, those early years, of this I am sure. Because we never thought about whether we were happy or not. It is only when we are unhappy that we give any thought to it."

CHARLES COLMAN died when Ronald was sixteen. His going was not only a deep personal grief to each member of his family, but added to the grief was a complete upheaval of the familiar way of living. For the father's death considerably reduced the family circumstances.

Ronald was recalled from the Hadelgh School of Littlehampton, Sussex, which he had been attending. And there was no further talk of preparing him for Cambridge or Oxford.

"WHO'S BEHIND THE GLASSES?"

Answers to the Photoplay guessing game on pages 26 and 27 are:

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Una Merkel | 11. Carole Lombard |
| 2. Ronald Colman | 12. Joan Bennett |
| 3. Spencer Tracy | 13. Joan Crawford |
| 4. Gary Cooper | 14. Barbara Stanwyck |
| 5. Robert Montgomery | 15. Warner Baxter |
| 6. Merle Oberon | 16. Ginger Rogers |
| 7. Virginia Bruce | 17. Ann Sothorn |
| 8. Deanna Durbin | 18. Cary Grant |
| 9. George Brent | 19. Tim Holt, Jr. |
| 10. Mary Astor | 20. Clark Gable |
| 21. Irene Hervey | |

month Eric would go with his father, the next month it would be Ronald's turn. The object of these pilgrimages was the father's desire to implant an interest in his business in one, or both, of his sons.

The elder Colman was an importer of silks from the Orient. And the business was thriving enough to supply the family with all of the comforts of living, a few of the luxuries.

"I enjoyed those trips to Father's offices tremendously," Mr. Colman remembers. "They stimulated my imagination as nothing else did. And my imagination needed stimulating, for I was not a very imaginative child. I didn't care to read fairy tales. I didn't believe in fairies or, indeed, in anything I couldn't see, touch, hear or taste.

"I remember being told by my nurse that a certain house in our neighborhood was 'haunted' and my reply was a matter-of-fact, 'Nonsense, it just needs a coat of paint!' I had none of the dreams by day or nightmares by night which delight or terrify the highly-strung child.

"Nursery tea was, I am afraid, the high spot of my day. Toward buns and tea and jam were all my dreams di-

'do' the merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, ferris wheels and so on.

"But those years ago at Earls Court Father and I came upon an attraction which was new, at any rate to me. Over a cavernous entrance we saw a sign which read: *Animated Pictures*. What, I thought, were *they*?

"We paid our admissions and went into an inky-black pit. Directly before my dilated eyes an express train was running out of the tunnel and heading straight for the bench upon which father and I were seated. The sensation it gave me of narrowly escaping a violent death did not seem to me to come under the heading of amusement. Father laughed when, safely out in the open air again, I told him what I thought of this divertissement. Then he said, 'This invention has a future, son, watch it. It is going to make the fortunes of a great many people.'

"Why I remember those words so exactly all these years later I can't say. Because at the time they seemed to me to be pretty silly. If that invention was going to make money for people, I thought, I would not be among them. When we got home I told Frieda about 'the pictures that move,' and earnestly

"Leaving school was no great blow to me," Mr. Colman told me, "although I liked school well enough. I liked it because I felt a certain self-confidence when I was in the schoolroom. It is the same kind of confidence I feel now when I am on a sound stage in a studio. On the sound stage I am not Ronald Colman, I am an actor with a job to do. In the schoolroom I was not Ronnie Colman, either, I was a scholar with a job to do. When I can sink my personal identity in work, I am always well content. But I had made no close friends at Hadleigh—in fact, up to this point in my life, Frieda and I were 'all the friends' either of us had—there was no Damon to my Pythias at an age when such friendships are most often formed—and so I left the school without an emotional wrench, since the ties of the mind break less painfully than those of the heart.

"Soon after my father's death, we removed to the outskirts of London and I began the job of job-hunting in the city. I was completely lacking in aggression. I was one of those unfortunate people born without a conspicuous vocation. I didn't know what I wanted to do or to be. I was willing to do the first thing that turned up. In fact, that is what I did do. For, while I was waiting for one of my applications for a clerkship to be answered, I ran into a chap I knew who asked me how I'd like to do some amateur acting. He explained that I might get a chance in some of the plays being produced by the Bancroft Professional Club or the Wyndham Stage Society. These clubs were the vogue in London at that time. A group of would-be actors engaged the services of a professional director, the director coached the amateur actors and the plays were put in for short runs at such theaters as were available.

"I thought it might be 'fun' to act. So I played juvenile rôles, atrociously, I am sure, in such pieces as 'Charley's Aunt,' 'The Admirable Crichton,' 'The Private Secretary' and others. It was

amusing. But I had not the slightest idea of becoming an actor. There was in my mind an instinctive barrier against such an idea. I think my father would have hated it had he known.

"I went to the theater quite often in those days, too. And I suppose that the great personalities of the London stage then, Mr. Lewis Waller, Charles Wyndham, Forbes-Robertson especially, influenced me more than I realized. But it never occurred to my conscious mind that I had anything in common with their world. Any more than, looking through a telescope, I thought I had anything in common with the workings of the zodiac."

IN course of time, one of Ronald's applications was accepted and he became an office boy for the Britain Steamship Company at a salary of half a pound a week, some two dollars and fifty cents in our money. He was then seventeen years old. There followed three "inexpressibly dreary years" during which time he worked his way up to the post of junior accountant. This rise in the world was made manifest by his enthronement upon an ancient three-legged stool placed before an old black desk. And by raises in salary which, after three years, gave him twelve and one-half dollars a week. He says now, "My demands on life must have been very modest, for I remember thinking that it was all deadly monotonous work but that otherwise I was doing very well."

DURING this time the young man continued to play in amateur theatricals for the Bancroft Dramatic Club and undoubtedly his escape into the world of make-believing made his office work endurable. He found other escapes, too. He began to read in real earnest, and hungrily. He read Shakespeare and the vigor and vitality of the bard came through to him, quickening his blood, giving him an awareness he had not had before. He read Scott, Bulwer-

Lytton, novels, biographies, the odes of Keats, the sonnets of Shelley and discovered a rich, abundant life. He extended his interests and activities in other ways, too. He enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, an organization similar to the National Guard in the United States. And in the regiment, for the first time in his life, he made friends of his own age.

"I was shy with girls until I was past sixteen," the man whom Hollywood has called a "woman-hater" will tell you. "But when I became an office boy, I discovered that it was more comfortable to do as the Romans did, to be one of the fellows. And, to be one of the fellows, a chap had to talk about girls and dates and necking parties. To this end I went to a few subscription dances given in and around London, accepted a few invitations to dances in the homes of girls I met. Now and again I took a girl to dinner and the theater. The chief profit and pleasure I derived from these excursions, I must ungallantly admit, is that it gave me the right to talk like the other fellows."

But the adolescent heart of the young Colman was, save for the brief brushing of a dream, left untouched. He did become enamoured of a girl who lived in his flat building. She was blond and blue-eyed and not much more than a child. And he never got past the stage of silent adoration so that she is no more than a picture framed in his mind. But, as a picture, she remains unfaded.

At the age when he might have been romancing, going about socially, he was at first too shy, then too short of funds; then, just as he had begun to overcome these drawbacks—the War came.

Ronald Colman was one of the first to enlist. War strengthened a conviction this sensitive man had held from early childhood; launched him on a career that changed his whole life. The fascinating story of his early theatrical days, his first efforts in pictures, his marriage—

February PHOTOPLAY

Howard Sharpe, who has created for PHOTOPLAY its magnificent biographies of Sonja Henie, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Margaret Sullavan, now tackles one of the most unusual men in Hollywood—Melvyn Douglas—whose life story in complete detail, with exclusive pictures, begins next month

Lindbergh's Movie Contract

(Continued from page 61)

close friends. We flew together, he stayed overnight at my army quarters and, later, we were to plan, with the help of a map spread on the floor of my living room, the first transcontinental air passenger line across the United States.

"Slim's" advisors knew of our friendship; knew, too, that at that time he had more confidence in the judgment of a fellow flier than in that of anyone else.

Accordingly, they summoned me to New York from Montgomery, Alabama, where I was on maneuvers with the First Pursuit Group.

They wanted me to try to talk him out of "this movie idea."

I flew to New York and talked with "Slim." But his advisors had overestimated my influence; underestimated Lindbergh's tenacity. He was not to be dissuaded.

He did permit me to accompany him on his visits to Mr. Hearst's apartments on Riverside Drive, where he was holding conferences with Mr. Hearst and members of M-G-M who were submitting the plans of the forthcoming pic-

ture for flyer Lindbergh's approval.

Before this, he had allowed no one to go with him to these conferences. I was asked by Colonel Breckinridge and Harry Guggenheim, Lindbergh's two closest friends, to note what occurred at these meetings and to dictate a report to a stenographer in Colonel Breckinridge's office as soon as they were over.

This went on for a fortnight. During all that time, we were trying to persuade Lindbergh to give up the contract.

He refused.

MANY prominent men in New York brought their influence to bear. Among them were Daniel Guggenheim, father of Harry Guggenheim, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then managing editor of the *New York World*.

I think "Slim" was most swayed by the arguments of Daniel Guggenheim. In any event, at one of the conferences, Mr. Hearst seemed to sense a change of heart on Lindbergh's part. He was not unaware of the objections of "Slim's" friends. He asked Lindbergh, plainly, if

he still wished to go through with the contract.

Lindbergh's hesitation revealed that he was no longer sure he wanted to make a picture.

Mr. Hearst asked no more questions. He did something, then, for which I have always admired him. He brought out the contract and tore it up in Lindbergh's presence.

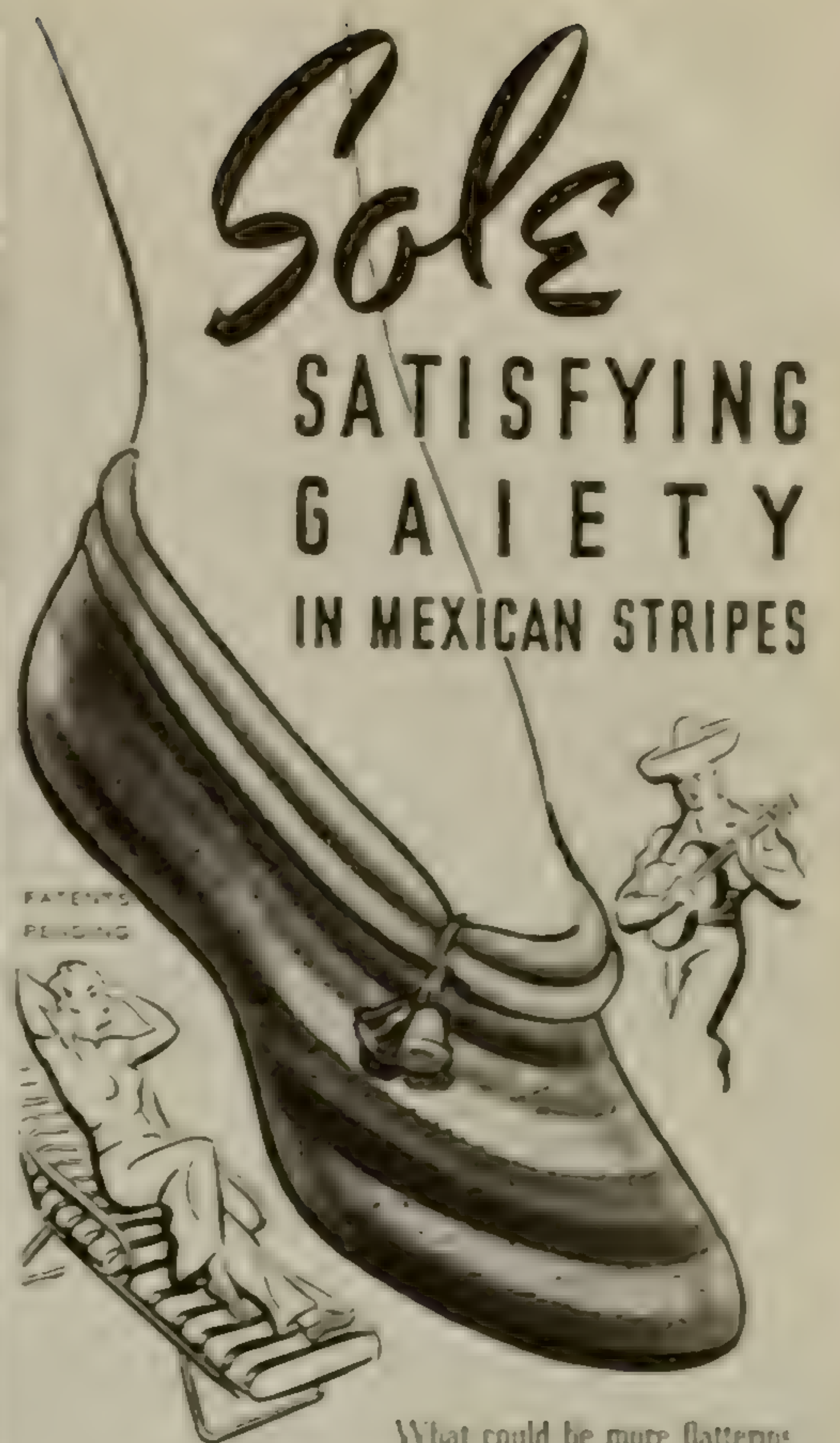
"You are as much of a hero to me," he told "Slim," "as to anyone else in the world. If you and your friends feel that making a picture will interfere with your career in aviation, then I want you to know that I will be the last man to stand in your way."

Had that picture been made. . . .

Well, speculation is intriguing. Many things that lay ahead of Lindbergh might have happened differently.

And, undoubtedly, Hollywood would have produced one of the greatest pictures of all times.

About those things, I don't know. This is, after all, the story of how one of the most ambitious movies of all times, starring America's hero, Charles Lindbergh, was not made.



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Shirley Temple's Last Letter to Santa

(Continued from page 9)

was pall-barer. So please let me have another Jimmy.

And I would like to have:

1 pr dungaries (blue)

1 shirt (blue and red check like Bill's the cowboy at Hillsdale ranch)

1 pr 6-shooters.

That is to wear when I ride the pony Mr. Schenk gave me. (We play G-men of the West. The pony is awful smart.)

And if it's not asking to much I certainly would like the wardrobe that goes with Lottie. I bought Lottie myself last week with money I saved up. But when I went to the store after her the clerk said—This doll's clothes are extra. And I did not have enough. They are on the 4th floor so you will know and they are in a big hatbox marked My Dates. She has a dress for every day in the week. A blue one with a brown fur jacket (my favorite) and a red snow suit.

LAST year I went to that store to see a man who said he was you. But I told mother He is not the real Santa because he said—Well, Shirley I see all your pictures—and I know you cannot do that up at the North Pole. But mother said He is a stand-in for Santa. I guess you have a lot of stand-ins.

We had a swell time last Christmas. I went to the Assistance League the day before and they let me help push the wagons and fill the baskets. Then we went home to supper but I could not eat

much. We always have the Tree on Christmas Eve. A big green one (I do not like the white they smell so funny) with electric candles and balls on it. My dad puts it on a turn-table which plays Silent Night. Only it did not work last year. The tree was too heavy.

Did you see the Star of Bethlehem lit up on the pine tree outside? Sonny put that up. He nearly fell.

We never open presents before Christmas morning but one kind of opened itself up. There was a terrible scream in the kitchen and we all ran out and sitting right on the floor in a cage was a big red macaw. Somebody had brought him for me around by the back and he had pecked through his paper covering. He was screaming at Elizabeth May (she is our cook) and Elizabeth May was screaming right back at him with a broom. My brother Jack said Haha and the macaw said Ha ha to and everybody laughed.

Once I got a very nice cow for Christmas. It was from the children of Tillamook where the cheese comes from. The Xpressman brought it to the studio and mother said My goodness where are we going to keep it? We tied it to the little fence outside my bungalow but it ate all the tops off the flowers and the studio gardener was pretty mad. I wanted to take it home it was so beautiful, only we lived in the house on 19 St in Santa Monica then and when we phoned dad

about it he said Well it is a case of keeping the cow or the car. We have not room for both! So a milk farm man came and got it. It has little cows now.

Every Christmas morning when I was a little girl mother woke me with sleigh bells. Now she lets me ring them. My dad says 5 is too early so I wait till 6. We all go in the room together where the family presents are (The other presents are downstairs). Granny gave me a green sweater she knitted herself last year. And there was the nicest kitchen store from You with tiny jars and little potatoes and lemons and everything for my playhouse. I am just learning to knit. I made my dad a tie but he has not worn it yet. He says he is saving it.

I LOVE Christmas dinner. Sometimes Elizabeth May lets me help. I can not cook much except biscuits. I make those on my little stove out in the playhouse. I did when Miss Carrie Jacobs Bond came to tea last Monday. (She is coming to visit me on the set of The Little Princess to.

But Santa when I was washing my dishes afterwards my dog Rowdy jumped up and broke three cups and the tea pot cover. I would like very much to have another tea set if it is not too much trouble. There is a very pretty one (blue with yellow flowers) on the 4th floor of that store I told you about. And in case your not in a hurry

could you just sort of look over the new Wizard of Oz book? And some of the Ranger series?

Mother says Christmas is a family day so we do not go out. We play and open presents and it is the Best day of the year. But the next day Mary Lou and my friends come over. We make Christmas last the whole week! In the evening my dad drives us around to see all the trees lit up outdoors and they are so beautiful. One house in Beverly Hills has studio snow piled all over the yard and reindeer in front. Some time I would like to see real snow on Christmas.

Did you see our wreath? A lumber Jack man up north made it for me with my name on it. It must have been hard because holly pricks. People are awful good. So are you. Please give all my friends (like the cripple boy in Spokane and the lady from DeTroit who writes me every week) extra presents. Thank you Santa.

Love,

Shirley Temple.

P. S. Mother says Please do not bring any more rabbits. I got two darling Chinese ones last year and when we came back from Honolulu there were 45.

Corrigan Lands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 60)

been Douglas Corrigan ever since then.

He saw Doug Fairbanks once. In the depot at San Antonio. He was standing on the back platform of a train, famous smile and all. There was a crowd around him and everybody asking for his autograph, and everybody proud as could be that he could stand there and look at a real live movie star.

Doug managed to get up onto that back platform with his bundle of papers. And when he got up there, he couldn't think of anything to say, couldn't think of anything to do except offer the great man a paper.

Doug Fairbanks took the paper and gave Doug Corrigan a dime and a friendly smile. The boy treasured that dime for years.

WHEN his mother announced she was going to take the family to Los Angeles, Doug's heart beat so fast it almost choked him. Maybe he'd see Doug Fairbanks again. Maybe he'd see a lot of other movie stars. Maybe—maybe someday—oh, just maybe—he'd get a job in the movies, might get a chance to play in a picture with Doug.

He had to forget about being a movie actor though, because his mother grew too weak to run a roominghouse and Doug had to be the breadwinner of the family. He got a job at \$8 a week, washing apricots and beans and bottles, and in a few years he had run his salary up to \$25 a week.

He had to keep on working after his mother died. He had to take care of his brother and sister.

He couldn't afford to wait around the movie lots until some casting director saw him and put him in a picture. He had to get meat and potatoes and bread and milk for those dependent on him.

He got a job in a lumber yard and gave it up to work in the building line.

He was a bookkeeper, a timekeeper, a storekeeper, a rough carpenter and an errand boy, all in one for a time. And then he learned to fly.

His brother and sister grew up and married. Doug had no one to support now but himself. And that was an easy task. He had learned to live on very little money. He had grown used to eating only one meal a day, supper. That seldom cost him more than twenty cents, or possibly a quarter. He didn't have to buy fancy clothes, for all he needed in his business was a pair of pants, a shirt or two, a pair of shoes—and maybe a leather jacket.

He seldom saw a movie. He had no time. He seldom spoke to a girl. He had no time for girls. And he had always been shy with them, always a little afraid of them.

Of course, Doug had his romances. But they never amounted to anything—except to make him despondent and a little bit shyer than he was before. There were girls he liked—maybe not at first, but certainly after looking at them day after day, and dreaming about them night after night, and thinking about them when he wasn't absorbed in building or flying planes.

There were girls, all blonde and pretty and petite, but they always got away from him. Doug couldn't tell a girl he liked her. He might feel it deep down within him, but he couldn't bring the feeling to the surface where the girl could see it.

Yet maybe it was his fate to be a movie star and thrill the millions of girls he never had a chance to see. Who can say no?

He attained fame in one hop. Overnight he became a universal hero—and told the world he wasn't a hero, only a misdirected aviator. Nobody believed him and everybody saw something rare

in him: shyness, faith, diffidence. And everybody saw humor in him and genuine courage.

How could he help go into the movies? The public demanded him.

He tried to avoid his fate, but he couldn't. He declared he would sign no moving-picture contract. But moving-picture people gave him no rest until he signed on the dotted line.

HE agreed that RKO might make a picture out of the story of his life. He half agreed—and with what reluctance—to play a part in that picture. But, in that case, he insisted; he wasn't to be forced to kiss any girl for the screen.

"But wait until you see the girl we'll put in your picture," a producer said. "You'll change your mind then."

Doug shook his head and grinned.

That gave the producer a shock.

"You mean to tell me you wouldn't kiss a pretty girl, just for a picture?"

Doug pointed out that he didn't kiss girls in real life and that if he kissed them on the screen the picture would be untrue.

"Imagine," a bystander groaned, "he wouldn't even kiss a girl for money. Big money!"

Doug laughed and blushed a little. Yes, he blushes. But he was still adamant. He didn't want to kiss any girl for the amusement of the public. And, if he did—and sometimes a fellow will—he didn't want a nickel for it. It didn't seem right to take money for that sort of thing, even if it was only acting.

To make matters certain, to insure himself against the possibility of being drawn into any screen embrace against his will, Doug had a clause inserted in his contract, a paragraph stating he didn't have to make love to anyone during the picture or for the picture.

He signed up with RKO for one film.

But you know how Hollywood is. Once a fellow gets into a picture, once he realizes he's an actor, it's hard to turn him back into what he was. So, it's possible, if not probable, that Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan will wind up, not as the president of an aviation company, like Lindbergh, but as a movie star.

And it's possible, and probable too, that thousands of girls will be writing to him and asking him to send them his photograph and waiting for his next release.

Corrigan, as a lot of writers have pointed out, is unpredictable. So is his future.

Right now, Doug intends to finish the film and get some sort of aviation job.

But moving-picture officials have discovered that he screens remarkably well and that he is extremely popular not only in the United States but all over the world. They have listened carefully to the impromptu speeches.

During his tour across the country, Doug had to talk two or three times a day. He earned the reputation of being a natural wit. And the movie producers liked his voice and his manner of talking.

"He's a natural for the movies," they insisted.

Maybe they can sell Doug that idea, as they sold him the idea of taking a part in this picture. Maybe they can't.

I know half a dozen men, older and younger than Doug Corrigan, who would give their right eyes, if they had to, for the chance RKO is giving him. So do you. Maybe you know a hundred, or a thousand.

Nobody knows what Doug will do or won't do. But wait until he's a little better adjusted to Hollywood. Then you can judge more accurately which way "Wrong Way" will fly.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff and John Wexley. From a story by Rowland Brown. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: Rocky Sullivan, James Cagney; Jerry Connelly, Pat O'Brien; Fraser, Humphrey Bogart; Laury Ferguson, Ann Sheridan; Crab, Huntz Hall; Pasty, Gabriel Dell; Hunkey, Bernard Punsley; Soapy, Billy Halop; Swing, Bobby Jordan; Bim, Leo Gorcey; McKeefer, George Bancroft; Steve, Ed Pawley; Soapy's Mother, Vera Lewis; Maggione Boy, Eddie Syracuse; Detective, Jack Mower; Detective, Lee Phelps; and the Boys' Choir of St. Brendan's Church.

"ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse and Ken Englund. Original story by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: Buck Boswell, Jack Benny; Patricia Harper, Joan Bennett; Mrs. Isabel Chaney, Mary Boland; James Harper, Charles Grapewin; Chickie, Joyce Compton; Swiftly, Dopey, Jimmy, Kelly, The Yacht Club Boys; Eliot Winthrop, G. P. Huntley; Punkins, Punkins Parker; Becky, Sheila Darcy; Red, Yvonne Duval; Miss America, Gwen Kenyon; Jersey, Joyce Mathews; Dottie, Dolores Casey; Kansas, Marie DeForrest; Madame Brissard, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; Brissard, Andre Cheron; Cobby, Louis Mercier; Porter, Louis Van den Ecker; Grocery Boy, Charles de Ravenne; Waiter, Joseph Romantini.

"BLONDIE"—COLUMBIA.—Based on the characters created by Chic Young in the comic strip of the same name. Original screen play by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Frank Strayer. The Cast: Blondie, Penny Singleton; Dagwood, Arthur Lake; Dot, Dorothy Moore; Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms; Alvin, Danny Mummert; Chester, Gordon Oliver; Blondie's Mother, Kathleen Lockhart; Hazlip, Gene Lockhart; Elsie, Ann Doran.

"BROTHER RAT"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. From the play by John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: Joyce Winfree, Priscilla Lane; Billy Randolph, Wayne Morris; A. Furman Townsend, Jr., Johnnie Davis; Kate Rice, Jane Bryan; "Bing" Edwards, Eddie Albert; Dan Crawford, Ronald Reagan; Claire Adams, Jane Wymann; Jenny, Louise Beavers; Colonel Ramm, Henry O'Neill; Captain "Lace-drawers" Rogers, Gordon Oliver; Harley Harrington, Larry Williams; Misto Bottom, William Tracey; Mrs. Brooks, Jessie Busley; Slim, Olin Howland; Nurse, Isabel Withers.

"CITADEL, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead and Elizabeth Hill. Novel by A. J. Cronin. Directed by King Vidor. The Cast: Andrew, Robert Donat; Christine, Rosalind Russell; Denny, Ralph Richardson; Dr. Lawrence, Rex Harrison; Owen, Emlyn Williams; Topsy LeRoy, Penelope Dudley Ward; Ben Chenkin, Francis Sullivan; Mrs. Orlando, Mary Clare; Charles Every, Cecil Parker; Mrs. Thornton, Nora Swinburne; Joe Morgan, Edward Chapman; Lady Raebank, Athene Seyler; Mr. Boon, Felix Aylmer; Nurse Sharp, Joyce Bland; Mr. Stillman, Percy Parsons; Mrs. Page, Dilys Davis; Doctor Page, Basil Gill; Dr. A. H. Llewellyn, Joss Ambler.

"FIVE OF A KIND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. The Cast: The Dionne Quintuplets, Themselves; Dr. John Luke, Jean Hersholt; Christine Nelson, Claire Trevor; Duke Lester, Cesar Romero; Jim Ogden, Slim Summerville; Dr. Scott Williams, Henry Wilcoxon; Libby Long, Inez Courtney; Asa Wyatt, John Qualen; Mrs. Waldron, Jane Darwell; Eleanor Kingsley, Pauline Moore; Dickie, John Russell; Dr. Bruno, Andrew Tombes; Sir Basil Crawford, David Torrence; Nurse Corday, Marion Byron; Andrew Gordon, Hamilton MacFadden; Rev. Matthew Brand, Spencer Charters; Editor Crane, Charles D. Brown.

"GREAT WALTZ, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Walter Reisch. Original story by Gottfried Reinhardt. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The Cast: Poldi Vogelhuter, Luise Rainer; Johann Strauss, Fernand Gravet; Carla Donner, Miliza Korjus; Hofbauer, Hugh Herbert; Count Hohenfried, Lionel Atwill; Kienel, Curt Bois; Dodelman, Leonid Kinsky; Cellist, Al Shean; Mrs. Hofbauer, Minna Gombell; Schiller, George Houston; Vogelhuter, Bert Roach; Mrs. Vogelhuter, Greta Meyer; Dommayer, Herman Bing; Mrs. Strauss, Alma Kruger; Franz Josef, Henry Hull; Wertheimer, Sig Rumann; Coachman, Christian Rub.

"HARD TO GET"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macaulay. From an original story by Wally Klein and Joseph Schrank. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: Bill, Dick Powell; Margaret, Olivia de Havilland; Ben Richards, Charles Winninger; Roscoe, Allen Jenkins; Case, Melville Cooper; Connie, Bonita Granville; Mrs. Richards, Isabel Jeans; Stanley Potter, Grady Sutton; Alwater, Thurston Hall; Burke, John Ridgely; Hattie, Penny Singleton; Judge Harkness, Granville Bates; Shaff, Jack Mower.

"INSIDE STORY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Based on a story by Ben Ames Williams. Directed by Ricardo Cortez. The Cast: Barney Callahan, Michael Whalen; June White, Jean Rogers; Snapper Doodan, Chick Chandler; Gus Brawley, Douglas Fowley; Paul Randall, John King; Aunt Mary Perkins, Jane Darwell; Eunice, June Gale; Uncle Ben Perkins, Spencer Charters; Whitey, Theodore von Eltz; Collins, Cliff Clark; J. B. Douglas, Charles D. Brown; District Attorney, Charles Lane; Flora, Jan Duggan; Dora, Louise Carter; Hopkins, Bert Roach.

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ethel Hill, J. P. McEvoy and Darrell Ware. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: Penny, Shirley Temple; Jeff Hale, Charles Farrell; Killy, Joan Davis; Lola, Amanda Duff; Corporal Jones, Bill Robinson; Gus, Bert Lahr; Walters, Franklin Pangborn; Aunt Julia Ramsby, Cora Witherspoon; Samuel G. Henshaw, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; Milton Ramsby, Bennie Bartlett; Reporter, Hal K. Dawson; Candid Cameraman, Charles Williams; French Tutor, Eddy Conrad; Henshaw's Assistants, Tony Hughes and Orville Caldwell; Gwendolyn, Marilyn Knowlden.

"LISTEN, DARLING"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Elaine Ryan and Anne Morrison Chapin. Story by Katherine Brush. Director, Edwin L.

Marin. The Cast: "Pinkie" Wingate, Judy Garland; "Buzz" Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; Dottie Wingate, Mary Astor; Richard Thurlo, Walter Pidgeon; J. J. Slattery, Alan Hale; Billie Wingate, Scotty Beckett; Abercrombie, Barnett Parker; Mr. Drubbs, Gene Lockhart; Uncle Joe, Charley Grapewin.

"MAD MISS MANTON, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Philip G. Epstein. Story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Leigh Jason. The Cast: Melsa Manton, Barbara Stanwyck; Peter Ames, Henry Fonda; Lieut. Brent, Sam Levine; Helen Frayne, Frances Mercer; Edward Norris, Stanley Ridges; Pat James, Whitney Bourne; Kit Beverly, Vicki Lester; Lee Wilson, Ann Evers; Dora Fenton, Catherine O'Quinn; Myra Frost, Linda Terry; Jane, Eleanor Hansen; Hilda, Hattie McDaniels; Sullivan, James Burke; Bal Regan, Paul Guilfoyle; Frances Giesk, Penny Singleton; Sheila Lane, Leona Maricle; Gloria Hamilton, Kay Sutton; Mr. Thomas, Miles Mander; Subway Watchman, John Qualen; D. A.'s Secretary, Grady Sutton; Mr. X, Olin Howland.

"MEN WITH WINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Robert Carson. Directed by William A. Wellman. The Cast: Pat Falconer, Fred MacMurray; Scott Barnes, Ray Milland; Peggy Ranson, Louise Campbell; Joe Gibbs, Andy Devine; Hank Rinebow, Lynne Overman; Hiram F. Jenkins, Porter Hall; Nick Ranson, Walter Abel; Martha Ranson, Kitty Kelly; J. A. Nolan, James Burke; Peggy Ranson (8 yrs.), Virginia Weidler; Pat Falconer (10 yrs.), Donald O'Connor; Scott Barnes (10 yrs.), Billy Cook; Colonel Hadley, Willard Robertson; Mrs. Hill, Dorothy Tennant.

"SERVICE DE LUXE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass, Gertrude Purcell and Bruce Manning. Story idea by Vera Caspary. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: Helen Murphy, Constance Bennett; Bob Wade, Vincent Price; Robinson, Charlie Ruggles; Pearl, Helen Broderick; Audrey, Joy Hodges; Bebenko, Mischa Auer.

"STORM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Daniel Moore, Hugh King and Theodore Reeves. Directed by Harold King. The Cast: Bob Roberts, Charles Bickford; Jack Stacey, Preston Foster; Captain Cogswell, Barton MacLane; Jim Roberts, Tom Brown; Peggy Phillips, Nan Grey; Third Mate Hansen, Andy Devine; Peter Carey, Frank Jenks; Captain Kenny, Samuel S. Hinds; Bill Kelly, Joseph Sawyer.

"SUBMARINE PATROL"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland. Screen play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: Perry Townsend, Richard Greene; Susan Leeds, Nancy Kelly; Lieut. (j.g.) Drake, Preston Foster; Captain Leeds, George Bancroft; Spuds, Slim Summerville; McAllison, John Caradine; Anne, Joan Valerie; Luigi, Henry Armetta; Brett, Douglas Fowley; Rocky, Warren Hymer; Joe Duffy, Maxie Rosenbloom; Professor, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Sails, J. Farrell MacDonald; Sparks, Robert Lowery; Irving, George E. Stone; Olaf, Ward Bond; Mr. Pringle, E. E. Clive; Guns McPeck, Jack Pennick; Kelly, Charles Tannen; Grainger, Harry Strang; Johnny Miller, Dick Hogan; Rear Admiral Joseph Mailland, Charles Trowbridge.

"SUEZ"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson. Based on a story by Sam Duncan. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: Ferdinand de Lesseps, Tyrone Power; Countess Eugenie De Montijo, Loretta Young; Toni Pellerin, Annabella; Prince Said, J. Edward Bromberg; Vicomte Rene De Latour, Joseph Schildkraut; Count Mathieu de Lesseps, Henry Stephenson; Marquis Du Brey, Sidney Blackmer; Mohammed Ali, Maurice Moscovitch; Sergeant Pellerin, Sig Rumann; Sir Malcolm Cameron, Nigel Bruce; Benjamin Disraeli, Miles Mander; Prime Minister, George Zucco; Louis Napoleon, Leon Ames; Maria De Teba, Rafaela Ottiano; Victor Hugo, Victor Varconi; Bank President, Georges Renavent; General Changarnier, Frank Reicher; Count Hatzfeldt, Carlos de Valdez; Millet, Jacques Lory; M. Fevrier, Albert Conti; Franz Lissl, Brandon Hurst; Mme. Paqueneau, Marcelle Corday; Duchess, Odette Myrtille; Doctor, Egon Brecher; General St. Arnaud, Alphonse Martell; Elderly Man, Montague Shaw; Campaign Manager, Leonard Mudi.

"SWEETHEARTS"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta. Book and lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. Screen play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. Music by Victor Herbert; special lyrics by Bob Wright and Chet Forrest. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: Gwen Marlowe, Jeanette MacDonald; Ernest Lane, Nelson Eddy; Felix Lehman, Frank Morgan; Hans, Ray Bolder; Kay Jordan, Florence Rice; Leo Kronk, Mischa Auer; Oscar Engel, Herman Bing; Norman Trumpett, Reginald Gardiner; Hannah, Fay Holden; "Dink", Allyn Joslyn; Appleby, Olin Howland; Mrs. Marlowe, Lucile Watson; Augustus, Gene Lockhart; Aunt Amelia, Kathleen Lockhart; Sheridan, Berton Churchill; Brother, Terry Kilburn; Orlando, Raymond Walburn; Harvey, Douglas McPhail; Una, Betty Jaynes; Benjamin Silver, Philip Loeb; Concert Pianist, Dalies Frantz.

"YOUNG DR. KILDARE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. From an original story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. The Cast: Dr. James Kildare, Lew Ayres; Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Alice Raymond, Lynne Carver; Wayman, Nat Pendleton; Barbara Chandler, Jo Ann Sayers; Dr. Steve Kildare, Samuel S. Hinds; Martha Kildare, Emma Dunn; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; John Hamilton, Truman Bradley; Dr. Lane Porteus, Monty Woolley; Mr. Chanler, Pierre Watkin; Mrs. Chanler, Nella Walker.

"YOUNG IN HEART, THE"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the Saturday Evening Post story, "The Gay Banditti," by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Richard Wallace. The Cast: George-Ann Carleton, Janet Gaynor; Richard Carleton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Leslie, Paulette Goddard; "Sahib" (Col. Anthony Carleton), Roland Young; "Marmy" (Mrs. Carleton), Billie Burke; Duncan MacCrae, Richard Carlson; Miss Fortune, Minnie Dupree; Mr. Anstruther, Henry Stephenson; Adela Jennings, Margaret Early; Mr. Jennings, Charles Halton; John Dickey (in photographs), William Worthington; Sarah, Eily Malyon; Andrew, Tom Ricketts; Lucille, Lya Lys; Kennel Proprietor, Billy Bevan.

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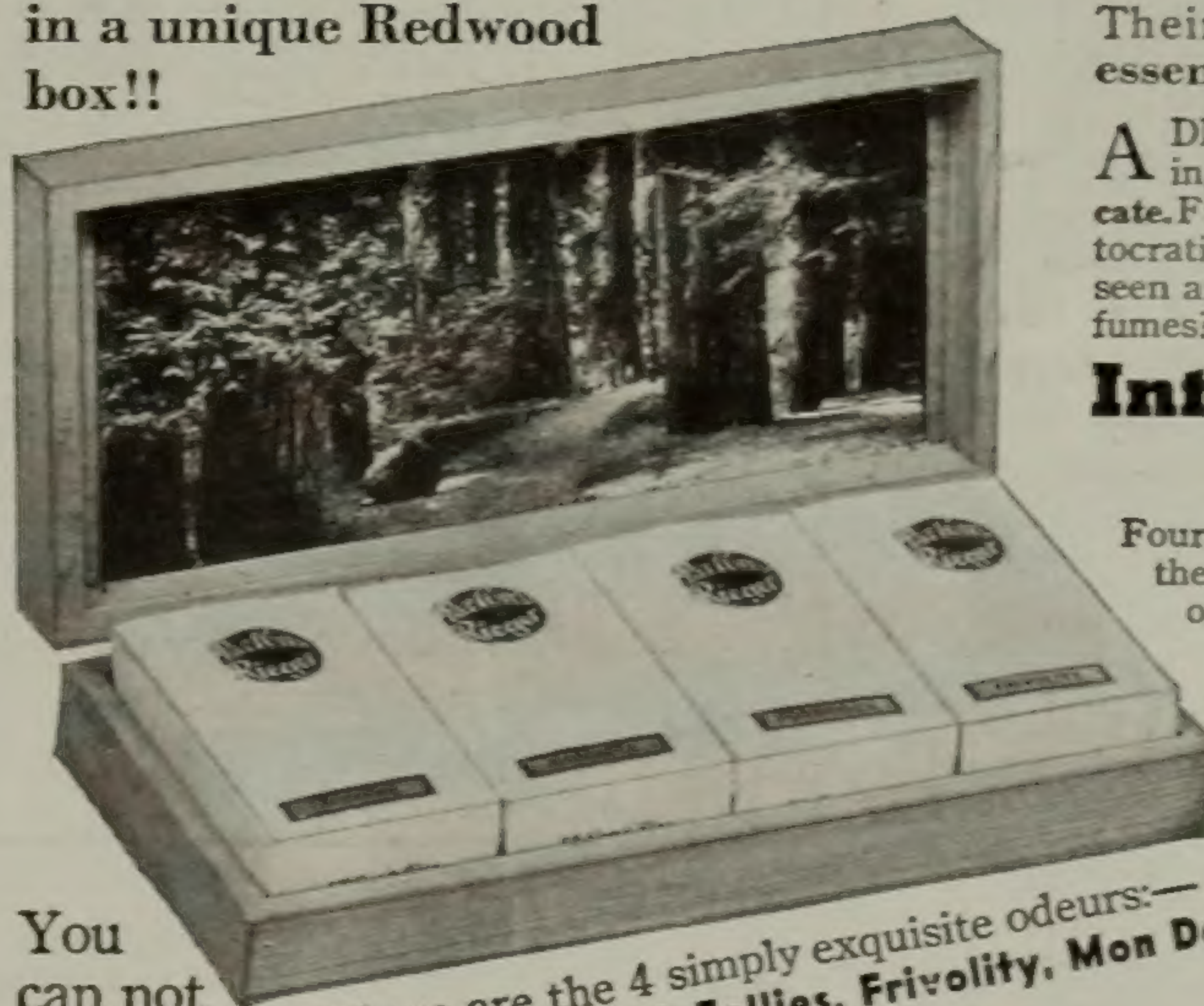
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins \$1500 in a bank night, goes to college, tries out for the team with the help of a professor who injects him with a new serum which gives Joe superman strength. Then the riot starts. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For Brown fans. (Nov.)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

The first of the fall football collegiate musicals, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Barrymore (swell) is the governor who wages his campaign on the gridiron; Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide the romance; Joan Davis and Jack Haley add the comedy. (Nov.)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual cyclonic style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (Nov.)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and charmingly acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as *Francis*, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the sly, craven *Louis XI*. Frances Dee is de-lightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew has had it. This is your dish. (Dec.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter is a rich man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp, hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million. Not so good for the audience, fine for Marjorie. (Oct.)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (Oct.)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A hard-fisted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston, who forget their feuds to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody fracas; Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (Dec.)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young marrieds is evident in this simple tale. Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a readjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (Dec.)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cuss) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingenue who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (Oct.)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (Oct.)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (Nov.)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (Dec.)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (Oct.)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (Oct.)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around,

thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around murmuring proverbs while solving a murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (Nov.)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Seat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (Oct.)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up . . . and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (Dec.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (Oct.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (Oct.)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (Nov.)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports-adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gumbini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (Nov.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (Nov.)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (Dec.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (Nov.)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90s, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (Dec.)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gate-son are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (Dec.)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balmi-ness. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eighth ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (Dec.)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (Nov.)

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting, but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. (Oct.)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (Dec.)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (Dec.)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old-time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naïve little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (Nov.)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to fake a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (Dec.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (Dec.)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no . . . Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (Dec.)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (Nov.)

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

Second of the roving-reporter series, this again has Michael Whalen scoring as the flip-crack newsman solving murders. Harold Huber, a practical-joke minded, night-club man is a riot; Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully to round up things in a snappy way. (Nov.)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (Nov.)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl who wants a fire-side. Lots of chuckles. (Dec.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1938.

State of New York { ss.
County of New York {

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Waterbury, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, 122 E. 42d St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) RUTH WATERBURY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1938.

(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH
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not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (Dec.)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony" . . . we hope you catch each and every one. (Dec.)

PRAIRIE MOON—Republic

In this Gene Autry special, the singing cowboy becomes the guardian of three East Side boys, almost as tough as the "Dead Enders." They can't even take a scenic ride without assorted bad men and cattle rustlers taking pot shots at them, but virtue triumphs, naturally! (Dec.)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (Nov.)

thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (Oct.)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (Oct.)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (Dec.)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fight scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (Nov.)

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